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THE *Atlantic*

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by Edward Weeks



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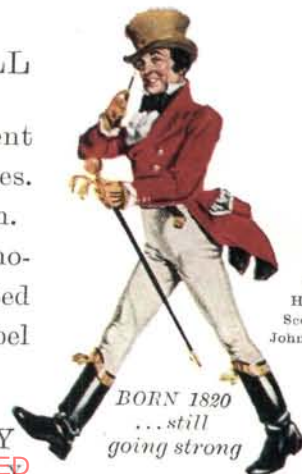
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AUGUST ATLANTIC

1958 VOLUME 202 NUMBER 2

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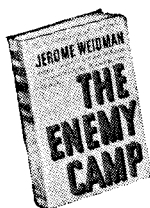
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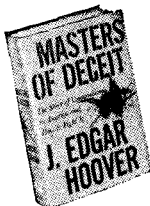
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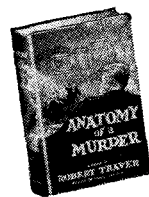
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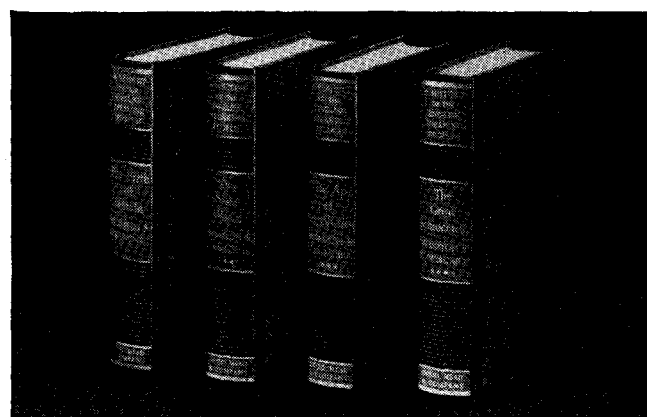
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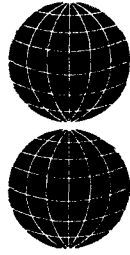
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WASHINGTON

DURING his five years as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Lewis L. Strauss became one of the most powerful men in Washington. As chairman and official spokesman, he *was* the AEC. As special assistant to the President for atomic energy matters, Strauss, a highly successful New York financier, managed to become the sole representative of science to a President who likes his summaries in terse, easily digestible paragraphs. It was only with the arrival of Sputnik and Dr. Killian that Eisenhower was able to open his ear to other scientific wave lengths.

In regretfully declining the President's invitation to stay on for another five-year term, Strauss referred to the "occupational hazards of political life." He also wrote the President that "circumstances beyond the control of either of us make a change in the chairmanship of the Commission advisable."

It was well known that Strauss's wife thought it high time for a man of sixty-two to step out of the taxing arena of controversy. But it was also well known that the prime hazard of Strauss's political life had become the Democratic majority on the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, particularly Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico. Anderson, who is scheduled to be rotated back into the chairmanship next year, planned to give Strauss a hard time both at his reconfirmation hearing and on the Senate floor — and Strauss knew it.

The Senator has never forgiven Strauss for embroiling a previously bipartisan AEC and Joint Committee in the political and economic skirmishes of the 1954 Dixon-Yates power contract. After that abortive proposal, all AEC-Joint Committee business became acrimonious. The Democratic majority and Strauss disagreed on peaceful

atomic power assistance, radioactive fall-out dangers, the development of the so-called "clean bomb," the exchange of the secrets of the submarine *Nautilus* with Britain (where Strauss's unexpected international generosity managed to lose him even his Republican support), and, retroactively, the removal of Dr. Oppenheimer's Q-clearance in early 1954. This year, Strauss even began having his differences with Secretary of State Dulles. Strauss wanted more stringent terms for a nuclear test ban than Dulles seemed prepared to exact.

In bowing out, Strauss did not necessarily abdicate. President Eisenhower had him continue as his special assistant for peaceful atomic energy matters and appointed him head of the American delegation to the second Atoms for Peace Conference in Geneva next month.

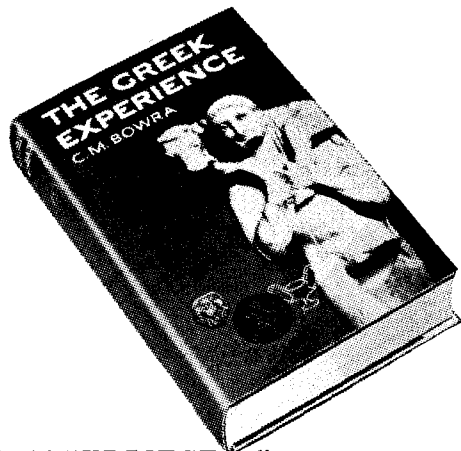
Admiral Strauss's successor

John A. McCone, as sole owner of Los Angeles' Joshua Hendy shipping combine, commands a fleet of fifty cargo ships and tankers. An engineer by training and a financier by practice, McCone gained Strauss's nod after several previous choices had shied away when approached. McCone, one of the President's golfing companions and host to the Eisenhowers at Pebble Beach, California, following the 1956 Republican convention, was pleasing to the President as a personal friend.

As Southern California finance committee chairman for Senator Knowland's gubernatorial campaign, he had the support of the Senate Minority Leader. As both a former deputy to Defense Secretary Forrestal and Undersecretary to Air Force Secretary Finletter during the Truman Administration, McCone already had Democratic clearance. And to avoid antagonizing Senator Anderson, the White House cleared



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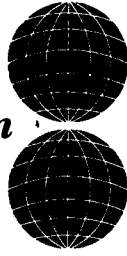
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Report on Washington



McCone's name with the Senator personally — a good while before public announcement. The change in the AEC chairmanship, by itself, can hardly bring about an AEC-Joint Committee love feast. But it might make atomic life more livable.

The Hound's Tooth Club

The "respectable Republican cloth coat" phrase which Vice President Nixon had used during his 1952 campaign to differentiate wife Pat's gear from Truman Administration mink has been given an unexpected twist. Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams it seems thought nothing of accepting a costly vicuña wool coat from his long-time friend Bernard Goldfine. Goldfine, a New England textile mill magnate, it seems thought nothing of using Adams' good offices to place top-level inquiries to the government regulatory agencies which were giving Goldfine business trouble. As the gift list grew, first in charges before the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, then through Adams' own admissions, criticism mounted.

As soon as Adams had stated his own side of the case, four Republican senators demanded his resignation. There is an election in November, they said, and the Republicans who won on a corruption-in-the-White-House platform in 1952 could hardly be repeating the theme this year.

"Imprudent" was Adams' grudging admission in hindsight reappraisal. New Hampshire's Senator Cotton, who along with New Hampshire's Bridges and Maine's Payne also shared Goldfine's largess, joined Adams in defending their benefactor. He had gone into abandoned mills in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts and revitalized them and helped restore community prosperity, they said, and what politician wouldn't be grateful? If Goldfine had to have a shortcoming, Cotton conceded, it might be said that "Bernard likes to collect his dividends socially."

The Hound's Tooth Club, New England chapter, really could not be censured for merely receiving gifts. After all, the President's Gettysburg farm has been showered with everything from black Angus cattle, tractors, trees, and assorted livestock to furniture for the farmhouse. And was

not Mrs. Eisenhower treated to beauty in the grand style at Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance Farm this past spring?

The censure had to come on those who misused their high position to grant special favors in exchange for these gifts. Perhaps the origin of this easy morality lay with the Congress which, mindful of the tributes paid legislators, particularly in campaign contributions, has not found it at all prudent to bite the hand that feeds. But in the absence of congressional example and initiative, what keeps the Administration from policing its own ranks? What forces a Chief Executive to accept less than impeccable conduct?

Three of the five Republican members of the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, Congressmen Heselton of Massachusetts, Wolverton of New Jersey, and O'Hara of Minnesota, decided not to seek re-election this year. Wolverton is well on in years and ready to retire anyway, but both Heselton and O'Hara had been among the leading opponents of the investigation of the regulatory agencies and publicly tried to cut it down to size earlier this year.

In the face of the Lebanon crisis, the President resolutely pushed the Adams trouble away from his desk. But this is a continuing question, which in the last analysis only Adams himself can answer.

Administration flip-flop

The attempt to liberalize the mutual security program by giving the President the authority to grant aid to all satellite countries except Russia, Red China, and North Korea backfired. Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts made the original proposal and State Department officials quietly helped him draft the actual bill. When the Senate Foreign Relations Committee print appeared, however, it contained an erroneous notation that the department officially approved the measure as an amendment to the Mutual Security Act. The State Department, secretly delighted, decided to sit tight quietly and hope for the best. Eisenhower Republicans joined Northern Democrats in support of the measure.

Then Senators Knowland and Bridges let the Administration know that they considered aid to satellite countries so poor an investment for American taxpayers that they were prepared to make drastic cuts in the overall mutual security appropriations. State then decided upon a "retreat with honor." They would stick by their request for the authority to aid satellite countries. But they would leave it to the Senate as to how this should be granted: through an amendment to the Mutual Security Act or through an amendment to the trading-with-the-enemy Battle Act.



The most remarkable company report ever issued

Hank Viscardi is a remarkable man. The company he founded, Abilities, Inc., is no less remarkable. Little wonder, then, that its annual report is out of the ordinary.

For the first time in history, a company, Hank Viscardi's Abilities, Inc., has issued an annual report in the form of a phonograph record.

Born without legs, Viscardi was over 25 before he was to know what it was to walk erect like a normal human being. Once fitted with a set of artificial legs, he determined to prove to skeptics that the physically disabled, the so-called "handicapped," don't have to live on charity.

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Report on Washington



The President was briefed on this tactic and agreed to it. Then, when Republican congressional leaders joined him on the morning of the Mutual Security Act vote, the President, either in confusion or in a desire to placate further the Knowland-Bridges faction, gave the impression that he favored the amendment as part of the Battle Act and was opposed to it as part of the Mutual Security Act. Since the Battle Act is not up this year, proposed amendments to it are futile.

A State Department official stood up at the White House congressional leaders' meeting and tactfully reminded the President of the policy the Administration had agreed to. The President curtly told the State Department official he had just stated the policy. Senator Knowland jubilantly ran up to Capitol Hill with a Presidential endorsement and managed to defeat the Mutual Security Act amendment by a 43 to 42 vote. The authority to aid satellite countries, which the President presumably wanted and which his supporters went down the line to grant him, now was out of the question for 1958.

A week or so later, when the Administration pulled a similar flip-flop by having Secretary of Labor Mitchell denounce the Kennedy-Ives labor reform bill, a bill with bipartisan sponsorship which the White House presumably favored, the Washington Post's Herblock drew a cartoon showing obese Secretaries Dulles and Mitchell unrolling the red carpet ahead of a beaming and strutting Senator Knowland. The caption read: "He may not be doing so well in California, but —."

Unpopular dictators

Another problem concerned the admittance to this country of Venezuelan dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez and his secret-police chief, Pedro Estrada. The State Department's Bureau of Inter-American

Affairs, charged with maintaining good relations with Latin American regimes and desirous of preserving the traditional south-of-the-border respect for political asylum, had granted Pérez Jiménez and Estrada entry visas from their temporary refuge in the Dominican Republic.

The Justice Department's Immigration Service, charged with guarding our entry gates against those who might defile the resident population, merely paroled the two men into Miami pending further inspection to determine whether they were excludable. U.S. Immigration Commissioner Joseph M. Swing then asked the State Department to have its representatives in Venezuela furnish him with the necessary affidavits to give him the legal grounds to act. State decided to lend General Swing its visa file but nothing more.

Swing complained of having his hands tied. State did not retreat. Through past experience, it feels that yesterday's political leader may be today's exile and tomorrow's hero again. State's attitude was somewhat buttressed by reports from Venezuela that the present military junta has so many ties with the Pérez Jiménez regime that for four months the junta made no serious effort to obtain extradition. The effort began after the notoriety surrounding the Nixon visit.

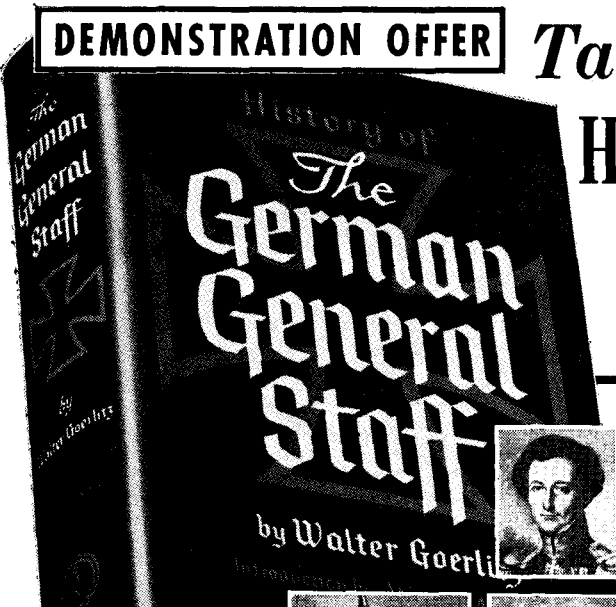
While Immigration and State stood their ground on the problem, Estrada slipped off to Zurich. Immigration promptly warned all air and sea carriers that they would be subject to a \$1000 fine — plus return passage — for bringing Estrada back to this country. General Swing, however, had to resign himself to watching Pérez Jiménez rusticate in his \$400,000 Miami Beach estate.

Nobody in Washington seemed to question why State was obligated to grant political asylum to two controversial refugees when they already were enjoying political asylum in the Dominican Republic. After all, Argentina's former dictator, Juan D. Perón, also fled to the Dominican Republic during the Venezuelan uprising at the beginning of the year, and State discouraged him from applying for a United States visa.

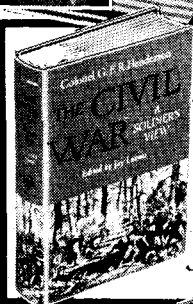
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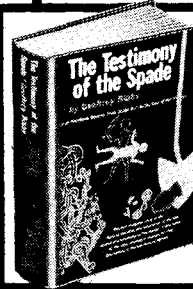
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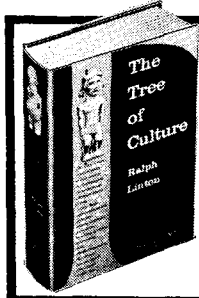
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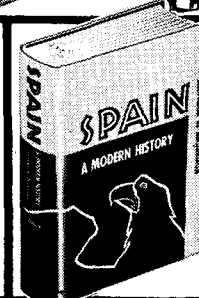
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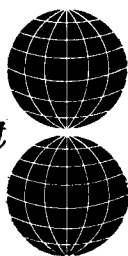
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THE Congress Party has ruled India for ten years and still holds an overwhelming 75 per cent majority in Parliament. It has similar majorities in most of the states. However, like a dead tree which first began to grow rotten at the core, the Congress Party is something of a hollow shell. In countless political cartoons, the Congress Party politician is pictured as a man clad in white Gandhi cap and spotless white homespun who spends his time getting jobs for his nephews and import licenses for his friends. Cartoons show him fawning on his leaders and stabbing his political enemies in the back. He is hard-working only when his own interests are at stake; the rest of the time he dozes in his office with his feet propped up on a desk.

The Congress Party has lost the support of the young, Western-oriented middle class — the most vocal group in India and the group which shapes the political opinions of the illiterate masses. Said an editorial in the *Ambala Tribune*, the leading newspaper of Punjab state: "The intelligentsia is disgusted with the prevalence of widespread corruption and favoritism in the administration and with the sordid scramble for power among Congress leaders. Nothing is more likely to contribute to the undermining of popular confidence in the government than the lack of integrity in high places."

Even some Congress Party leaders are disgusted. A few months ago, Siddhartha Sankar Ray resigned as Judicial Minister in the Congress Party cabinet of West Bengal state. The charges he made were headline news for every newspaper in India. "I have come to the irrefutable conclusion," he said, "that the present administration and the Congress Party . . . are fast leading Bengal to destruction and the Bengalis to ruination."

For a while when Nehru complained of "political jobbery . . . careerism, factionalism, communalism, and revivalism" within the Congress Party, it seemed that reform was imminent. He implied he would step aside temporarily as Prime Minister and devote himself to cleaning up the

party. There was a flurry of editorials agreeing with Nehru that something was drastically wrong with the party and urging him to do something about it. Then the storm blew over. Nehru did an about-face. He said he would stay in office. He blandly declared that the "loose talk" that the party had become weak was "baseless."

Nehru and the other top Congress Party leaders, who are generally regarded as the "High Command," are bound together by memories of the long struggle for freedom. When a decisive moment comes, they hesitate to act against their old comrades in arms. Instead they tend to close ranks and try to pretend that things are not so bad as they seem.

Communist gains

When Nehru decided not to step aside temporarily, his brother-in-law, Raja Huteesingh, predicted a gloomy future for India. He drew a comparison between India and Chiang Kai-shek's China and reasoned that since the Communists are the only organized party in India, apart from the Congress, and since Nehru would not save the Congress, the only thing left was "the darkness of a totalitarian future."

The Communists also think the future lies in their hands. "The unity of India can be maintained only by the further strengthening of the Communist Party and of the democratic forces in the country," says Ajoy Ghosh, the party's General Secretary. Until about a year ago, the Communist Party of India (CPI) was less sure of itself. The Communists attempted a violent revolution in 1947-1948. The revolt was suppressed and Red leaders were jailed or went underground. The party was legalized on the eve of the first general elections in 1951-1952, but for several years remained split by internal disputes.

The second general elections last year changed everything. The Communists got about twelve million votes, double what they had got in the first general elections. Their 1957 total was still only about 10 per cent of the ballots cast, but this

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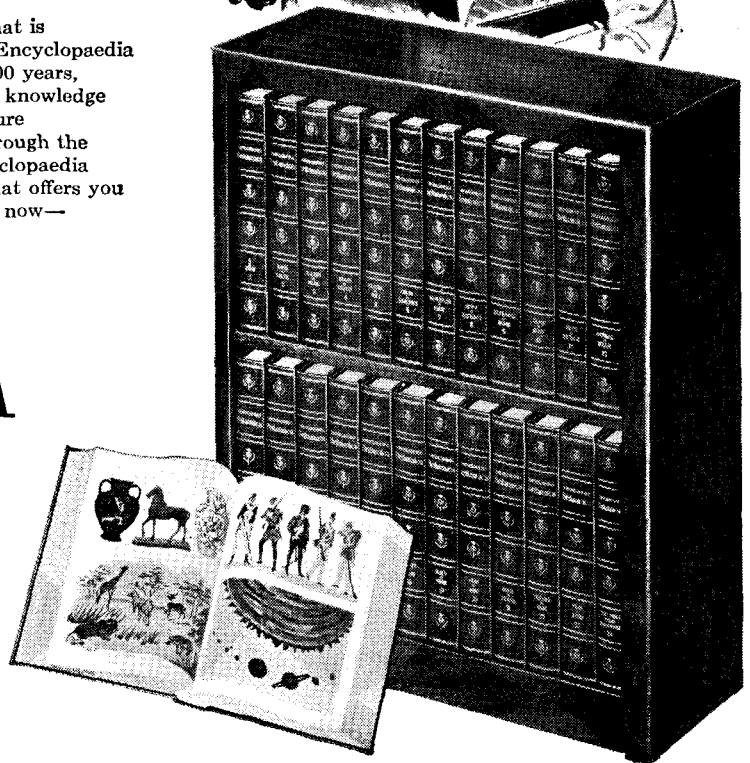
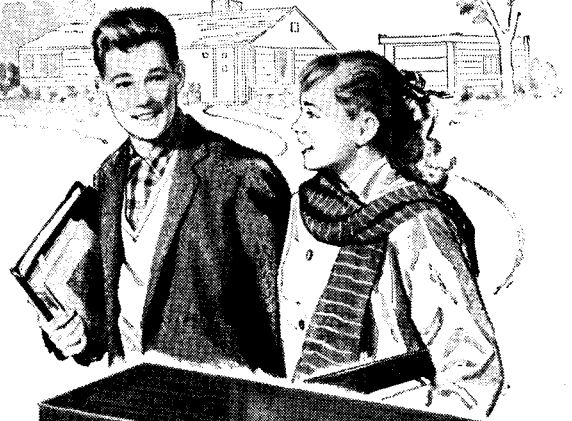
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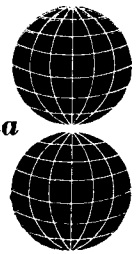
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Report on India

was enough to give them twenty-seven out of five hundred seats in Parliament and make them the largest single opposition party. They also became the largest opposition party in the states of West Bengal and Andhra, and they gained complete control of Kerala state.

A few months ago, a Communist was elected mayor of Bombay. And recently, the Communists won the first by-election to be held in Kerala since the general elections. During the past year, the Communists have done much to antagonize many of the voters of Kerala. They have used the police and the entire administration to strengthen their party, while they have done almost nothing to ease Kerala's chronic unemployment problem. But at the same time they have enforced anti-eviction laws, thereby benefiting landless farmers.

In their massive propaganda campaign, the Communists picture themselves as a "people's government" and their opponents as tools of the "reactionary capitalists." The by-election showed how successful this propaganda has been. It also showed that the demoralized Congress Party in Kerala has still not been able to reform itself sufficiently to appeal to the voters.

The hold on labor

The Communists have also strengthened their hold on organized labor. They now claim more than a million members for unions affiliated with the Communist-led All India Trade Union Congress. They even say their unions have more members than unions affiliated with the Congress-led Indian National Trade Union Congress.

Their greatest gains have been in the coal and steel belt of West Bengal and Bihar. They now claim to represent more than 75 per cent of the 35,000 employees of the Tata Iron and Steel Company at Jamshedpur

in Bihar. A year ago they had almost no following at Tata's. In a recent demonstration of strength, they organized a strike which led to violence and which closed down the mills for eight days.

The Communist unions have won control of construction workers at the three new steel mills which are being built with aid from Russia, Britain, and Germany. They are even stronger at the Indian Iron and Steel Company at Burnpur in West Bengal. Both of these mills, which are privately owned, are in the midst of big expansion programs helped out by \$160 million in World Bank loans.

Emboldened by their recent successes, the Communists gathered at Amritsar and mapped out plans for even greater gains. They adopted a new party constitution which says, "The CPI strives to achieve full democracy and socialism by peaceful means." The nasty word "revolution" has disappeared, and the constitution now speaks only of bringing about "fundamental changes in the economic, social, and state structures."

The Communists have replaced their cells with party branches and say they will become a mass party. They also promise that when they achieve power they will retain the freedoms of speech, association, and opposition as long as their opponents remain "loyal to the constitution."

The usual clause about the CPI being an integral part of the international Communist movement has disappeared. The task for the CPI now is to "unite and lead all patriotic and democratic elements in the country in the defense and consolidation of national freedom." Actually the Communists are only playing with words. The constitution still says the CPI stands for the "unity of the organized Communist movement" and it urges all members to "behave in the spirit of proletarian internationalism."

The Communists hope that the simple facts of Indian life will help make them strong. There are many signs of visible progress. There are the new dams, the new steel mills under construction, and the many new, imposing office buildings.

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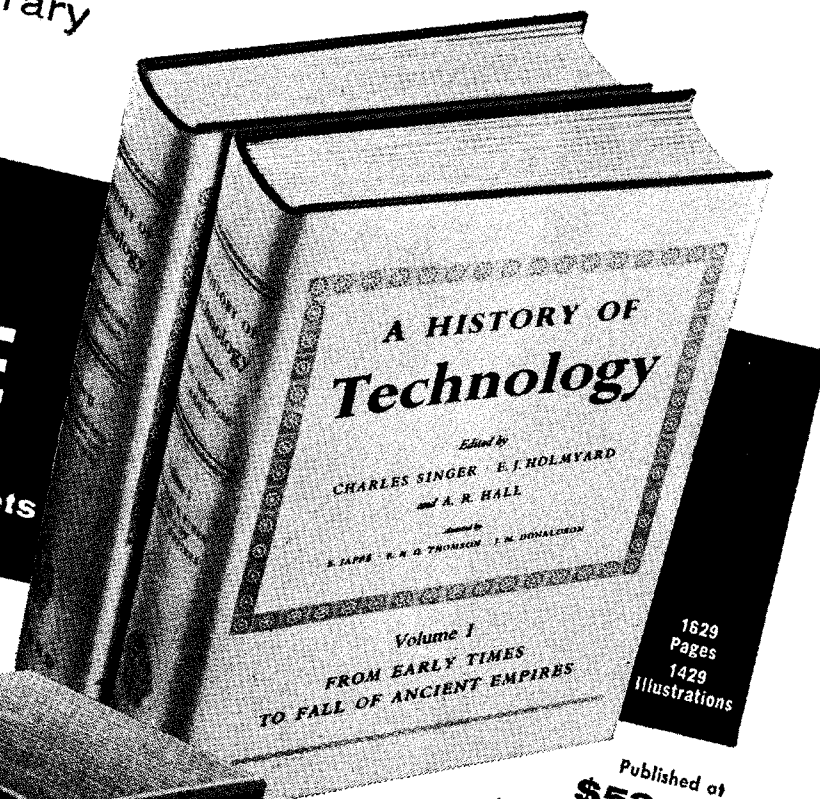
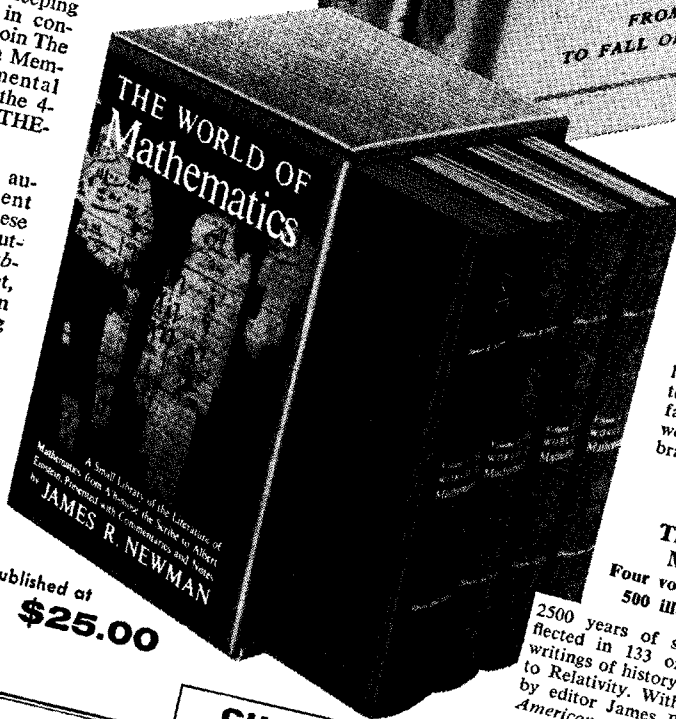
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Report on India



There are also the community development projects which are trying to raise the standard of living of the villagers. But progress is slow.

India is an agricultural country where 60 per cent of the peasants hold about 15 per cent of the cultivable land, while 5 per cent of the big landowners hold about 35 per cent of the land. In addition, about 20 per cent of those who depend on agriculture for their livelihood are without land at all.

The haves and the have-nots

The Congress Party has a slogan, "land to the tiller," yet there has been no land redistribution in India, except in Kashmir, which is not directly controlled by the Congress Party. There have been many laws to protect tenant farmers, but they are often ignored. In fact, thousands of tenant farmers have been evicted by landlords who fear that the law might eventually give tenants permanent occupancy. For instance, the land reforms officer for Andhra state reported that the number of protected tenants who came under the anti-eviction laws in the Telengana area declined from 211,030 in 1952 to 90,279 in 1955.

There are many new office buildings in New Delhi, but a recent survey showed that in the twin city of Old Delhi nearly 50,000 families live in slums and that 80 per cent of these families, each consisting of about five persons, have only one room for living, cooking, and sleeping. Another survey in the textile city of Kanpur in Uttar Pradesh showed that 60 per cent of the households are one-room tenements and that more than half of these tenements are without electric light, water taps, or regular drains. In Calcutta, where the density of population is greater than London's and where epidemics of smallpox and cholera are a yearly occurrence, 150,000 families live in one-room shacks.



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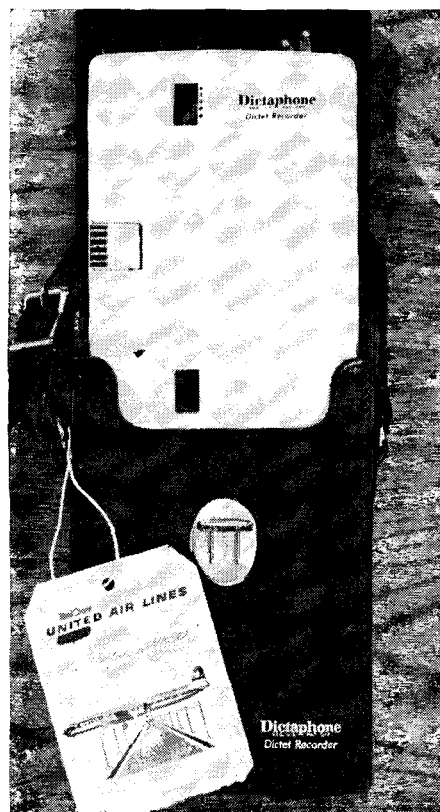
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Report on India



Even the major development projects do not automatically mean that the Congress Party grows strong. The two most imposing irrigation and power projects in India are at Bhakra in the Punjab and at Hirakud in Orissa. Yet Communist candidates won at both these places in the last elections.

Nehru plays it safe

No shame or public censure results if a young man drifts over to the Communists. The days when the Reds attempted a revolution have been forgotten. The Communists are now respectable. They are so respectable that during the Amritsar meeting the Congress Party-controlled municipal committee honored the visiting Red leaders with a civic reception. The Reds also attended a dinner given in their honor by the archcapitalist Amritsar Textile Manufacturers' Association.

Prime Minister Nehru's foreign policy is largely responsible for making the Communists respectable. Nehru sincerely believes that Khrushchev is trying to liberalize the Communist world and that the best way to further this liberalization is by showing friendliness toward the Russians. He wants to demonstrate that the Russians have nothing to fear—that they are not surrounded by enemies. For the same reason he opposes American efforts to build up a chain of military bases around the Communist world.

From the point of view of India's needs for peace there is logic to Nehru's ideas, but much of the logic is lost inside India. Instead of any real understanding of why Nehru talks as he does, there is only a general impression that somehow the Communist nations are good, while the United States and its allies are bad.

Nehru has never tried to link the Indian Communists with such evils as the Russian and Chinese slave

camps and purges; his hands are tied by his own foreign policy of not criticizing the Russians. At the most, Nehru has accused the Indian Communists of having their "thinking apparatus outside the country." However, he has said, in an interview with a British journalist, "We do not quarrel with many of the aims of the Communists, but with their methods and, above all, with their use of force."

Anti-Communism is not enough

Against such a background, mere anti-Communism is sterile. As Nehru himself admits, and as most Indians believe, there is nothing wrong with the professed aims of the Communists. They say their goal is to transform India into an industrialized state, and Indians think this is good. Since they now claim to have forsaken violence, there is nothing else to argue about. An American, of course, refuses to accept their peaceful claims. But Indians—as evidenced by the Kerala election results—are willing at least to give them a trial.

The Communists now have Kerala, but they simply do not have the cadres to win India state by state, and it will take them a long time to develop such a mass organization. Instead they plan a two-pronged offensive to build up their party and, at the same time, to try to woo potential allies into a united front.

In spite of its deterioration, the Congress Party still has a strong party machine—especially in the vast rural countryside where the masses are illiterate and where the bullock cart is the major means of communication. The Communists are growing strong in the cities, but out in the half million villages of India, change comes more slowly. People vote for tradition, not for change, and their tradition is to vote for the party of Gandhi and Nehru—Gandhiji and Panditji.

If there is not utter chaos, the Congress Party still has time to stem the rot—to develop a new class of young leaders to replace the old guard and win back the support of the cities. But any new leaders must also quicken the pace of progress. As Gandhi said, "The people will worship any god who fills their stomach."

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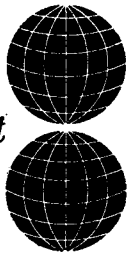
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The Atlantic Report SOUTH AFRICA



THE sign "American Mail Today" hanging in the door of the Central News Agency in any African city draws crowds to the magazine racks. American movies predominate wherever there is a theater, at least in English-speaking areas. In March, the coming of *Around the World in 80 Days* was being advertised in Johannesburg while *The Seven Hills of Rome* and *Peyton Place* were drawing crowds. Africans cheer westerns and they love American popular music. In Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, the Broadcasting Corporation features American music for Africans, and it comes over the air from the Congo.

Afrikaners frequently characterize themselves as similar to Americans; free and easy, friendly, full of energy. But their comparison becomes embarrassing when it is followed — as it is too often — by jibes at their English-speaking compatriots. "You're not stiff and formal and snobbish like the English," they add. Then, the next day, an English-speaking South African may say, "We get along with you, we speak the same language. But I hate Afrikaners! They're so rude." One is tempted to retort, "A plague on both your houses," but one must remember that the Boer War still smolders.

Repercussions from America

The first question asked of Americans this year was, "What about the depression?" The concern was intense, the fear very real that the United States might carry the whole Western alliance into a dark era of business stagnation. During the month of February, when unemployment soared in the United States, most African dailies carried the figures and story in a dismal tone. A visiting American naturally wondered if his country were falling to pieces.

So did South Africans. They have not forgotten the 1930s, when mines closed down and white men worked on the roads for fifty cents a day to keep themselves alive. A sharp drop in exports to the United States of chrome, copper, manganese, wool, tobacco, and other raw materials would cripple industries on the high plateau of the

Transvaal, South-West Africa, Mashonaland, Northern Rhodesia, the Congo, and other places in Africa.

In fact the recent drop in copper prices and exports had closed one mine on the Copper Belt and curtailed all operations; put miners out of work, cut family budgets, hurt merchants, and sent hundreds of Africans back to their villages. The mines were even paying for the workers' transportation back to their homes. There the government took over the task of trying to rehabilitate them on the land, and this despite the fact that government revenue from taxes had suffered severely and all public services were being curtailed. When American industry tightens its belt or an American housewife decides to do without a copper-bottomed frying pan, the effect is felt in Northern Rhodesia.

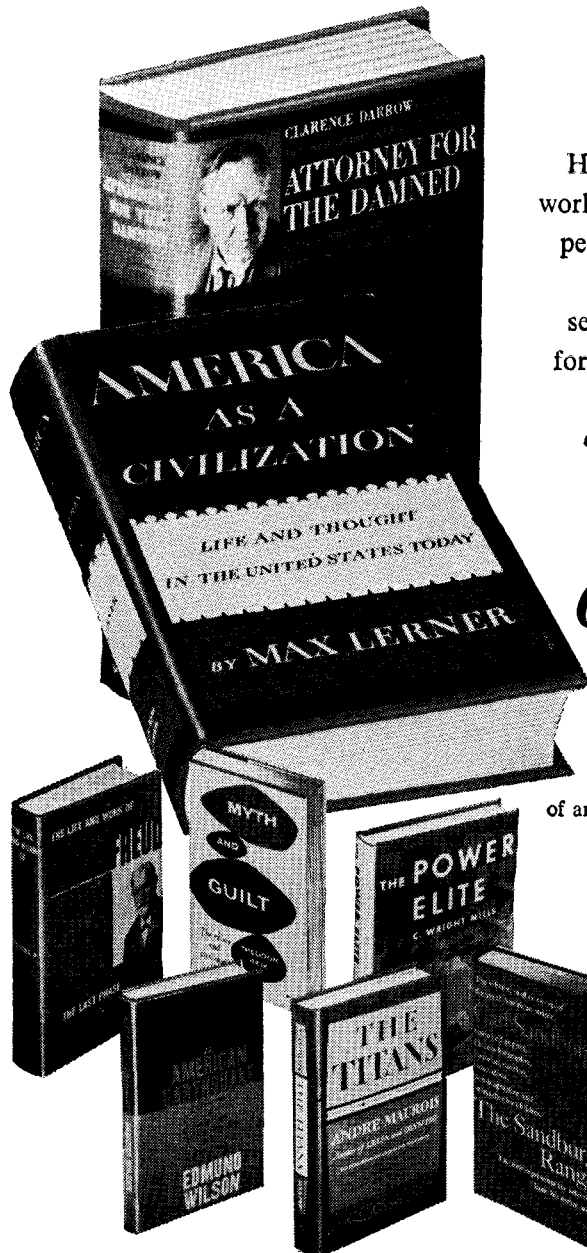
Sputnik also was an embarrassment to Americans, and the jibes were not always good-natured. People were genuinely dismayed at our failures, but equally impatient and scornful of the jittery American response to the Russian satellites. There was little subtlety to the implication, "That should teach the smug, overconfident Americans." As for the publicity attending each failure at Cape Canaveral, it seemed kindest to say we were out of our minds. A sigh of relief went up when Explorer II soared into space.

Segregation, African style

The fear that Europeans may be overtaken by non-Europeans is endemic in areas of white settlement, and South Africans always are ready to back an American into a corner and try to win his approval for apartheid. "You don't understand" is a national wail as they turn an injured face to the world to defend white supremacy under the various names they call it.

The riots at Little Rock still are ammunition for those who challenge our sincerity toward non-white peoples. When they occurred, the riots were interpreted in the Union on political party lines. Opposition newspapers pointed out that

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Report on South Africa



the United States Constitution “protects the rights of all, regardless of race or creed or color.” But Little Rock was a comfort to Nationalists, as witness *Die Transvaler*, which commented: “The event should have a sobering influence on the self-righteousness and the loquacity of world opinion — and American opinion — which so readily sits in judgment on especially the Union and the Federation.” A dig at the “self-righteousness” of American opinion is irresistible south of the Limpopo.

Even intelligent South Africans seem to confuse criticism with misrepresentation, and it comes as a shock to hear the leading Afrikaans publisher state that the American press is so prejudiced against South Africa that no paper would publish a factual explanation of apartheid. It has been done, of course. And fair-minded Americans recognize some of the constructive fruits of apartheid, such as new housing, even though they do not condone the underlying philosophy.

Heated defenders of apartheid seldom realize that their own statements often make the best copy for critical journalists. In spite of Little Rock, an American can hold his own with a Nationalist who blurts out, “I’d rather go Communist than integrate”; then, almost in the next breath, admits that fear warps a man’s thinking and that white South Africa may be “finished.”

There is no escape from the endless argument, whether one is in a taxi, at a dinner party, or even sitting alone in a restaurant. Inevitably an American is spotted and challenged to understand “poor South Africa.” Not that the blight is confined to the Union. It taints every society where the relationship of white and nonwhite is unresolved.

The plea for understanding

Any American who seems to care will be asked, “Can’t your people do something for mine?” or “Does the United States care more for the two or three million whites in Africa than for two hundred million Africans?” They simply cannot understand why, year after year, the United States ignores Africa, except as a minor investment area. Nor can they understand why we loan millions to South Africa for railways, harbors, and other industries controlled by the white men and ignore

native African needs. We cannot expect the few African students in the United States to impress Africans with America — although Prime Minister Nkrumah of Ghana, who was educated at American universities, is a notable exception.

Besides native leaders, British civil servants, who are struggling to train Africans for self-government under a democratic system, also ask for our understanding — and sometimes challenge our wisdom. The Colonial Service is a proud one under the Union Jack, and the colonial concepts of 1776 are as dead as the dodo, though district and provincial commissioners often doubt that we realize it. “Just give us time,” pleaded a provincial commissioner who had spent twenty-five years in the service in Northern Rhodesia. “You people don’t understand. Merely handing out the vote won’t solve all problems.”

If one has just fingered witch doctors’ regalia collected in a recent roundup; checked cases of current cannibalism and ritual murder; listened to tales of slavery within one’s lifetime; gone through hospitals where doctors and nurses are working over babies whose stomachs are bloated from malnutrition or who are dying of cerebral malaria, one has a clue to the job the commissioner is trying to do. And one begins to understand — though one does not sympathize with them — the arrogant settlers who snort, “They’ve just come down from the trees.” It is a Herculean task to harmonize the needs and desires of civilized, educated Africans who have spent a lifetime creating wealth from raw bush and other Africans who have not yet emerged from the Iron Age.

The fact is that the United States has not yet any great impact on Africans except indirectly and through individuals. Through our government we have not implemented any policy or taken any stand on the issues and problems, and there is no yardstick by which the people can measure our aims, competence, or sincerity.

It is hardly surprising that no matter where he goes, an inquiring American is attacked for voicing high-sounding generalities which stir unrest where the United States has no responsibility. From Africa, Americans appear nebulous, sometimes troublesome. Yet collectively we are the goose that lays the golden eggs — with emphasis on “the goose.” So until we develop a policy and are a helpful force in Africa, we may as well resign ourselves to parrying pointed questions from Africans, settlers, and officials of the governments.

The State Department’s new Division for African Affairs also faces a Herculean task, and one may hope that it will be successful in creating in Africa a true image of an American.

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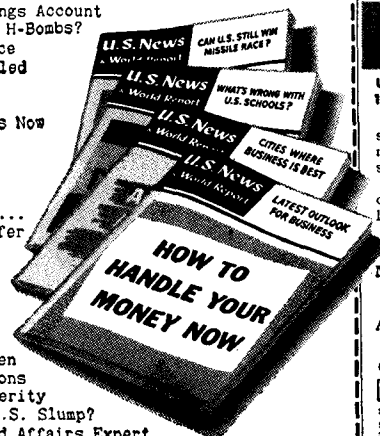
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The fabulous French

SIR:

Vive l'Atlantic! The June issue devoted to the French, was, *mon ami*, *magnifique!*

I especially enjoyed "Is France Being Americanized?" by Pierre Emmanuel (having lived several years there and having observed the development of le milk bar, le restaurant self-service, and even the modified supermarket); and "The French Economy" by Raymond Aron.

KIRBY MASTERSON
St. Louis, Mo.

SIR:

The issue devoted to modern France is a joy, flawless. The uncanny timeliness of it prompts me to say that it cannot, must not, be a beautiful epitaph for the liberties of that cherished people.

ALEXANDER BERIGAN
Meridian, Miss.

SIR:

I expect to find stimulating articles in the *Atlantic*; not the usual trite ideas that were published in the "Bernard Buffet" article by Jean Dutourd in the June issue. Those can be found in most of the weekly magazines which cater to the familiar ideas of values, not the new, unfamiliar sources of values. The article is so vapid that one wonders if it is a satire.

LITA RAPP
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

Permit me to say how delighted I am with the article by Jean Dutourd. His quotations from Bernard Buffet

are a lift to the spirit (at least to mine) so dampened by all the double talk that we hear about modern art.

AMY H. GUTMAN
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

I want to thank the *Atlantic* and MacDonald Harris for his delightfully funny story in the June issue, "Second Circle." Had he said "one warm summer afternoon" instead of "spring," he would have saved himself a *gaffe*. The Feast of the Assumption, year in and year out, is the fifteenth of August.

CARLYLE F. EVANS
Wilmington, Del.

SIR:

The story "Second Circle" has what I think is a mark of good or at least interesting writing. The author gives us a fairly large number of apt descriptions and tells about things which we haven't often heard described but which are near enough to our experience so that we can appreciate them.

I am not sure enough of my own judgment to know whether the notice character of the material makes the story better or worse. Anyway, I thought it was interesting, certainly one of the first requirements of a good story.

MARCIA POWER
Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR:

The French are truly fabulous. They rule the world of art and fashion, and they have survived three frightful wars in less than ninety years, all of which they lost or would have lost except for tremendous out-

side help. They survived an earth-shaking revolution, two empires, and many republics.

But they cannot govern themselves. They cannot balance their economy and have depended on outside help to do it for so long that they have come to expect it as a right. They refuse to pay their own taxes, at the same time expecting us to pay ours in order to help them.

I am sorry for the French and do not envy one whit their art, fashion, or letters. To my mind, they have been bought at too high a price.

ALAN D. WHITNEY
Winnetka, Ill.

SIR:

What excellent translations E. S. Yntema did of the three Jules Supervielle poems in the June issue — such a difficult task, too!

MONICA STERLING
Paris, France

SIR:

Raymond Cogniat's interestingly presented "The Châteaux of France" in the June *Atlantic* whips along engagingly until the last paragraph. There Cogniat deplores the "purchase of châteaux by American millionaires, who dismantle them stone by stone, ship them to the United States, and then respectfully remount them. . . . One cannot help experiencing a certain malaise before this renaissance of emigrated stones and the tender respect they are surrounded with."

Fiddlesticks and piffle! Cogniat should be glad that the "emigrated stones" were sufficiently appreciated to be preserved, admired, and studied by so many thousands here in America. By the same token the

Italians, the Greeks, the Spaniards, the Egyptians, and so forth, could also protest the removal of art treasures of their countries to the museums of France.

JAMES A. LEFTWICH
La Jolla, Calif.

Who gets paid what

SIR:

I suggest that Seymour E. Harris ("Who Gets Paid What," May *Atlantic*) should note the pay raise just granted to the military, particularly the high-ranking military, by the bill signed by President Eisenhower on May 20.

These raises — 82 per cent for lieutenant generals and vice admirals, 33 per cent for four-star generals and admirals, 47 per cent for chiefs of staff — compared with 10 per cent for first lieutenants, 10 per cent for master sergeants, and nothing for pfc's, are astounding.

They follow the heavy salary increases, also remarkably weighted toward the top brass, made in 1955.

It seems likely to me that at no time in our history has the ranking military been boosted so far and so fast above the commonality of the community. Perhaps this is not the conscious creation of a new Samurai or a new Junkerism, but it is as near a sweeping patent of class nobility as we can get, since the only noble and prestige title we recognize is money.

The reason for these latest increases, according to the Administration, is to keep expensively trained experts from turning in their suits to accept better-paying civilian jobs. Maybe I have been out of touch, but I have not heard of too many three- and four-star generals and chiefs of staff resigning before qualifying for retirement (retirement pay for three-star officers ranges from \$807 to \$935 a month). I haven't even heard of serious losses among major generals (raised 25 per cent) or among brigadiers (30 per cent). The increases given to ranks and grades below colonel, where the defections have certainly been most numerous, are often derisory in comparison.

The new scale for the top six pay

grades, from colonel up, averages about \$20,000 a year, including allowances for housing, subsistence, and pocket money, and calculated on average years of service. Glancing over the comparative income table in "Who Gets Paid What," I note that only two of the income groups listed receive, as groups, an equal or a higher average income.

In view of the rather frantic national discussion fused off (as they say at Cape Canaveral) about how to beef up (as they say at the Pentagon) our educational system, it is especially interesting to compare the bold new forward look of the military with the unchanged old grubby look of our educators, as they appear in Professor Harris' table.

Professor Harris' list gives the pay of the average college professor as \$5243 a year, and of the average schoolteacher, \$4285. These would compare fairly evenly with the pay and allowances of a master sergeant or first lieutenant, not counting, of course, the free medical, dental, and hospital care that the lieutenant receives — as everyone knows, that sort of thing in civilian life is socialized medicine and immoral.

The full pay of the average schoolteacher would not equal the subsidiary allowances and pocket money furnished as trifling cumshaw to high-ranking military officers.

But 13.3 per cent of college faculty members make more than \$10,000 a year. These, then, the highest-paid scholars in the land, attain a place on the pay scale equivalent to that of a colonel, at the bottom rank of the military noblesse.

The top .7 per cent of our schoolteachers, who make more than \$7000 a year, correspond to the small squiredom of major or lieutenant commander. The birth of a military aristocracy is something new, and in fact revolutionary, in our national experience. History is littered with the ruins of societies, from ancient Egypt to modern Japan, that have entrusted themselves to this hungry steward.

WILLIAM BRANDON
Carmel, Calif.

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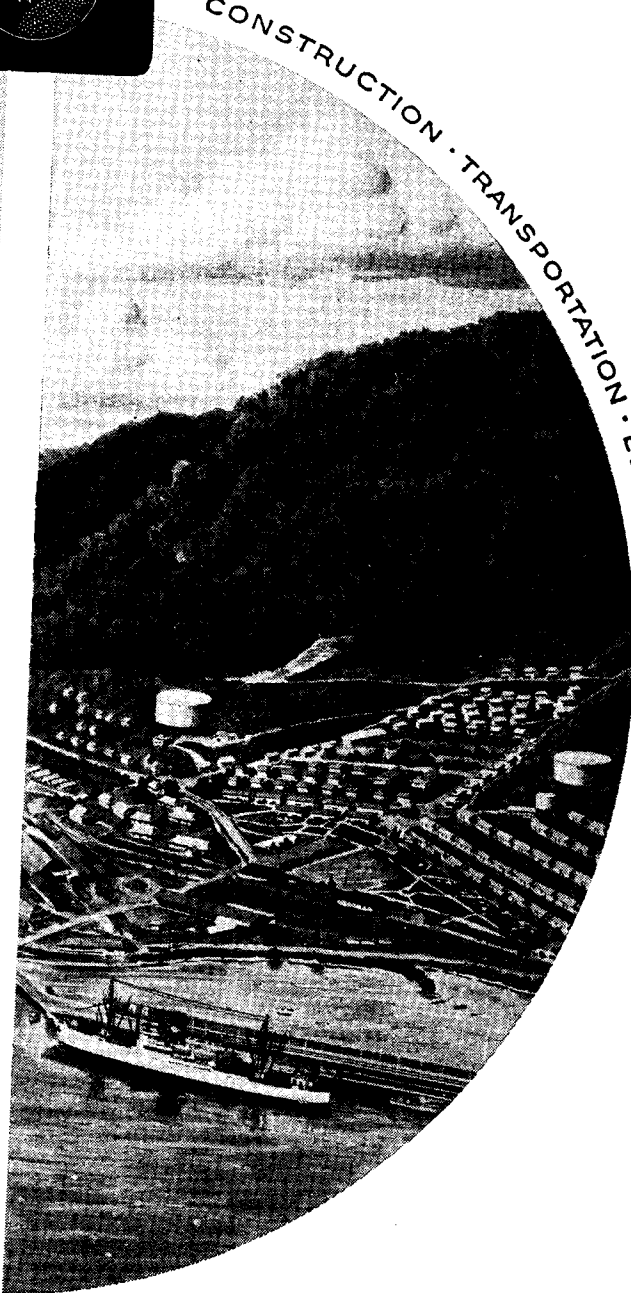
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HOW BIG IS ONE

BY EDWARD WEEKS

"Expand or go under"; this spur has been driving Americans into ever larger aggregations since the turn of the century. In our worship of bigness, what becomes of the individual? It was with deepening concern that the editor of the ATLANTIC prepared his paper, originally delivered as the Ware Lecture at the conference of the American Unitarian Association.

MY LATE friend, the French writer Raoul de Roussy de Sales, who knew America intimately, used to tease me about our infatuation with bigness. "It's in your blood," he would say. "When I listen to Americans talking on ship-board, or in a Paris restaurant, or here in New York, it is only a question of time before someone will come out with that favorite boast of yours — 'the biggest in the world!' The New York skyline, or the Washington Monument, or the Chicago Merchandise Mart — the biggest in the world. You say it without thinking what it means." How right he was, yet until he prodded me about it, I had never realized that this was indeed our national boast. We take pride in being big, and in a youthful way we used to think that bigness was our own special prerogative. But now we know better; now we find ourselves confronted with nations or with groups of nations which are quite as big as we are and which have the potential of being considerably bigger. This calls for a new orientation; indeed, I think it might be timely if we examine this concept of bigness and try to determine how it has affected our private lives and our thinking.

We have been in love with bigness ever since

the adolescence of our democracy. The courtship began on the frontier: the uncut virgin forests, so dense and terrifying; the untamed flooding rivers; the limitless prairies; the almost impassable Sierras — to overcome obstacles like these, man, so puny in comparison, had to outdo himself. He had to be bigger than Hercules. The English live on a small, contained island, and English humor is naturally based on understatement; but an American when he is having fun always exaggerates.

Our first hero of the frontier was a superman, Davy Crockett, who could outshoot, outfight, and outwoo anyone. One day he sauntered into the forest for an airing but forgot to take his thunderbolt along. This made it embarrassing when he came face to face with a panther. The scene is described in the old almanac, as Howard Mumford Jones says, "in metaphoric language which has all the freshness of dawn." The panther growled and Crockett growled right back — "He grated thunder with his teeth" — and so the battle began. In the end, the panther, tamed, goes home with Davy, lights the fire on a dark night with flashes from his eyes, brushes the hearth every morning with his tail, and rakes the garden with his claws.

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Davy did the impossible, and listening to the legends of his prowess made it easier for the little guy on the frontier to do the possible.

Davy Crockett had a blood brother in Mike Fink, the giant of the river boatmen, and first cousins in Tony Beaver and Paul Bunyan of the North Woods and Pecos Bill of the Southwest. They were ringtailed roarers, and everything they did had an air of gigantic plausibility. Prunes are a necessary part of the lumberjack's diet, and Paul Bunyan's camp had such a zest for prunes that the prune trains which hauled the fruit came in with two engines, one before and one behind pushing. "Paul used to have twenty flunkies sweepin' the prunestones out from under the tables, but even then they'd get so thick we had to wade through 'em up over our shoes sometimes on our way in to dinner. They'd be all over the floor and in behind the stove and piled up against the windows where they'd dumped 'em outside so the cook couldn't see out at all hardly. . . . In Paul's camp back there in Wisconsin the prunestones used to get so thick they had to have twenty ox-teams haulin' 'em away, and they hauled 'em out in the woods, and the chipmunks ate 'em and grew so big the people shot 'em for tigers." Only an American could have invented that build-up, and I am grateful to Esther Shephard for having recaptured the legend so accurately in her *Paul Bunyan*.

Texas, with its fondness for bigness, preferred the living man to the legend: it provided the space for men like Richard King, the founder of the King Ranch. Richard King's story as told by Tom Lea is Horatio Alger multiplied by a thousand. The son of Irish immigrants, he ran off to sea at the age of eleven; a river boat captain in his twenties, he came ashore, married the parson's daughter, bought 15,000 acres of desert at two cents an acre, and went into the cattle business. His close friend and adviser was Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee of the Second United States Cavalry, and it was Lee who gave King what has come to be the family slogan: "Buy land; and never sell." The King Ranch has grown to 700,000 acres in Texas with big offshoots in Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Australia, Cuba, and Brazil, and those of us who dwell in cities and suburbia have developed a kind of Mount Vernon reverence for this vast domain. It is just about as big, we think, as a good ranch ought to be.

I ENTERED publishing in the summer of 1923 as a book salesman in New York. As I look back over the thirty-five years of my working life, I recognize that a significant change has taken

place in our business community. The motorcars which I used to covet as a young bachelor, the Stutz Bearcat, the Mercer, the Simplex, the Locomobile, the Pierce Arrow — all these beauties and hundreds of the lesser breeds, like the Hupmobile, the Maxwell, the Franklin, the Stanley Steamer, and the Moon — are museum pieces today. The beauty and the originality which went into their design have been melted down and vulgarized in the models of the five major companies which survive.

In the days I am speaking of, Mr. Potts was our family grocer, and he knew the exact cuts of roast beef and lamb which would bring joy to my father's heart, just as he was prepared for my mother's remonstrance when there was too much gristle. There used to be a family grocer, like Mr. Potts, in every American community. Then some genius in Memphis, Tennessee, came up with the Piggly-Wiggly, the first gigantic cash and carry where the customer waited on himself, and in no time there were chains of these supermarkets stretching across the country. Such consolidation as this has been going on in every aspect of business, and at a faster and faster tempo.

When I was a book salesman, an American book publisher who sold a million dollars' worth of his books in one year was doing quite a prosperous business. Today a publisher who sells only a million dollars' worth of books a year cannot afford to remain in business; he has to join forces with another and larger publisher so that their combined production will carry them over the break-even point.

In the nineteen-twenties almost every American city had two newspapers, and the larger ones had four or five, and there is no doubt that this competition for ideas, for stories, for the truth was a healthy thing for the community. Today most American communities are being served by a single paper.

Of the daily papers that were being published in this country in 1929, 45 per cent have either perished or been consolidated. This consolidation, this process of making big ones out of little ones, is a remorseless thing, and it may be a harmful thing if it tends to regiment our thinking.

We Americans have a remarkable capacity for ambivalence. On the one hand we like to enjoy the benefits of mass production, and on the other we like to assert our individual taste. Ever since the Civil War we have been exercising our genius to build larger and larger combines. Experience has taught us that when these consolidations grow to the size of a giant octopus, we have got to find someone to regulate them. When our railroads achieved almost insufferable power, we devised

the Interstate Commerce Commission, and we eventually found in Joseph Eastman a regulator of impeccable integrity who knew as much as any railroad president. We have not had such good luck with our other regulatory agencies, as the recent ignoble record of the FCC makes clear. What troubles me even more than the pliancy of FCC commissioners to political pressure is their willingness to favor the pyramiding under a single ownership of television channels, radio stations, and newspapers. Isn't this the very monopoly they were supposed to avoid?

The empire builders, who were well on their way to a plutocracy, were brought within bounds by the first Roosevelt. Then under the second Roosevelt it was labor's turn, and in their bid for power they have raised the challenge of what regulations can be devised which will bring them to a clearer recognition of their national responsibility. In the not far future we can see another huge decision looming up: When atomic energy is harnessed for industrial use, will it be in the hands of a few private corporations or in a consolidation which the government will control? My point is that in the daily exposure to such bigness the individual is made to feel smaller than he used to be, smaller and more helpless than his father and grandfather before him.

I realize, of course, that twice in this century our capacity to arm on an enormous scale has carried us to victory with a speed which neither the Kaiser nor Hitler believed possible. But it is my anxiety that, in a cold war which may last for decades, the maintenance of bigness, which is necessary to cope with the U.S.S.R., may regiment the American spirit.

In his book, *Reflections on America*, Jacques Maritain, the French philosopher, draws a sharp distinction "between the spirit of the American people and the logic of the superimposed structure or ritual of civilization." He speaks of "the state of tension, of hidden conflict, between this spirit of the people and this logic of the structure; the steady, latent rebellion of the spirit of the people against the logic of the structure." Maritain believes that the spirit of the American people is gradually overcoming and breaking the logic of their materialistic civilization. I should like to share his optimism, but first we have some questions to answer, questions about what the pressure of bigness is doing to American integrity and to American taste.

HENRY WALLACE has called this the century of the Common Man. Well, the longer I live in it the more I wonder whether we are producing the

Uncommon Man in sufficient quantity. No such doubts were entertained a century ago. When Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered his famous address on "The American Scholar" to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard in 1837, he was in a mood of exhilaration, not doubt, and he heralded among other things a change which had taken place in American literature. It was a change in the choice of subject matter; it was a change in approach, and it showed that we had thrown off the leading strings of Europe. Here is how he described it:

The elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state assumed in literature a very marked and benign aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. . . . The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign — is it not? — of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. . . . This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries.

This change from the appreciation of the elite to the appreciation of the commonplace, or as Emerson called it, the vulgar, has been increasingly magnified under the pressure of numbers. But were Emerson able to return to us for a short visit, I am not sure that he would be altogether happy about what we have done to elevate the vulgar in literature or in television.

In contemporary literature, new books — the best we can produce — are still published in hard covers and sold to a discriminating body of readers. If I had to guess, I should say that there are about one million discriminating readers in this country today, and what disturbs me as an editor is that this number has not increased with the population; it has not increased appreciably since the year 1920. What has increased is the public for comic books, for murder mysteries, for sex and sadism. This debasement, especially in fiction, was most noticeable in the early stages of our paperbacks, when the racks in any drug-store were crowded with lurid, large-bosomed beauties who were being either tortured or pursued. Recently there has been an improvement, both in quantity and in seriousness, thanks to the editors of Anchor Books and the New American Library, thanks also to a feeling of outrage which was expressed in many communities. But it still seems to me regrettable that after a hundred years of public education we have produced

such a demand for the lowest common denominator of emotionalism.

Am I, I sometimes wonder, a minority of one when I shudder at certain photographs in our pictorial magazines? The picture of a Negro being lynched; the picture of an airliner which has crashed and burned, with that naked body to the left identified as an opera singer whose voice we have all heard and loved; the picture of a grieving mother whose child has just been crushed in an automobile accident? Am I a minority of one in thinking that these are invasions of privacy, indecent and so shocking that we cringe from the sight?

Television, for which we once had such high hope, is constantly betrayed by the same temptation. It can rise magnificently to the occasion, as when it brought home to us the tragedy in Hungary, yet time and again its sponsored programs sink to a sodden level of brutality, shooting, and torture. And is there any other country in the world which would suffer through such incredible singing commercials as are flung at us? Does the language always have to be butchered for popular appeal, as when we are adjured to "live modern" and "smoke for real"? Am I a minority of one in thinking that the giveaway programs, by capitalizing on ignorance, poverty, and grief, are a disgrace? These are deliberate efforts to reduce a valuable medium to the level of the bobby-soxers.

There was a time when the American automobiles led the world in their beauty, diversity, and power, but the gaudy gondolas of today are an insult to the intelligence. In an era of close crowding when parking is an insoluble problem, it was sheer arrogance on the part of the Detroit designers to produce a car which was longer than the normal garage, so wasteful of gasoline, so laden with useless chromium and fantails that it costs a small fortune to have a rear fender repaired. I saw in a little Volkswagen not long ago a sign in the windshield reading, "Help Stamp out Cadillacs!" There speaks the good-natured but stubborn resistance of the American spirit against the arrogance of Detroit.

Is it inevitable in mass production that when you cater to the many, something has to give, and what gives is quality? I wonder if this has to be. I wonder if the great majority of the American people do not have more taste than they are credited with. The phenomenal increase in the sale of classical music recordings the moment they became available at mass production prices tells me that Americans will support higher standards when they are given the chance. I stress the aberration of taste in our time because I think it is something that does not have to be.

The republic deserves better standards, not only for the elect, but straight across the board.

I wish that our directors of Hollywood, the heads of our great networks, and those who, like the automobile designers in Detroit, are dependent upon American taste—I wish that such arbiters would remember what Alexis de Tocqueville wrote a hundred and twenty-five years ago in his great book, *Democracy in America*. "When the conditions of society are becoming more equal," said Tocqueville, "and each individual man becomes more like all the rest, more weak and more insignificant, a habit grows up of ceasing to notice the citizens to consider only the people, and of overlooking individuals to think only of their kind."

It seems to me that our tastemakers have been guilty of this fallacy ever since the close of World War II. They have ceased to notice the citizens and consider only the people, just as Tocqueville warned. They no longer plan for the differences in individual taste, but think only of people in the mass.

IN THE years that followed the crash of 1929, Americans began to transfer their trust from big business to big government; if big business and banking, so ran the reasoning, could not be trusted to keep us out of depressions, perhaps big government could. Gradually in this emergency we began to shape up our version of the welfare state, a concept which was evolving in many parts of the Western world and to which both Democrats and Republicans are now committed.

A welfare state requires a big government with many bureaus, just as big government in its turn requires big taxes. We embarked on big government with the idea of safeguarding those segments of American society which were most in jeopardy, and now after twenty-five years of experimentation we are beginning to learn that the effects of big government upon the individual are both good and bad. It is good to provide the individual with security, and to give him the chance to adjust his special claims; another and perhaps unsuspected asset has been dramatized by Edwin O'Connor in his novel, *The Last Hurrah*, in which he showed us how President Roosevelt had diminished and destroyed the sovereignty of the city boss. It is Washington, not Ward Eight, that has the big patronage to give today.

The maleffects of big government are more subtle. Consider, for instance, the debilitating effect of heavy taxation. I remember a revealing talk I had with Samuel Zemurray when he was president of the United Fruit Company. Born in Russia, Zemurray made his start here by pushing

a fruit cart through the streets of Gadsden, Alabama. Then he set up his own business as a banana jobber by selling the bunches of bananas the fruit company didn't want. He sold out to United Fruit and continued to acquire shares until he controlled the majority of the stock. In the autumn of F.D.R.'s second term, when we were sitting in adjoining Pullman seats on the long run to Washington, Mr. Zemurray began talking about the President's promises to "the forgotten man." "He made three promises," Zemurray said, "and he has kept two of them: the promise to labor and that to the farmer. The promise he has not kept is to the little businessman. Under today's taxes it would be quite impossible for a young man to do as I did — he would never be able to accumulate enough capital."

Some years after this talk, in 1946 to be exact, I was on a plane flying West from Chicago. It was a Sunday morning and the man who sat beside me at the window seat had the big bulk of the Chicago *Tribune* spread open on his knees, but out of politeness' sake he gave me the proverbial greeting, "Hello, where are you from?" And when I said, "From Boston," his face lit up. "Do they still have good food at the Automat?" he asked. "Boy, that's where I got my start and it certainly seems a lifetime ago." And then in a rush out poured his life story in one of those sudden confidences with which Americans turn to one another: How he had become a salesman of bedroom crockery, and how his Boston boss had refused to raise him to thirty dollars a week. In his anger he had switched to the rival company, and under their encouragement he had simply plastered Cape Cod with white washbowls, pitchers, soap dishes, and tooth mugs. "Seven carloads I sold in the first year," he told me. The company called him back to its head office in Chicago, and then came the crash. The company owned a bank and lake shore real estate, and when the smoke had cleared away and recovery was possible, he found himself running the whole shebang. His wife hadn't been able to keep up with it all, he said, shaking his head sadly. He had had his first coronary, and what kept him alive today was his hope for his two sons, who had just come out of the Navy. "But, you know," he said to me, his eyes widening, "they neither of them want to come in with me. They don't seem to want to take the chances that I took. They want to tie up with a big corporation. I just don't get it."

Security for the greatest number is a modern shibboleth, but somebody still has to set the pace and take the risk. And if we gain security, but sacrifice first venture and then initiative, we may find, as the Labor Party in England did, that we end with all too little incentive. As I travel this

country since the war, I have the repeated impression that fewer and fewer young men are venturing into business on their own. More and more of them seek the safety of the big corporations. There are compelling reasons for this, the ever-shrinking margin of operating profit being the most insistent. But if we keep on trading independence and initiative for security, I wonder what kind of American enterprise will be left fifty years from now.

A subtle conditioning of the voter has been taking place during the steady build-up of big government. During the Depression and recovery we took our directives from Washington almost without question; so too during the war, when we were dedicated to a single purpose and when the leadership in Washington in every department was the best the nation could supply. And for almost twenty years local authority and the ability to test our political initiative in the home county and state has dwindled. About the only common rally which is left to us is the annual drive for the community fund. Too few of our ablest young men will stand for local office. Their jobs come first, and they console themselves with the thought that if they succeed they may be called to Washington in maturity. We used to have a spontaneous capacity for rallying; we could be inflamed, and our boiling point was low. Our present state of lethargy, our tendency to let George do it in Washington, is not only regrettable, it is bad for our system.

I remember one of the last talks I had with Wendell Willkie. He was still showing the exhaustion of defeat, and he spoke with concern as he said, "One of the weaknesses in our democracy is our tendency to delegate. During an election year we will work our hearts out, and then when the returns are in, we think we have done our part. For the next three years what happens to the party is the responsibility of the national committeemen. Have you ever looked at them?"

The decision having been made to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, President Truman tells us that he retired and slept soundly. But those in authority in these days are less sure. The delegation of so much authority to those in Washington and the difficulties of dealing with an opponent so ruthless and enigmatic as Russia seem to have developed in our most responsible officials a secretiveness and an uncertainty which make it hard for the citizen to follow. This administration has practiced a policy of nondisclosure toward the press and the electorate which has left the average citizen in a state of constant uncertainty. I have nothing but admiration for the dedication and stamina of Secretary Dulles, but I wish with all my heart that he had made our purpose and our commitments clearer for our allies and for our own

people to understand. When we pulled that dam out from under Nasser's feet, we projected a crisis which must have come as a great shock to France and Britain. And how can we blame the young leaders of Hungary for misunderstanding the words "dynamic liberation" when we at home had no clear notion of what they meant? It was inexcusable not to have warned the American people that the Sputniks were coming and that greater exertions must be expected of us. This is no time for remoteness or for lulling slogans or for the avoidance of hard truths. The volume of material, the thousands of articles dealing with the great issues of today which are pouring into my office from unknown, unestablished writers, testifies to the conscientiousness and the courage of American thinking. The pity of it is that such people have not been taken more fully into the confidence of their own government.

I HAVE said that the concept of bigness has been an American ideal since our earliest times. I pointed to our propensity to build larger and larger combines ever since the Civil War, and how the process of consolidation has speeded up during the past thirty-five years. I suggested that we cannot have the fruits of mass production without suffering the effects of regimentation. And I ask that we look closely at what the pressure of bigness has done to American taste and opinion. Is the individual beginning to lose self-confidence and his independence? In short, how big is one?

Surely, in an atomic age self-reliance and self-restraint are needed as they have never been before. See with what force Van Wyck Brooks expresses this truth in his *Writer's Notebook*:

Unless humanity is intrinsically decent, heaven help the world indeed, for more and more we are going to see man naked. There is no stopping the world's tendency to throw off imposed restraints, the *religious* authority that is based on the ignorance of the many, the *political* authority that is based on the knowledge of the few. The time is coming when there will be nothing to restrain men except what they find in their own bosoms; and what hope is there for us then unless it is true that, freed from fear, men are naturally predisposed to be upright and just?

As we look about us, what evidence can we find that in an atmosphere overshadowed by Russia and made murky by the distrust of McCarthyism there are citizens who will still stand forth, upright

and ready to speak the hard truth for the public good? How big is one?

One is as big as George F. Kennan, who believes that we cannot continue to live in this state of frozen belligerency in Europe. We do not have to accept all of his proposals before applauding his thoughtful, audacious effort to break up the ice.

One is as big as Omer Carmichael, the superintendent of schools in Louisville, Kentucky, who led the movement for voluntary integration in his border state; as big as Harry Ashmore, the editor of the Little Rock, Arkansas, *Gazette*, for his fearless and reasonable coverage of the Faubus scandal.

One is as big as Frank Laubach, who believes in teaching the underdeveloped nations how to read their own languages, and then in supplying them with reading matter which will aid them to develop their farming and health.

One is as big as Linus Pauling, Harold C. Urey, Robert Oppenheimer, and the other editors and sponsors of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, who have never underestimated Russian scientific capacities, who have always believed in the peaceful value of scientific exchange and never ceased to struggle against fanaticism in secrecy and security.

One is as big as Edith Hamilton, the classicist, the lover of Greece and of moderation; and as Alice Hamilton, her younger sister, who pioneered in the dangerous field of industrial medicine.

One is as big as Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, who for years have been guiding lights in the resistant field of juvenile delinquency.

One is as big as Ralph Bunche and Eleanor Roosevelt.

One is as big as Louis M. Lyons, whose interpretation of the news and whose judgment of the popular press have provided, in the words of the Lauterbach Award, "a conscience for a whole profession."

One is as big as I. I. Rabi, a brilliant scientist and a passionate humanist, who, on being asked how long it would take us to catch up to Russia and to safeguard our long-range future, replied, "A generation. You know how long it takes to change a cultural pattern. The growing general awareness of this need will help us, but nevertheless we will have to work hard to succeed in a generation."

One is as big as Frederick May Eliot, president for twenty-one years of the American Unitarian Association, who worked himself to the bone for the deepening of faith and for reconciliation.

One is as big as you yourself can make it.



EXPRESSO BONGO

BY WOLF MANKOWITZ

When EXPRESSO BONGO hit the stage of the Saville Theatre in London in late April, critics described it as "an English musical that can look any American one in the face and outstare it." This satire on Tin Pan Alley is based on the following story by WOLF MANKOWITZ, author of A KID FOR TWO FARTHING, OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE, and THE MENDELMAN FIRE.

THE picture in the fan-mag showed this gangly kid in jeans and a sweat shirt, his face contorted, mouth wide open, beating with both hands on a bongo set round his shoulder, over it the headline BONGO SCORES AT TOM-TOM. The same terrible stuff, but this time it was good, because it was me who dropped the dead-beat drunk columnist a fiver to run it. Because this new boy Bongo Herbert, playing nightly for the past week at the Tom-Tom expresso back of Frith Street, is under contract to nobody but me. Half of the ten pounds he picks up this Friday comes to me. Half of everything he beats out of those little bongos for the next three years comes to me.

I checked my capital of twenty-three pounds and some shillings useful for unavoidable tips, the balance of a fifty-pound fee for publicizing the Wally Burn Flames tour. Free as a pimp or an artiste's manager I walked over to the Tom-Tom to collect my first week's unearned income.

Not so unearned. For three weeks after I found my property beating and shouting himself into a frenzy on the corny Jazz Boat Stomp which the Flames signed off with, I had wet-nursed that kid along, bought him cigarettes and coffee and sandwiches, a couple of sweat shirts with bongos painted on them, a pair of tailored black jeans, and a fancy haircut, turned him from Bert Rudge, snotty-nosed nobody, to Bongo Herbert, Britain's latest answer to America's latest solution of how to

keep discs selling by the million. Not that Bongo was answering back yet. I wouldn't be in profit for another couple of weeks, and then only if Leon at the Tom-Tom kept him on that long.

"The boy's great, isn't he Leon?" I said.

"I'm getting my Italian peasant-style cups and saucers broke," Leon complained, "from where these mad kids keep time bashing on the tables. Two tables also is already broke in the legs."

"You're doing great business Leon," I told him, and showed him the fan-mag.

"It's a good publicity," he said. "How much costs a whole page in this paper?"

"More than the ten you're paying my boy," I pointed out.

"I keep him another week maybe," Leon said grudgingly as he handed over ten dirty but attractive notes.

"You take him for six weeks Leon," I replied, "or we beat our tiny brains out in some other expresso."

"Six weeks at ten," he said.

"At fifteen," I corrected.

So I sold Bongo to Leon for twelve a week for six weeks. At this rate Bongo would be a very old teen-ager before I could retire to the South of France. Kids with imitation American gimmicks were rocking their managers into comfort while I wasted my life on café expresso and doughnuts. It was humiliating.

Still, Bongo was a good boy — a good simple unspoiled boy. When I gave him his five, his first week's money, there were great oily tears in his eyes.

"That only leaves you five for yourself guv," he muttered. "You should take more. I wouldn't get nothing without you."

Such trust and honesty deserved my support.

"Take it Bongo," I told him with a he-man pulled-punch to his jaw. "Half of everything you make is going to go to you kid."

I knew Bongo could be the answer. After all, Tommy Steele had been standing in for Elvis Presley (who was too busy counting his dollars to bother coming after softer currencies in person) for a year now. A year is a long time in the life of a teen-age idol. The seventeen-year-olds make the most capricious public in the world. They want someone new to get excited about every few months. It has to be someone who is (or can act) not much older than themselves, and since the mob is mostly female, the talent has to be male and sexy (or able to act it). It has to be someone with a nobody background — rags to riches in five yelping stages — from dirty sweat shirt to gold lamé sweat shirt. It had to be Bongo.

That night at the Tom-Tom it was.

The place was stacked with sweating teenagers (and a few who would like to be) wearing Vince Man's Shop jeans with heavy rollnecks, close-fitting Charing Cross Road teddy trousers and velvet-collared coats bought on the hire-purchase, string ties hanging in the cold coffee,

suède Jeff Chandler lumber jackets, and bright strained cotton sweaters dashed with cigarette ash and crumbs from Leon's special pizza. There was smoke in the Tony Curtis hair styles, and smoke around the pony tails. Thick badly applied mascara ran down the face of a girl in a black jersey and ski pants crying in a corner, while a spade with big white teeth chipped one of Leon's valuable cups beating it out with Bongo.

Backed by a frantic skiffle group called the Beasts (hungry for pizza and applause), Bongo found rhythms which were crude enough for these simple-minded low-budget good-timers to believe in. He bashed the baby drums, twisted like an electric eel, and shouted a meaningless string of words we had thrown together.

The boy had something — a something which wasn't commodity in the days when talent with polish was expected. He was contemporary-style: elementary violent energy coupled to an inane but genuine gaiety (at this price what did he have to be gay about?) which hooked these yokels from Elephant and Castle and points south by the grubby scruffs of their immature emotions and flung them far away from the kitchen sink, the stale oilcloth, the nagging mothers, and the bel-lowing bewildered fathers, and dropped them writhing into a synthetic tropic confusion. Or, as Bongo, yelping and chi-yiking in his hoarse Hox-ton voice, put it:

Ex-presso — bongo
Fla-menko — bongo
Tooo-baygo — bongo
Caa-lypso — bongo
Bongo — bongo — calypso — bongo
Ole.



Sketches by Jocelyn Rickards, costume designer for the London production of the play EXPRESSO BONGO.

WHILE Bongo broke off for a while to pour coffee down his gravel throat and let his bongos cool off, I turned to the thin, oily-eyed dyspeptic whose poker face had grown longer with every *bongo*!

"Another *cappuccino* Mr. Mayer?" For it was no other than the hard-to-get talent spotter from Garrick Records himself whom I had caressed through an expensive dinner and dragged into this hellhole to hear my talented client. His eyes showed the glaze of six brandies and a genuine dislike for this kind of music.

"Have another, Mr. Mayer?"

"Keeps me awake," he complained.

I might as well get it over with, I thought. "What's your feeling about the boy?" I asked him.

"Nausea," he replied.

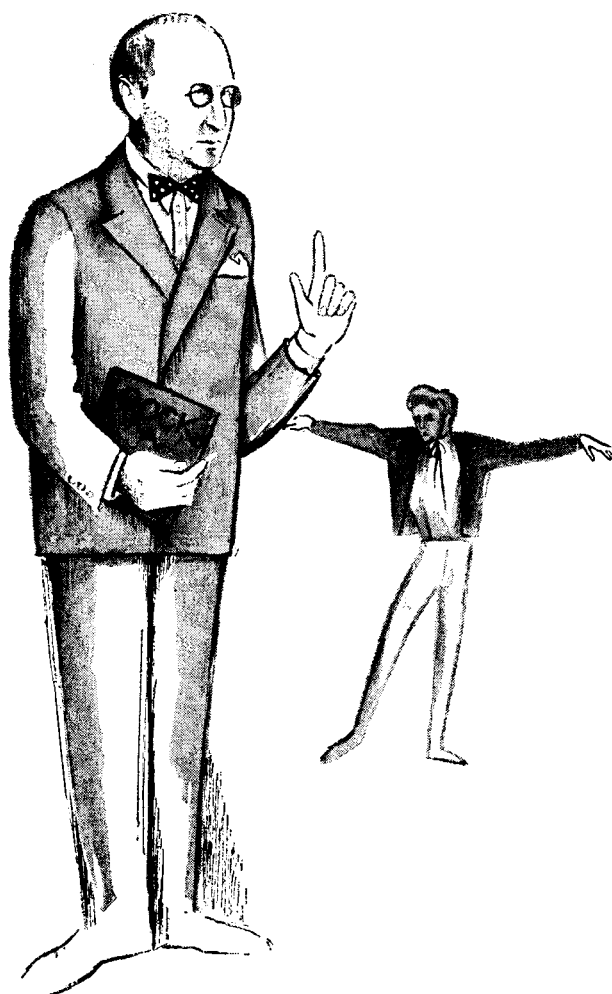
Well thank you and good night, Mr. Mayer, I thought.

"The kid's got a great gimmick, Mr. Mayer," I

said, my eyes bursting with enthusiasm, my teeth bared in the full smile of the confident loser.

Mayer wiped coffee stains from the corners of his dry mouth on a grubby handkerchief monogrammed "O" — must be for ostrich. He refused to see something great when it happened.

"You know," he said, "I am really by nature an opera man. I think *Aida* is a work of beauty and excitement. All this" — he waved a thin, contracted claw in the direction of Bongo and the



Beasts — "all this kind of thing is deeply sickening to my temperament. It so happens, due to the irony of fate, in opera I lost my shirt . . ."

"You put on some great shows, Mr. Mayer, show business doesn't forget," I said, sycophantic as ever. I waved the fan-mag with the Bongo headline under his nose like potpourri. "This boy's not doing bad."

Mayer sighed. "I lost my shirt," he repeated. "Yet from this disc lunacy I make money."

It was getting too late to sit listening to the reminiscences of an old O-for-ostrich has-been impresario.

"Well thank you Mr. Mayer for being so frank," I said (he should be this frank once more and drop stone dead).

"Like I say," he continued sadly, "for me personally this kind of thing is torture. I'll give thirty-five pounds for your client and the group, two sides, no royalty, one-way option to the company. Record next week. All right?"

"Mr. Mayer," I said, blinking, "so you really think the boy has something?"

Mayer got up to go.

"I don't know — I don't care," he said. "These young idiots seem to want this kind of thing so let's sell them what they want. Maybe next week, with this Bongo boy, we lose a few pounds. So what? The week after we find a Tommy Steele and make a profit."

The mob had gulped down the pizzas and espressos and was shouting for more Bongo.

"Listen to them Mr. Mayer," I said with missionary fervor, "they want him — they want him, Mr. Mayer."

"Don't get so excited," he said, as he rose, a thin lost waif of an impresario. "Here they don't have to pay for him. A record costs six shillings."

As the kid, fresh again, began to beat on his little skin money boxes, I worked out how many discs at six shillings Mayer had to sell before Bongo earned me my first thousand.

Assuming we got onto a royalty basis of 1½d a disc with our second recording, it came to almost half a million.

Meanwhile, take off a fiver for the skiffle Beasts and the evening's work showed me and my boy fifteen apiece cash. Not exactly the late Mike Todd's kind of money — but I was in profit.

In profit.

I love those words.

WHEN I came out after the recording session Regent Street looked mellow in the late afternoon sunshine. The traffic was soothing after the six hours of bongo and skiffle, bad jokes and adolescent exhibitionism which we had condensed into two sides of a wax disc.

I crossed by Liberty's and cut through Poland Street to take a late lunch at the Roll-Mop.

It took two salt-beef sandwiches to revive me. Then I started to sketch a review of our great contribution to teen-age dream life.

BONGO HERBERT

Expresso Bongo/Bongo Calypso
(Garrick Pop. 786)

The up-and-coming bongo boy starts to beat his way into tomorrow's hit parade with his own number, *Expresso Bongo*, a foaming, furious farrago of tropical-

ity powerfully supported by the Beasts bongo group. Hate or hug him, Bongo has something that's new, a swaying calypso beat woven around a rock foundation. Here it is kids. Bongo you beasts.

Good, I told myself, that earns you the giant slice of cheesecake.

I forked the cheesecake up, but I can't say I enjoyed it. Because supposing Bongo's disc did get the notices — so what? The only way you ever sell a record is by getting it heard — which means plugs by TV or radio, preferably both. I'm not saying such plugs can be bought — but supposing they could, was I in a position to outbid the established managers? Even this cheesecake was, strictly speaking, a luxury I couldn't yet afford.

Now we were started on this success kick and I saw the whole terrible long drag stretching before me, Bongo didn't seem such a wonderful property any more.

I looked him over as he sulked in the kitchen of the three-up and two-down Hoxton hovel he lived in with Mum, a baggy old harridan, Dad, a brick-faced bricklayer, and younger sister Edna with adenoids stunting the growth of nothing except her brain.

Bongo, the hope of Hoxton, his cockscorn of platinum-tinted hair drooping under Mum's accusing predatory hen's eye, our breadwinner — with both of us doubtful for the moment.

"You say, mister whasit," she gobbled. "How much is he making at that West End place where he's been night after night?"

"Just a fiver a week Mrs. Rudge," I said, "but it'll get —"

"A fiver," she whispered hoarsely. "A fiver!" she screamed as if it were a swearword. "The little bleeder's still giving me two pound a week when he's knocking up a fiver?"

"Haven't I got expenses?" Bongo muttered. "I got a lot of expenses."

"Have kids," she told me, "go on, have kids. I don't know what we have them for."

"He's a good boy Mrs. Rudge," I told her. "He'll look after you fine."

"Have kids," she went on. "I got that drunken loafer can't have two ha'pennies in his pocket without being a good-time Charlie with drinks all round for every Tom Dick and Harry. And that Edna always after the boys — where's she going to end up? And *him*," she pointed accusingly at poor beaten-up Bongo, high-living his way out of her heart on three pounds a week. "I don't know what we have kids for," she repeated querulously.

Then it was Bongo's solo. "I know what for," he said quietly. Then all that energy came roaring up like a hot geyser. "So you can bleed the

poor bastards white," he screamed. "Call yourself a mother," he hissed. "I never had a mother. Just you, that's all — you."

When Bongo finished telling her, she looked like a pricked bladder of off-white lard — a tired, gray old char who had scrubbed millions of square miles of floor to find at the end that the earth was flat and the edge of it a precipice complete with only son to push her off.

So Bongo walked out, leaving the home fire doused and faintly smoking behind him.

By the time we'd got back into Town with Bongo simmering his injustices fitfully all the way I had enough case history. I wasn't strong enough to sustain another bongo that night. So I dropped him at the Tom-Tom and wandered over to a small-time nude revue off Brewer Street which included an occasional friend of mine called Maisie whom in her way was very fond of me — or you — or whoever paid for her singing lessons, a subject on which she was hipped as a result of having the ambition to be a Judy Garland but not the voice yet.

Maisie was representing Coventry that night, by wrapping her legs round the neck of a stuffed horse behind the chorus. Neither she nor the horse was permitted by law to move. After the tableaux (laughingly called "Vivant") were finished, we had some dinner in a Chinese restaurant and she complained for a while about how everybody neglected her voice. Then we followed the indigestion and neglect up with a bottle of Irish whisky at a club where a Negro sang a calypso about how much worse than a man-scorpion a woman-scorpion can be. Then we two scorpions went back to her nest. In the morning I had two pounds left but there was still the indigestion. I also seemed to have won the calypso singer, because I couldn't get the song out of my head. If I ever write a book I'll call it *What Maisie Did* and sell it in purple cellophane covers.

You can tell the temper I was in when I walked into my flat at midday and found the kid sleeping slob-like in his sweat shirt on my bed.

I dragged the blankets from under him and he shouted, "No Mum," and woke up.

"You missed a great night at the Tom-Tom," he grunted.

"I'll live anyway," I replied. "Thank you for keeping my bed warm and get out of it."

"The telly boys were there last night," he said as he pulled on his jeans.

"The who?" I kicked Bongo's shoes over to him and opened a window.

"The television film boys. They was there all night shooting."

What was he saying? Could I have, after so many years, this kind of luck?

The short answer to that was — I couldn't. I checked up with the television boys and, yes, it was true they'd been filming Bongo at the Tom-Tom all evening — for a big documentary program called *Teen-age Rebellion*. The bill co-starred Bongo and other delinquent types with a magistrate, a psychiatrist, and the governor of a Boys' Remand Home. This was exactly, I told them, the kind of plug Bongo needed.

"The material is magnificent," the eager young director told me. "That boy is demonic."

He agreed to do his best to get the demonic boy a variety spot if we didn't object to the documentary.

"The way things are," I told him, "just get us a few quid in cash and you can insult my client as much as you like."

Every cloud has its silver lining, as Mrs. Rudge herself must have observed more than once during her long, dreary, silverless, and clouded life.

We didn't know that the cloud had turned and was shining for us until a fortnight later when *Teen-age Rebellion* turned out to be a big hit. And it wasn't for the magistrate, the psychiatrist, and the Remand Home governor either. It was Bongo who got the notices.

They had used his sound track all the way through the program. The shots of him beating the life out of Mother and Hoxton in the shape of a pair of midget drums had real power. When the camera moved right close in on Bongo's face those tired TV critics woke up and reached for their adjectives. Myself I just felt frightened of what was going on there behind the bright eyes and that twisted dry mouth.

Mayer moved fast and got Bongo's disc out ten days early, and now we didn't need any help to get bookings. In quick succession Bongo skinned the black cat on Jack Jackson's program, was introduced by Jack Payne as "that terrifying teenager," and was discovered by four radio disc jockeys in the same week. Whereupon Cyril Stapleton gave *Expresso Bongo* the lead in his *Daily Express* column, and the fan-mag that had been the first to feature Bongo ran him as a cover story, giving Mum big play for her golden heart and undying faith.

Bongo, you beasts.

PEOPLE who don't know (and this includes quite a few who should) see a lot of pictures, headlines, blurbs, and puffs, they hear a name being talked around, and straightaway they start counting how much money it means in the bank account of the overpublicized one.

But if publicity was dough, every little starlet

in Town wouldn't be plotting how to marry a millionaire — she would be one. Similarly with me and Bongo. We were making a big impact but there was still a lot of merchandising to be done before you could say that my property was a solid investment.

Certainly *Expresso Bongo* was running away but, if you remember, I had sold Garrick Records the whole show outright for thirty-five pounds. Stupid of me — but poverty and Mayer had taken advantage of both my good nature and my judgment. All the good that particular best seller was doing us was in those newspaper clippings.

Of course, Bongo was picking up television fees here and there, but booking agents just laughed and laughed when I asked a hundred a week for him on tour. According to them, in the provinces the public didn't watch television or read the newspapers. But the fact of no bookings apart, maybe to let Bongo get lost up North for a few months would be bad businesswise. The reputations were made here, in the Smoke. So what the hell, so long as a few pennies were tinkling in nicely — why be greedy? In fact, how be greedy, when no one is offering you enough to get greedy about?

Still we didn't need the Tom-Tom any more. It cost him blood, but Leon went as high as thirty a week for Bongo to stay on. "It's not the money Leon," I told him, "it's just that we need a little more class than you can offer."

As to class, at the top there's the Café de Paris booked solid with Dietrich, Coward, Bankhead, and Steele. After that there's the Diplomatique — not in the same team but trying hard and spending plenty. In fact the Dip had spent so much, their publicity boy Mavers told me (over a drink in the Café de Paris), that the cabaret budget was going to be axed for a while.

"What?" I asked, luxuriating in the champagne cocktail he stood me on his as yet unaxed expense account. "No more of those great, completely unknown American artistes hot-foot from their phenomenal success at a barn dance not far from Las Vegas?"

"No more," he replied. "We had Danny Reno, fell flat on his face; Beulah Heat, fell flat on her back; Gig Rand — the Tommy Steele of America — would've been a better show if his guitar had electrocuted him."

"Not to mention," I mentioned, "that animated corpse delectable of the silent screen —"

"Don't mention her name," Mavers sighed. "She fell flat in her coffin. So anyway," he continued, "you can see why the Dip is dipping. Don't I hear that you are now operating as an honest manager, if you'll pardon the contradiction in terms?"

Suddenly I could see it all clearly, and so, within another champagne cocktail (which I sportingly paid for) could Mavericks. For patriotism, youth, vitality, and the business graph of the Dip, why not try Britain's own new star — the only boy with a gimmick the Americans hadn't thought of first — Bongo Herbert.

"What have you been paying these transatlantic hams?" I inquired discreetly. "Your press stories, possibly exaggerated, said thousands."

"You might get a hundred a week on a single week booking," he replied. "Provided you agree to announce that we're paying him five."

"For you," I said to him, putting my arm round his shoulders, "I'm prepared to make that sacrifice."

YOU'VE got to hand it to Mavericks. True, he was in danger of being axed himself if the Dip's business didn't improve. But Mavericks deserves all the credit in the world for stage-managing Bongo's first night.

The Dip was crammed with those indispensable free-eaters who carry knives under their Moss Bros. dinner jackets, accompanied by the pretty publicity-hungry pouter pigeons who settle wherever there's a flashlight. My pigeon these days was usually Maisie. She was after all perfectly equipped to be a temporary fixture, except she wouldn't give up learning to be Judy Garland — but I am a man who, when in funds, does not object to wasting the price of a few singing lessons. All of us there that night agreed that whether Bongo was good or not, Mavericks' production had star quality.

Because suddenly, out of nowhere, there was a Fan Club complete with bongos beating its way past the *commissionnaire* to mob Bongo as he came down the stairs at the end of his act.

Who bothered to ask wasn't this the Danny Reno fan mob divorced from Danny; who cared that six weeks ago they were screaming for Gig Rand, or that next month they would foam and swoon for some as yet unbooked talent? Fans all look alike and are expected to materialize magically from nowhere like maggots. Normally they're kept outside on the pavement. Mavericks' innovation was to tip off the *commissionnaire* to let them break through. The resultant pictures were much appreciated by all.

There was a good selection. Golden boy acclaimed, hysterical bobby-soxers swoon, a fine set of grainy action shots. But the best of all was the dressing-room picture of Dixie Collins, the well-known myth, giving Bongo the look that had sold sixty-eight films and withered about the same number of leading men. Dixie was always good

for a quote, and this time the quote was really quotable. "This slim, vibrant boy doesn't need talent," she said throatily. "He has more life in him than a dozen talents. Vitality is the greatest talent of all."

Call it vitality, talent, or genius if you like, but personally I am not inclined to kid myself. I am rather one who prefers to kid others. And this is something you can only do so long as you have a strict regard for the truth. If you really believed you were selling gold bricks how could you offer them so cheap? The gold on Bongo was no more real than the white beard on the Father Christmas at Selfridge's, yet look how that show runs year after year.

So far as I could ever see, Bongo was a normal healthy crazy and mixed-up kid, plus a crude sense of rhythm and an amateur-night talent, which altogether looked like a big gay escapist time to a younger generation which didn't know where to go. The older generation, with a belly full of wars and post-wars, was too tired from jumping over rising costs and crises to see the worry behind its children's gaiety. So the kids were on their own — except for their discs and their fancy dress, and scrappy bits of excitement like Bongo.

But whatever Bongo had, that first night at the Dip it rattled like a pair of loaded atomic dice, and even if you thought it was mad or had nothing to do with art or talent, it made a fascinating show.

I happened to know why Bongo was more hopped-up than usual that night. In the afternoon he had been tracked down by his mum who, like the rest of us, needed money. You know all the dancing around that these Spanish performers do to get a bull excited? With Bongo all you had to do was produce his mother, or if she had a sick headache and was lying down, just mention her. However, the public is always right, and if Bongo was great for the public, then with me too he was great, just great. If anyone had any doubts about it, that picture and quote from Dixie clinched it.

There is no doubt in anybody's mind that Dixie Collins is great because she has the name, the credits, and the important and celebrated friends to prove it. Furthermore, everybody feels a little proud that Dixie, the daughter of a Brixton bailiff's man, has been a fabulous American success without taking out citizenship papers. When Dixie resettled in England she was accepted as a pillar and oracle of café society. For a woman admitting to fifty she didn't look too bad either.

So there he was, my little gutter lily, glistening up at the fabulous Dixie Collins in the fabulous star dressing room of the fabulous Diplomatique. The headline over the picture quite rightly recited "Hoxton Boy Hits High Society."

If it all hadn't been so fabulous I would have seen she was giving him that look. I would have been warned.

IN Bongo's third week the Diplomatique was doing capacity business. I'd had six numbers written for him, and Mayer rushed out another record which was climbing the hit parade very steadily. I was now working from a furnished apartment-office off Bond Street with Maisie as not the only secretary in London who couldn't write shorthand or use a typewriter.

But she could do other things, like try to sing *Over the Rainbow* between answering the telephone. It wasn't too hard to bear because the telephone hardly stopped ringing. The Dip was paying two hundred and fifty a week, we had a regular spot on a weekly television program for teen-agers, and Mayer was so embarrassed by the success of *Expresso Bongo* he had changed the habit of a lifetime and was now, after the first half million, paying us a small — a very small — percentage on it. True, Bongo was signed to Garrick Records for life, but then as Mayer himself put it, "Nothing is for nothing."

I saw plenty of Bongo, rehearsing and polishing him till, with his natural audience sense and all the experience he was getting, he was beginning to look like a star, even to me.

So that Bongo's life was now not only his problem, it was mine too. Not that there was any danger in that motley band of badly dressed and grubby girls who hang around every backstage. It was high society I didn't trust, which though it includes some equally badly dressed and grubby fans, also comprises more dangerous animals. In this jungle, like in every other, the enemy is the dog with the bone. After years of fighting for other dogs' bones, I now had my own. Experience told me that I would need to protect it.

I watched Bongo being salivated over bone-like by hordes of hybrid managerial canines. They didn't frighten me because I have the same kind of teeth.

No — it was these classy kittenish debts, the doggy younger sons of dukes, and the tired old fashion-wise operators of neither sex I had to watch. And listening one night with my friend Maisie and her friend (whom he ignored) to Bongo talk, I realized that the favorite in the race for the bone was Dixie Collins.

It was all Dixie says this and Dixie says that, and what it amounted to was that now we were a success whatever the management said was corn for the birds, while Miss Collins was all of a sudden the female Gandhi of show business.

And Dixie had plenty to say. First she com-

pletely re-dressed us. That sweat-stained reality which had caught the reporters' eyes was slicked up and deodorized out. We were a very chic Bongo when Dixie had finished having us dressed by the most chi-chi *couturier* her influence could get wholesale. Our hair was shaped into the Bongo bob featured by four women columnists on the same Sunday. Even our bongos were studded with rhinestones. We were now a pretty slick Bongo. We were also a Bongo that didn't want to know whatever I had to say.

"Look kid," I told my fast-growing love child, "you are great with the teen-age public just so long as you're one of them. Start going fancy on them, just think of creeping out of your bracket, make as if you were, for one brief moment, superior to those immature bighearted cats who think you are themselves only successful and rich — and you, my chick, have had it."

"What do I care?" replied the sophisticated star. "What do I care about those grimy yobs? What do they know?"

"They know when you're going high-hat on them," I told him. "And furthermore, what do I care what you care? I am the one who cares. You think I am working to provide for your middle age, or maybe endow a bed in a children's hospital? Your job, my sweet unspoiled Hoxton beauty, is to beat me out more and better hangovers in plushier settings. Don't get ideas above your station, Bongo boy. There's plenty more where you came from."

Maybe I overstated my case, because that sensitive kid didn't say another word. He just treated me as if I was his mother, and walked out. After the show that night I went round to his dressing room and saw that he had walked in on no one less than Dixie herself.

From now on it was Dixie and Bongo together in every column. She made him smart — so smart he even got into the habit of having his fingernails manicured, learnt which fork to pick up when the forks were real silver and there were several of them, and knew that with meat you took red wine. He was now so fashion-wise and pound-foolish he actually performed at a couple of important deb dances without being paid. It was at this point I felt compelled to object.

"Do what you like in your own time — I don't worry," I lied. "But when you take a booking, you fix it through me. We are not in this business to give your society friends inexpensive laughs. I still own 50 per cent of you no matter which part you're giving to Dixie Collins."

Afterwards I phoned Mavericks at the Dip to tell him that one more week was all we could give him. Tomorrow I was signing in Bongo's name a contract for a twelve-week tour at four hundred a

week, and nothing the Dip had to say could be more interesting.

That tour was a perfectly planned operation. Mayer was to issue another disc, the fans and the publicity were ready and waiting, and even if Bongo looked too clean and had ideas above his station, nothing could stop us from making real money.

Nothing, that is, except that slumming bitch Dixie Collins. Although there are so many ways to break a contract, and she knew them all, the one she put Bongo on to was the dirtiest ever.

Like any innocent manager might, I had signed the deal for the tour on behalf of my client. But where, when the tour opened at Birmingham, was my client?

I'll tell you where. He was staying at the villa near Nice of a lady in her own right. Among the distinguished guests was none other than that fabulous fifty-year-old female grifter, Dixie Collins. And among the undistinguished gate-crashers was me.

He was frying himself to a deep brown espresso tan when I arrived, sweating under the palms in the two-acre garden of the Villa Esperanza. His friend was out shopping with her ladyship, so we were able to be cosily boys together.

"Why are you crucifying me, Bongo baby?" I asked him gently.

"You've been a good start for me," he generously conceded. "But can't you see I've outgrown your kind of show?"

"Outgrown? I invented you, you big-headed moron."

"That tour isn't a good thing for me. A tour with a lot of kids screaming their heads off. Is that the best you can do for me? Is that all you want for me?"

"Four hundred a week is bad?" I asked.

"With you anything that's money is good," he shouted. "You're just like that old woman of mine. You don't care about me — it's only the money. Dixie and me are talking about a film together."

I sec. He was an actor all of a sudden.

"I sec," I said. "I suppose it's about this great star who is underneath it all just a lonely woman, and this great boy who is underneath it all just a cheap rotten little scut."

Then Dixie and Lady Rosemary arrived back, wearing bright-colored sailcloth sun suits and loaded with expensive shopping. They had that elegant sinewy leathery smart look which is the sterling mark of the middle-aged woman-about-town. Dixie had never spoken to me direct before. This time she did.

"This is one artiste you won't be cheating any longer, you Soho Square shark," she said concisely.

"Don't think I'm pushing myself forward Miss Collins," I replied, "but this artiste has a three-year contract with me."

"In a pig's eye you have a contract," she spat back, so unladylike that Lady Rosemary left the patio. "That contract is about as legitimate as you are. It gives you 50 per cent and doesn't even guarantee him cigarette money."

"What's more," she continued, her eyes glinting with the same kind of vitality she found so admirable in Bongo, "he was underage when he signed."

"I can get his parents to sign that contract any time," I countered confidently, but my heart was shrinking with fright.

"No you can't," she said, and it sounded like a rattrap snapping. "Because I've seen them and explained how you took them for a ride. The contract's null and void so far as they're concerned — and so are you. Bongo's underage."

I gave her that slow, dirty look that doesn't change anything but is guaranteed to hurt a woman's feelings.

"To me," I said, before I turned and left her my property, "to me he looks all of a sudden very, very grown-up."

WHEN I got back to Town the sky was hot and tired and heavy, the air dusty, each breath another stale coating on the lungs. I should smoke tipped cigarettes and have my cancer later in life I thought, standing in the apartment frowsty with Maisie's clothes and phone messages from the Tovey Agency scattered all over. I read a letter from Tovey's solicitor and lit an untipped cigarette. I might as well get my cancer as quickly as possible because the agency was suing me for failing to produce Bongo for the tour I had contracted.

For those who don't get the strategy let me draw a sketch map.

I had been maneuvered by Dixie into a situation where, in order to protect myself, I had to disown my client. I had no alternative now but to go down on my knees to Tovey and try to crawl right out of the Bongo business. Of course I could go to Court, but that is something which, if you are a manager, you try not to do because everyone knows how artistes are so terribly exploited by us managers.

So with one sweet old-fashioned Dixie-style number here I was — off the gravy train.

Can you understand now why I smacked Maisie hard enough across the left eye to turn it black when she came in gaily chattering that she had found herself a new singing teacher who specialized in Judy Garland style?

Things were even worse by the end of the week, because although the Tovey Agency, having made me crawl and sweat, had finally let me off with a warning, they at once announced that henceforth they were solely and completely acting for that great new British star, Bongo Herbert — unfortunately forced to cancel his announced tour because of a slight operation. They didn't say the operation involved was cutting me off Bongo.

I walked down Shaftesbury Avenue and it had never looked so grimy. A sandwich-board man, his gray jowls hanging hound-like below wet bloodshot eyes, puffed and blowed along the gutter. "The End of the World Is at Hand" was the message on his board and so far as I was concerned this rancid summer, he was right.

I walked slowly through the jammed, irritable traffic into Frith Street. As I turned the corner I noticed a fat man trimming delicately between two buses, holding onto his stomach with both hands, placing his feet carefully as if they hurt badly. By the time he caught up with me his face looked like a freshly boiled hunk of silverside. Naturally, on such a day, who else should button-hole me but old gray squirrel-eyed Kakky Katz, formerly K. Arnold Katz, an extinct Hollywood producer. "I didn't see you in a month of Sundays," he said.

"You certainly didn't," I agreed. "It's a small world but not really small enough."

"At last I got a proposition which is hunderd and ten per cent," he wheezed. "Such a heat today. Come in for a ice coffee, with whip cream, delicious."

He put his arm round me and steered me into my least favorite expresso — the Tom-Tom. I looked round for Leon. He wasn't there. Instead, there was an "Under New Management" sign and a pretty young man playing the Gaggia coffee machine with the dash of a theater organist. How quickly things change in this town.

Kakky squeezed his backside into a stall. It was an encouraging thought that someone as passé as Kakky could still keep fat. He was so dead that the long-haired cineastes (who hate live film makers) put three of his pre-accountancy-era movies into a National Film Theater series. There was a hundred-word tribute on the back

cover of the program. "Pioneer of Spectacle" they called him.

The pioneer of spectacle bubbled contentedly until his iced coffee was finished. Then, as he sucked up the blob of whipped cream from the bottom of the glass, he told me his news.

"To cut off a long story short, Feigele-Lox want the remake rights of my great picture *Rubáiyát*. You remember my *Rubáiyát*?"

I remembered — a rambling, magnificent, phony-poetic, sex-saturated epic which, a quarter of a century before Todd, had taught housemaids the world over the secret life of Omar Khayyam.

"They want to make from it in the first place a stage musical in the West End. In the second place a musical on Broadway, and then, if everything goes, in the third place they will make a paronamic movie."

"How can all this," I asked with tired patience, "concern either you or me?" To twist the knife, the jukebox had started to play *Expresso Bongo*.

He belched delicately, settled back, and smiled. "By a slight oversight on the part of those hyenas that threw me out of Hollywood at the peak of my career, I happen to own the stage rights. Who thought the stage rights will ever be worth something?"

"So you'll sell out," I said, "and retire for the second time. Congratulations. It couldn't happen to a nicer pioneer of spectacle."

"Sell out nothing," he replied. "I told Feigele it can be a musical only if I produce it."

I chewed my straw slowly. "You know something K.A., I have on contract to me exclusively someone who could be great for *Rubáiyát*." I spat the straw out.

"You made that Bongo Herbert wasn't it?" he said shrewdly, doing a quick recheck on my credits as a talent judge.

"I certainly did," I replied. "I don't want to sell you anything K.A. Another iced coffee?"

"*Rubáiyát*, the way I see it" — he spread his hands wide to show the scope of his vision — "*Rubáiyát* is like for a new Judy Garland."

"Kakky," I said, "K.A. — you are so right. That's what this kid of mine is — an absolutely brand-new, all-British, entirely gorgeous, real sexual Judy Garland."

WHY WE DO NOT RECOGNIZE RED CHINA

BY GEORGE E. TAYLOR

An expert on China, long respected on the West Coast as in Washington for his knowledge of the Orient, GEORGE E. TAYLOR is director of the Far Eastern and Russian Institute at the University of Washington. Before the war he taught in Chinese universities and saw the inception of the Communist movement in the northern provinces; during the war he served in the Office of War Information and with the State Department.

THE events of the last few years have shown the general soundness of our policy in Asia, especially toward Red China. In brief, we have provided sufficient military power in Asia to discourage overt Communist military adventures and thus permit the new nations to remain independent; we have backed this up with an intricate system of political and military alliances to indicate that our intentions are serious as well as honorable; we have given economic and technical assistance to both neutrals and allies in order to nourish their independence. As a result we have forced upon Red China and the whole Soviet bloc a change in their approach and a revision of their methods.

The problems which are bound to arise when great military establishments are set up on foreign soil, whether with or without consent of the owners, tend to obscure the unglamorous, non-newsworthy fact that the attempts of the Communists to extend their influence by force were stopped by the rapid rearmament of the United States after the Korean War and the system of alliances which includes Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, Thailand, Pakistan, Australia, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, and France.

The relative stability of affairs in the Far East and the Pacific since the division of Vietnam is almost entirely due to the military strength of the United States. Military unpreparedness cost us North Korea and Vietnam, but failure to

strengthen our military posture might well have cost us much more. We have not always handled well the problems that arise from the establishment of military barriers to Soviet and Chinese Communist expansion, especially the potentially dangerous issue of extraterritoriality, but these problems are part of the price we pay for the essential job of containing the terrible forces of destruction which now flourish in Asia.

In 1948 the so-called Youth Conference, which was held in Calcutta, gave directions to Communists in Malaya, Burma, Indonesia, Indochina, and the Philippines to make an open bid for state control by force, apparently in the expectation that the imminent collapse of the National Government of China would set off the same process in the other countries of Southeast Asia.

The policy of violent struggle for control had only a limited success. While the British, at great expense, contained the Chinese-supported terrorists in the jungles of Malaya, Burma managed to survive as an organized state; the Indonesian nationalists disposed of Muso, the Soviet-trained agent sent in to lead the revolution; and the Philippines reduced the Hukbalahaps to military impotence. In South Korea and South Vietnam, there are functioning governments strongly anti-Communist in character and thoroughly alerted to the dangers which confront them. In Burma

and the Federation of Malaya, the Communists are still trying to negotiate their way out of insurrection on their own terms.

THE SOVIET'S NEW LOOK

It is not always possible, when the needs of Moscow require it, for all parts of the Communist empire to change course at the same time. The present change in course dates from the Geneva Conference of 1954, when the Indochina issue was compromised by dividing Vietnam into two parts. Moscow and Peiping then changed the line to one of peaceful coexistence and economic competition with the United States. Toward the uncommitted countries especially, there is now an ostentation of friendship and disinterested support which stands in sharp contrast to the previous efforts to capture control through violence. For all underdeveloped countries, there is now the offer of credits, trade, and technical assistance.

For this change of line, the most important reason was undoubtedly the rearming of the free world, but there were other reasons that must have counted heavily in the scales. For one thing, the attempt to subvert the newly independent countries by overt military action was making more enemies than friends at a time when the Western powers, by contrast, were respecting the independence of former Asian colonies and giving economic assistance to the neutrals and allies alike. It was therefore better to embrace neutralism than to oppose it.

For another thing, the economic and military aid programs of the United States and the Colombo powers were succeeding even in countries which had at first refused to accept them. The new nations were not only learning to plan but also to profit from each other's experience; the plans were wisely conceived, for nearly all of them stressed increased food production, basic services, and transportation as the first priorities, the necessary foundation for industrial growth.

For the Soviet bloc, the obvious course was to sabotage Western aid and to poison the slowly improving relations between former colonies and imperial powers. Hence the travels of Khrushchev and Bulganin, with their offers of unconditional aid, low interest loans, technical assistance, and common hatred for Western imperialism. Hence the stress on industrialization and the charge that the West was interested only in perpetuating low agricultural standards. By stressing industrialization as the basis for true independence, the new economies could be thrown out of balance and the planning process confused. It was the success of the policies of the free world that forced the Soviet bloc to change its tactics.

Red China goes along with the new look in Soviet bloc policy, playing second string to the Soviet Union, whose credits and barter agreements, technicians and cultural teams have poured into Southeast Asia right up to the Chinese borders. Red China has extended grants on a small scale and developed as much trade as it could and even sent technicians to some countries, but its strength and prestige derive directly from the Moscow-Peiping alliance.

Without the Soviet Union, Red China would be of much less consequence, but so long as the alliance remains firm, Red China is a great power. While there are areas of friction between the two countries, the fact that they share a common view of the world, have similar objectives, and have complementary strategic positions means that the alliance is here to stay for a very long time. Red China has tied up its economy and its political and cultural life with those of the Soviet Union, which is serious enough, but it is most strongly tied through the sharing of a common myth, a common body of doctrines which is the very source of political power at home and abroad.

The doctrine is in trouble. Events of the last few years, such as the Hungarian uprising and the quarrels with Tito, the substitution of contradictions and antagonisms for the dialectic, the failure of affairs outside the Soviet orbit to fulfill dogmatic predictions, the absence of creative Marxist scholarship, the troubles with Communist intelligentsia and their revisionist thoughts, are all signs of the decline of revolutionary Marxism.

Peiping's hysterical attacks on the Yugoslav Communists for smearing the Socialist state and the Socialist camp, "beautifying capitalism, the imperialist state, and the imperialist camp" in their Draft Program of April, 1958, arise from fear of revisionism. The Chinese Communists are as anxious as Khrushchev to preserve the ideological unity of the Socialist camp, and they have taken extraordinary steps to preserve it by such measures as the rectification campaign at home and the sending of Chou En-lai to visit the East European satellites during the time of troubles. The erosion of the Communist monolith and the concept of inevitability make it more difficult every day to project onto the rest of Asia the picture of a China which is riding the wave of the future and is both willing and able to help "progressive" elements in neighboring countries.

RED CHINA'S ECONOMIC PLANNING

The future of Red China's economic planning is far from clear. Certainly it is by no means an assured success story, for Peiping itself admits that agricultural production is not sufficient for the

requirements of the people or for the support of industrial growth. The process of collectivization has undoubtedly achieved its major purposes of political control and a greater share of the total product for the state. But the attempt to mechanize some of the collective farms has run into trouble through bad planning and inappropriate machinery, and human hands must still provide the main motive power.

The state collects about half the production of rice and wheat and sells back to the peasants around 20 million tons of coarse grain and potatoes. Something less than half the extra land to be brought under cultivation, as projected in the first Five Year Plan, was cultivated, and the area under food crops actually went down, according to Communist figures for 1957. Silk production is about one third and tea production about two thirds of pre-war figures. The ration of cotton cloth per person has been cut to less than twenty yards, and there are few substitutes. The demand for consumer goods, not luxuries, is to be taken care of through unplanned small workshops in the farm collective.

In the meantime, the drive for a heavy industrial base goes ahead and some achievements must certainly be reckoned with in this sphere, although for a generation to come, Red China's steel production is hardly likely to be more than a fraction of that of the United States.

The plans of the regime for the indoctrination of the intelligentsia, both old and new, have run into difficulties which the present rectification campaign is striving to solve, and if force can solve them, they will be solved. But it is as true of Communist economies as of others that the value system lies at the heart of the matter, and all problems eventually come back to the status of the doctrine, the belief in the myth. We can afford to believe Mao Tse-tung when he says that "revisionism," that is, any questioning of the fundamental tenets of Marxism-Leninism, is the greatest threat to Communist objectives.

THE PRESTIGE OF RECOGNITION

There are many reasons why we do not recognize Red China and do prevent it from being admitted to the United Nations: the unresolved conflict with the United Nations itself over Korea and the Korean armistice, the refusal to settle the Taiwan issue by peaceful means, the holding of American citizens, Chinese support of active paramilitary organizations in neighboring countries, our commitments to allies, the shabby treatment of the United Kingdom's recognition, and a host of other considerations. Given the situation today, however, the most important factor is the badly

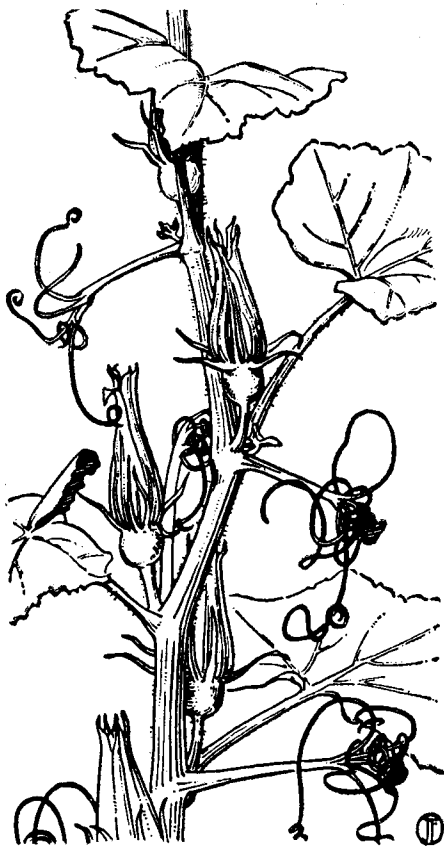
needed prestige that recognition would give to Red China. Recognition would imply not approval, but acknowledgment of Red China as a success story, as the leader of Asian progress; acceptance of the inevitability of Communist advance. If we wish to trade or negotiate with Red China, we can do so under the present conditions, which recognition would do nothing to improve.

The recognition of Red China or admission to the UN would complicate very seriously the position of the Overseas Chinese, whose political attitudes are determined largely by their judgment as to which power is likely to be the stronger politically and militarily. Their ultimate destiny may well be assimilation into the host countries, but this will take time, and in the meantime they have to judge the staying power of Red China supported by Moscow, or Taiwan supported by the United States. So long as there is a place in which Chinese civilization can develop in relative freedom as an integral part of the free world, the pressures of Peiping can be resisted.

That the Communists recognize the facts of life as seen by the Overseas Chinese is shown by the argument they use in their efforts to trade with Western Europe, or at least to divert trade from Taiwan. The argument runs that Chinese merchants dominate trade in the limitless markets of Southeast Asia; European traders must, therefore, deal with them, and as they are overwhelmingly pro-Peiping, it is wiser to avoid relations with Taiwan and deal exclusively with the mainland. Fear of what might happen to their trade if they have diplomatic relations with Taiwan will, it is expected, influence the behavior of such countries as Western Germany.

The Overseas Chinese are predominantly anti-Communist and are likely to remain so, except where financial pressure and blackmail can be brought to bear on them, as in Burma and in other countries which have Chinese Communist embassies. After the Hungarian insurrection, the Communists pointed out that the United States does not support those who resist Communism. To men who live in the unstable societies of Southeast Asia and have to make very difficult decisions about very simple questions — such as who will be the stronger — a further occasion for charging us with retreat before Communist pressure would be demoralizing in the extreme.

It is going to be difficult enough to prevent the Soviet bloc from sabotaging our economic aid, throwing out of balance the economic planning of our allies and the neutrals, infiltrating the parliamentary process in young democracies, and creating trouble for our military establishments. To aid the Communists by changing our policy toward Red China would be to court disaster.



THE CREAM PUFF SQUASH

BY MARGARET COOPER GAY

A Kentuckian by birth, MARGARET COOPER GAY came to New York at the age of fifteen and later moved to Connecticut, where she did much of her writing until her recent death. Her novel, HATCHET IN THE SKY, was published in 1954.

I USED to be a contented gardener. I raised more flowers and vegetables than I could rightly take care of, admired or deplored the results, and ate the edible. Then I came across a magazine article about the new hybrid flowers and vegetables, illustrated with photographs of pretty girls in shorts painting pollen into the hearts of petunias. I read breathlessly a rather sketchy description of the methods of cross-pollination and on to the lighthearted assurance that anybody with a back yard and a paintbrush could become a hybridizer. "The results are always interesting," the article ended, "and by using proper techniques the gardener can develop new varieties that are always in demand by seedsmen."

I put the magazine down in a daze — anybody with a back yard and a paintbrush — I had a back yard and a paintbrush; I too could be a Burbank! A whole new world opened up before me; why, I might create some flower or vegetable that no one in the world had seen before.

Snatching a water-color brush, I raced out of doors. The shady front yard didn't seem to have any subjects for immediate hybridization, but the vegetable garden was at its height, with all those squashes blooming.

I had thirteen different kinds of squash that year. I like squash; it is easy to raise and good to eat and wonderfully diversified in form and color. Starting with two kinds, I had gradually become a

squash collector. In our garden there were large squashes and small, straight and crooked, long, short, round, and scalloped. They were green, white, yellow, and tan, striped and mottled, bush and vine, summer squash and winter squash, grown from seed bought fresh every year so the varieties wouldn't get mixed.

Now all was changed. I walked up and down the rows wondering where to commence mixing them, and slowly I became aware of the humming of many bees: the squash patch was alive with bees. I sat down on the ground and watched them buzzing from zucchini to cushaw to butternut, burrowing into every flower, gathering nectar, spreading pollen, making hybrids by the hundred. I didn't even need a paintbrush.

My husband is a patient man and usually tolerant of my enthusiasms, but when he saw me tying colored ribbons on the finest squashes, from which seeds were to be saved for my hybrids, his patience edged over toward the side of scorn.

"If it were that easy," he said, "there would be thousands of kinds of squash instead of dozens."

How right he was!

I went blithely ahead, scraping and washing and drying the seeds from one squash of each kind, enough to plant an acre, I'm sure. Some of the seeds were as large as shelled almonds, others as small as cucumber seeds. Obviously I couldn't raise that many hybrids, so I kept six of each,

mixed together because they would all be different anyway — it never occurred to me that I might someday wish to know their parentage. I fed the rest to the birds.

Frost blackened the garden and dull November came, and planting time seemed forever far away. I spent the winter evenings reading everything I could lay hands on about plant genetics in general and the squash family in particular.

In no time at all I was lost in a maze of vegetative genealogy. The squash, as everyone knows, is an American vegetable, and it was on the Pilgrims' dinner table the first Thanksgiving Day. The Narraganset Indians called it *askuta-squash*, which allegedly means "vegetable eaten green." In Virginia the Indians called it *macôcquer*. The English settlers called squashes pumpkins, melons, or gourds, according to their fancy, which were pretty good guesses because botanically they are all members of the family Cucurbitaceae, of which the gourd is the head of the house and scattered around above and below the salt are the squash, the pumpkin, the muskmelon, the watermelon, cucumber, casaba, and dudaim.

Only two of my thirteen kinds, the banana squash and the mammoth chili, turned out to be squash. All the rest, zucchini, the English vegetable marrows, yellow crooknecks, and the others that to me had been the epitome of squashness, were really pumpkins. The cushaws were pumpkins too, but they belonged to a different species. It was positively disconcerting to learn that the jack-o'-lantern, which everyone calls a pumpkin, really is a pumpkin. To complicate matters, the true squashes can be crossed with the cushaws, but not with the other pumpkins, while the yellow-flowered gourds will mate with a pumpkin before you can say "honeybee."

Plainly in that complicated family it was a whole lot harder to keep the breeds of squash pure than to cross them, except that keeping them pure was mere maintenance work, while hybridizing, if it succeeded, would be creation of a small sort, even though the bees did the work.

AT PLANTING time I prepared the bed for my hybrids with the greatest care, fertilizing, raking, smoothing the soil. When they came up, I weeded and dusted and waited, hoping and dreaming.

In time they bloomed, they bore, and I never saw such a mess of vegetable mongrels in all my life. Some of them didn't even taste good. I was so mortified I wanted to pull them all up and put in turnips. On the other hand, I was ashamed to confess total failure, so I passed by them and let the weeds grow.

I never would have looked at them again if I hadn't needed some odd vegetable to put in an arrangement for our garden club flower show. The first thing I noticed was that stem borers had got into the hybrids and most of the plants were dead, though a few miserable, bug-bitten squashes were lying around. Then on a wretched, scrawny vine I found one small squash that was the prettiest of its kind imaginable. It was the shape of a teacup and not much larger; the top was scalloped and the sides grooved. The squash was ivory white and marbled moss green in the grooves. If I had thought it into being it couldn't have pleased me more, and I bore it off in triumph to top the arrangement.

After the flower show the little hybrid somehow landed on the coffee table in the living room, and there it stayed. Everyone who came in said, "Oh, where did you get the pretty little squash?" and handled it and, as often as not, dropped it. The cat batted it around; the dog pawed it; I twiddled with it while talking on the telephone. Nothing seemed to damage the little squash.

Toward the end of winter my husband, who had offered neither praise nor condemnation, suggested that since the squash crop had failed we might as well eat that one before it spoiled. I felt sure such a durable thing wouldn't taste good, but finally on Washington's Birthday I baked it, noticing then that it stood on its own bottom like an apple instead of rocking and spilling butter as the acorn squashes do.

It was delicious. Then, and only then, I washed and dried and saved the seeds.

That spring, 1950, I planted only the little hybrid. One vine opened both male and female blossoms forty-two days after the seed had been sown, which was not only early but was an outright violation of squash custom, because normally the male blooms arrive first and hang around like street-corner loungers waiting for the girls.

This was the time to use the proper techniques mentioned so lightly in that magazine article, and I was in the garden at sunup, paintbrush in hand, to fertilize the blossoms before the bees contaminated them with pollen from a neighbor's garden. No flower is more easily hand-pollinated than a squash blossom, because the male and female flowers are distinctly different, and the ovary of the female blossom is exactly the shape the fruit will be. The embryo squashes on this vine seemed to be the right shape, so I dabbed my paintbrush into the pollen of a male flower on the same plant and painted it into the female blooms, hoping the technique was correct. I tied cheesecloth over the blossom and sat back, full of accomplishment, for if the squashes developed they would be not only purebred but inbred as well, and according to the

books inbreeding was the only known way to fix type.

The type needed fixing, all right. That year I had a whole catalogueful of squashes: large, small, round, oval; striped green, striped yellow, not striped at all. Even the leaves varied; some were large and soft, some large and bristly, some small and velvety with pretty silver veins. Their blooming time straggled along until frost.

So few reproduced the mother squash, that I tried valiantly to inbreed all that looked right in embryo; but everything went wrong. At harvest-time I had exactly one inbred squash just like its mother, and it, oddly, came from the first vine to bloom.

During the winter I learned that professional breeders often work as long as ten years before regimenting a new kind of squash into uniformity. At least two years of the possible ten had passed, and I had made what looked like progress.

The third year several vines bloomed forty-eight days after the seeds were sown (instead of forty-two), and about half had embryos the right shape. I inbred those with the greatest number of female blossoms and pretty silver-veined leaves. Instead of cheesecloth I tied brown paper, waxed paper, Pliofilm, and even good handkerchiefs over the blossoms — and again ended the season with one inbred squash.

Besides the inbred one, I had a small mountain of open-pollinated squashes, right shape, wrong shape, any shape (about 60 per cent took after their grandmother). Our friends begged for a few, two or three, even one, because in the past we had given them squashes by the bushel. I love to give things away, and finally I gave three squashes to a friend.

Fransje, my husband, was outraged. "I put up with it when you gave the back door away," he said, "but if you're going to set up as a back yard Burbank you've got to keep those squashes."

I protested that the squashes I had given away probably had made *mésalliances* with half a dozen of their kind up and down the road; but Fransje got the seeds, which spoiled the gift and left the recipient convinced that we were both crazy.

After one dear lady tried to swipe the inbred squash, I realized that selfishness was the better part of hybridizing.

The mechanics of hand-pollinating had given me more trouble than anything else, and as we went into the fourth year I thought that if only the neighbors didn't raise squash I could grub out the vines with improperly shaped embryos and let the bees, who knew their business a lot better than I did, take over. No harm asking the neighbors, I thought.

The first neighbor I approached said indeed

she was going to raise squash, she always raised Yankee hybrid and butternut. I offered to buy her all she could eat, but no. It seemed that she sold thirty or forty dollars' worth of squash in a season. So I went on with the paintbrush.

That summer about 90 per cent of the squashes looked just like their great-grandmother, and I ended the season with several that were inbred for earliness (still forty-eight days) and productivity, as well as type. The sudden success in hand-pollination may have been due to acquired skill or to the discovery of a very thin sort of Pliofilm that didn't bow down the blossoms. I thought we were doing all right.

THE next year we hit the jack pot. First, the neighbor who always sold thirty or forty dollars' worth of squash announced that she was tired of doing all that work for a few pennies and intended to plant just a small salad garden. Another neighbor said she never had liked to muck around in the dirt and wasn't even going to plant tomatoes; a third went to South America. It seemed too good to be true, but Fransje and I explored the neighborhood thoroughly and found there wasn't a squash or pumpkin within a mile and a half. At long last I could hang up the paintbrush and let the bees bumble.

Every one of the squashes made pretty silver-veined leaves; every one opened female blossoms on the forty-eighth day after the seeds were sown. Only two vines in the entire planting developed embryo squashes of the wrong shape, and I grubbed them out.

Long rows of squash loaded with fruit all alike stretched across the garden. After five years the little squash was 99 per cent perfect. It was a beautiful sight.

"You've done it," my husband said respectfully. "Now what?"

"New varieties are always in demand by seedsmen," I quoted airily. "I'll find a demanding seedsman."

"Do you really think anyone will pay for a bee's mistake?" he asked.

The article said so; beyond that I had no idea.

I showed the little squash to a U.S. Department of Agriculture official, who said that, while he thought it might be salable, he couldn't guess what price an amateur coming hat in hand might hope to get. He added that the cost of developing new varieties by scientific methods might run into thousands of dollars; but in such cases plant breeders aimed at definite objectives, while I had just taken what the bees sent. He advised writing to each of the major seed firms and describing the

little squash, and sending one to each of them after removing all the seeds.

Taking the seeds out seemed rude to the point of insult, but I did it and apologized for the discourtesy. Three letters and three squashes went out in a rush, the letters extolling the merits of my pet, even to the pretty silver-veined leaves, which I often used in flower arrangements.

The first answer came promptly from the vice president of my favorite vegetable seed company. The little squash was interesting, he wrote, but too much of a novelty for their market-gardener trade. Wishing me success in selling it elsewhere, he was, sincerely mine. I felt just the way I had the first time an editor rejected a manuscript.

A few days later the second answer arrived, also from a vice president, who said his firm would be willing to test the little squash free of charge, but he thought it was very similar to, if not identical with, a sort originally grown by the Indians and now sold by a seed firm out in the Great Plains. I was utterly dismayed.

"Can it be possible," I asked, "that the bees and I have spent five years making a squash that the Indians have been growing for centuries?"

"I don't believe the Indians have got your squash," my husband said loyally. "Write to the firm that sells the Indian squash and ask for a photograph; enclose a dollar to pay for it." He handed me a dollar.

Cheered by his hundred cents' worth of faith, I wrote. Back came a large, glossy photograph of the squash the Indians grew, a lumpy, warty, unhandsome thing that was gloriously unlike my darling.

I forwarded the picture with a "There now!" letter to the doubting seedsman. He apologized for mistaking my pet for the Indian squash, which he admittedly had never seen, and repeated his offer to test mine, adding as a special inducement that we could drive out a few hundred miles to the trial grounds and see it growing.

By that time I wouldn't have let him plant my squash in the Elysian fields.

No answer to my third letter had come, and after a while I gave up hoping. Nobody wanted my little squashes, and we might just as well eat them.

We had squash for lunch, squash for dinner, and squash between meals, boiled, steamed, baked, and fried, in pie and corn bread. I even made squash preserves according to a recipe that Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, got from the Indians more than two hundred years ago. You peel the squashes, slice them thin, and soak the slices in cold water for half an hour or so, dry them and boil in maple syrup until the squash becomes translucent and the syrup is as thick as honey. It's

good. When we tired of the thought of squash, I packed into the freezer enough to last for years.

The mountain in the kitchen was down to about a peck when a letter arrived from the third firm. A vice president was interested in the little squash and asked forthrightly, "How much?"

That was a poser if ever I saw one. How did I know how much?

We shilly-shallied for months, writing, telephoning, the vice president asking questions: Did I know the parentage of the little squash? Yes, because in the second generation some of my squashes had reverted to two distinct sorts. Was I sure it had no gourd blood? Positive. How many seeds did I have? I didn't know, there were eighteen squashes left. He seemed disappointed; the price, he said, would depend a whole lot on the number of seeds available.

"We ate a lot of them," I said weakly, "and I froze the others."

"Didn't you save the seeds?" he asked in the voice a man uses when his wife has overdrawn her bank account.

"I fed them to the birds — and the chickens." I felt as if I had been caught feeding the goose that laid the golden egg to Picklepuss.

He said, "Chicken feed!" and there was a long silence.

Finally we made a deal. In return for all the seeds and a promise not to propagate the squash again, plus all the information I had about it, the firm would send me a check of a size to buy something very modest in mink. And when the squash made its debut in their catalogue, I would get another check of the same size — and at the same time could have two hundred dollars' worth of anything I wished, seeds, plants, gadgets, bug dust, anything at all that was listed in their catalogue. Imagine having two hundred dollars' worth of roses and bushes and seeds and strawberries and gadgets all at once!

I indulged in a spell of delirious daydreaming, quite disregarding the vice president's warning that the little squash could not be introduced to the public until it had been widely tested and a vast amount of seed accumulated — 1956 was the earliest possible date, he said.

I settled down to wait for 1956 — but the trial plantings were washed out in the cold, rainy summer of 1954, and three hurricanes finished the job. I take comfort from the fact that the squash was given a name, Cream Puff, which fits it very well. But I have stopped daydreaming.

Meanwhile the bees and I are crossing gladioli and miniature roses and all sorts of things, because I am still convinced that anyone with a back yard and a paintbrush and a patient disposition can be a Burbank.

What does cause

HEART ATTACKS?

BY FREDRICK J. STARE, M.D.

As head of the department of nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health, FREDRICK J. STARE, M.D., directs one of the most active programs of research on heart disease in the country. Dr. Stare is also editor of NUTRITION REVIEWS, a monthly scientific publication.

THE two commonest types of heart disease — hypertensive heart disease and arteriosclerotic or coronary artery disease — are not caused by any single factor, but by many, each with varying degrees of importance in different individuals.

Hypertensive heart disease is caused by an increase in blood pressure, which is the result of constriction throughout the body of the very small blood vessels known as arterioles. They become constricted — first temporarily, later permanently — and the heart must pump harder to produce sufficient pressure to push the blood through them. This additional work for the heart will in time cause it to enlarge and to develop what is known as hypertensive heart disease. Thus a part of the chain of events which leads to hypertensive heart disease is the change that takes place in these very small blood vessels. Recent researches have suggested that these changes are due in part to the formation by the kidney of a specific substance called angiotonin.

For some unknown reason, greatly restricting the intake of sodium tends to reduce the blood pressure in a fair number of individuals with the common type of high blood pressure. Thus, the reason for the use of low sodium diets, frequently but incorrectly referred to as low salt diets. Numerous drugs have also been found in the past ten years to be helpful in reducing and controlling high blood pressure.

The most prevalent type of heart disease and the greatest killer of all is arteriosclerotic coronary artery disease, the type of heart disease which one has heard so much of since President Eisenhower had his “coronary.” Deposits, called atheroma, are formed in the inner lining of the blood vessels. They contain cholesterol and fat. When they get large enough, they impede the flow of blood, something like rust in a pipe. They interfere with the normal elasticity of the blood vessel wall. They may cause small or large hemorrhages within the wall of the blood vessel itself, and these further reduce the inside opening of the vessel. They may greatly weaken the wall of the vessel.

When this process takes place in the arteries of the brain, it is termed cerebral arteriosclerosis, the common clinical manifestation of which is a “stroke” or a “CVA” (cerebral vascular accident). Thus strokes and coronaries have much in common; in fact, they are basically the same disease: arteriosclerosis. In one, the arteries of the brain are primarily involved; in the other, the arteries of the heart; but most individuals who have had manifestations in one of these organs are apt to have a fair degree of arteriosclerosis in the other organ.

These are dangerous conditions. A blood clot (thrombus) is more likely to form in a vessel narrowed by atheroma. Should this happen so that the flow of blood is completely blocked, a portion

of heart muscle (or brain tissue) just beyond this block will die because of a lack of blood to supply it with nutrients and oxygen. This dead heart tissue just beyond the blockage is called an infarct. Thus, a typical coronary involves the development, usually over a period of years, of narrowed blood vessels in the heart due to cholesterol and fat deposits, then the process of thrombosis, which is the formation of a blood clot in these narrowed vessels, and finally, the development of an area of infarction (dead heart muscle) beyond the clot. Whether death ensues from the coronary depends on its location in the heart, its size, and whether it is developed suddenly or slowly.

If the arteriosclerosis develops rather slowly, it is likely that a substitute or collateral circulation may be formed to take over the nourishment of the heart muscle in the involved area. This may be life saving when the complete stoppage of an arteriosclerotic vessel occurs by the clot.

Infarcted areas of heart muscle may be identified by means of the electrocardiograph. In fact, this is one of the chief uses of this diagnostic instrument, to determine if one has had a coronary. Further, it gives some idea of the location of the infarcted area.

WHAT does cause a heart attack? In most cases, when speaking of a heart attack, one is referring to a coronary. Heredity, diet and nutrition, fat content of the blood, body weight and changes in weight, exercise (lack of it), defects in the blood vessel wall, elevated blood pressure, smoking, and sex are factors known to be involved. Undoubtedly others will be discovered in the near future, as this is currently a very active area of research.

Heredity patterns of most diseases are not well understood, but they certainly exist, and strongly so in many diseases, especially in most of the non-infectious diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Just why these diseases have a strong hereditary background, or what is the nature of the defect in the germ plasm of the genes, remains for future research to find out. But without question heredity is a factor. A recent study mentions that coronary artery disease is four times more prevalent in the children of affected parents than in those of parents without this disease.

Diet and nutrition are significant factors in heart disease. Many investigators have noted that large groups of people throughout the world who consume diets low in fat have less coronary artery disease than those consuming diets high in fat. Such observations have come from Guatemala, southern Italy, Japan, parts of Africa, and elsewhere. Low fat content generally means a diet in which 10 to 20 per cent of the daily caloric intake

is provided by fat as compared to 40 to 50 per cent in the diet with high fat content.

But in addition to the differences in the total amount of fats consumed, there are marked differences in the *type* of fat. The primitive and non-industrialized societies consume what little fat they do eat largely in the form of vegetable fats — the oils of palm, coconut, corn — with smallish quantities of fish and animal fats. The high fat diets characteristic of industrialized areas are rich in animal and dairy fats as well as vegetable fats.

During World War II, and during various famines, a rough correlation has been observed between the fat intake and incidence of heart disease. As the fat intake decreased, so did the incidence of heart disease, and when fats became plentiful, the heart disease rate increased.

However, fats are not the only dietary differences between those regions with a low and a high incidence of coronary artery disease. The former are usually low in sugar and animal protein and high in starch and fiber. The vitamin and mineral content may also differ appreciably from that in American diets.

Probably the strongest evidence linking diet and nutrition to arteriosclerosis has come from animal experimentation. In the past decade it has been possible to produce this disease experimentally in a number of different species, ranging from rabbits and chicks to dogs and monkeys. The last — being primates, as is man — may have special significance. With animal experimentation, it is usually possible to plan the study so that a single change in diet is the major variable. This is seldom possible in observations on man. While there are major dietary differences between the South African Bantu and the urban citizen of Johannesburg or Boston, so too are there a hundred other environmental differences.

Animal experimentation has emphasized the importance of the cholesterol and fat content of the blood in the production of arteriosclerosis, including coronary arteriosclerosis. Usually it is only when the cholesterol level of the blood is elevated that this disease can be produced experimentally. The amount of fat and type of fat in the animals' diets are important in this respect. Other nutrients have also been shown to be involved under certain experimental conditions. These include protein, sugar, two or three of the B-vitamins, and recently even the mineral magnesium.

Because of the interest in cholesterol, it might be well to comment further about it. Cholesterol is a normal constituent of all animal tissues. One of its functions is to serve as a building block for some of the hormones. It is present in almost all foods of animal origin, but more so in some than

in others. Egg yolk and milk fat are rich sources in common foods. But in addition to ingesting cholesterol, our bodies make cholesterol, mainly in the liver. Fats in the diet seem to be the food component from which the body prefers to make cholesterol. Actually it has been shown repeatedly that the cholesterol content of the diet has very little to do with the cholesterol content of the blood. It is the level of cholesterol in the blood that is of concern in coronary artery disease and not the cholesterol content of the diet.

Some researchers claim to have shown that blood clots more quickly when the fat content is elevated. This may explain why a fair number of coronary heart attacks take place late at night, four to five hours after a large meal rich in fat. Were it possible to change our food habits appreciably, many workers in this field think it would be desirable to have the large meal of the day in the morning or at noon and have the evening meal be a light snack or supper. On the other hand, there are competent hematologists who dispute the belief that high blood-fat levels favor blood clotting. This is an important aspect of the problem, on which research is continuing.

EXTRA body weight means extra work for the heart and extra body tissue to be nourished, but these are probably unimportant as far as coronary artery disease is concerned. Frequently during periods of rapid gain in weight the cholesterol and fat level of the blood is increased. It is during such periods that cholesterol deposits may be laid down in the walls of the blood vessels and thus form atheroma. When the weight reaches a plateau, the cholesterol in the blood may decrease somewhat, but the damage in the form of cholesterol deposits has already occurred. The hazards of overweight may not be the extra pounds, but the chemical changes in the blood which accompany the gain in weight! Thus, those who reduce should certainly make up their minds to stay reduced.

Can cholesterol once deposited in blood vessel walls be removed? This is another problem currently under investigation. There is some evidence to suggest that if the deposits are not too extensive and have not been present for too long, they may be reduced in size, possibly removed. This may be accomplished if one is successful in appreciably lowering blood cholesterol and keeping it down. Weight reduction and then keeping one's weight down are about the most useful procedure in this respect for the average person.

Exercise is important in its effect on body weight. There is only one way to use up extra calories, and that is to burn them up by exercise.

The beginning of obesity in adolescence is frequently due to lack of exercise rather than excessive caloric intake. The same applies to weight gain experienced in the forties. Exercise is also important in keeping the muscles of the blood vessel wall in good tone. It is thought that a heart well exercised is better able to develop a substitute or collateral circulation should this become necessary because of the formation of a thrombus.

The important thing about exercise is that it be daily and moderate in degree. Exercise has often been ridiculed as a means of helping to control weight. This is based on two misconceptions, that most common types of exercise require only a little energy, and that increase in exercise always gives rise to an increase in appetite. The first misconception can be avoided if one will take the trouble to look at any table of energy expenditures of various activities: walking for a man of 150 pounds uses up 200 to 400 calories per hour depending on speed, running 800 to 1000 calories. Further, the calories used up are proportional to body weight; thus a person of 200 pounds uses more calories in exercise than one of 150 pounds.

Whether exercise increases appetite depends on the extent of the exercise and whether one is usually active or sedentary. If the exercise is mild to moderate and is done by a sedentary individual, it will not increase appetite.

Most people gradually become overweight because they consume a few more calories each day. If each day they would take a little more exercise they would burn up the extra calories. One does not become overweight between Christmas and New Year's, rather between New Year's and Christmas. Hence, the practical importance of *daily* minimum to moderate *extra* physical activity. Walking still remains the most available and inexpensive type of exercise.

Coronary artery disease in this country is usually more common and severe in patients who have elevated blood pressure or hypertension, and smoking usually elevates the blood pressure. Increased pressure within the blood vessels favors development of coronary heart disease in a number of ways, one of them, for example, being the occurrence of small hemorrhages within the blood vessel wall itself with further narrowing of the vessel. A sustained or a sudden increase in blood pressure may also cause an aneurysm (weak spot) to "blow out" with sudden loss of blood into the brain (cerebral hemorrhage or stroke); or if the aneurysm is in the abdominal aorta, as is common in severe arteriosclerosis, into the abdominal cavity.

It is well established that coronary artery disease is more prevalent among cigarette smokers than nonsmokers and that it occurs at an earlier

age in smokers. This does not "prove" that smoking causes coronary artery disease, but it's not much of an inducement to smoke!

What does sex have to do with heart attacks — that is, real heart attacks? It has long been known that coronary artery disease is four to five times more prevalent in the male than in the female. But this discrepancy begins to disappear after the menopause, and by the middle fifties to sixties the disease is of equal prevalence in both sexes. Attempts have been made to treat the disease in men by giving them some of the female sex hormones. But so far these studies are purely in the research stage and have little practical application.

Experimentally, a sex difference in the susceptibility to the development of arteriosclerosis has also been found in a number of different types of animals. But for some unknown reason it is frequently in the opposite direction to that found in man. Thus, female rabbits and chickens are more susceptible to arteriosclerosis than males, and their susceptibility can be lessened by giving them large doses of the male sex hormones. Likewise the susceptibility of the male rabbit or chick can be increased by giving it female hormones.

A most interesting finding in sex as it relates to coronary artery disease is the observation from a group of pathologists from Washington University School of Medicine and Barnes Hospital in St. Louis that since the 1940s there has been a marked shift in the distribution of fatal coronary artery disease. They claim that the disease is now almost as prevalent in women as in men, even as early as the forties. No real explanation is available for this startling finding, though numerous speculations are possible: increased smoking of women, less exercise because of push-button housekeeping, gain in weight; but let me emphasize, these are all speculations.

No mention has been made so far of "stress and strain." Are they involved in heart attacks? Stress and strain are difficult to measure and evaluate. Most of us are apt to think that many Americans, particularly ourselves, are under considerable stress and strain. Stress and strain certainly exist among those people in other parts of the world where coronary artery disease is rare, though it is most likely caused by different events. Primitive Africans, highly superstitious and in frequent fear of their lives, are under stress — yet coronary artery disease among them is rare.

The war dances, chants, and witch doctors of primitive societies may all serve a useful purpose in exteriorizing stress — getting rid of it. Too many of us keep our stress within us.

Stress and strain are likely to be highly individualized. What may be stress and strain for one person are not for another. It is entirely possible that the stress and strain of today's civilization are in certain individuals important in bringing about, along with other factors, the changes that result in a heart attack. While there is today no objective evidence to support this idea, it should be pointed out that few serious attempts have been made to study it.

Now what does cause heart attacks? Certainly a number of factors are involved, as has been mentioned. Undoubtedly they work together, and some are of more importance in certain individuals than in others. There is nothing one can do about one's heredity. But if you have parents or grandparents who died early from coronary or cerebral arteriosclerosis, it is most important that you minimize the other factors that contribute to these diseases. Thus, you should really keep your weight within bounds, get regular exercise, eat a well-balanced diet and not too much of it, and eliminate smoking. If, in addition, your doctor finds that you consistently have an elevated blood cholesterol, there are certain things he can suggest which may lower it.

The factors which cause heart attacks are additive. This was pointed out in a recent study of the United States Public Health Service, where it was shown that men who were overweight and also had an elevated blood cholesterol and an elevated blood pressure suffered a higher incidence of heart attack than those who had any two of these findings. Those with any two findings had a higher rate than those who had only one. Our heredity and sex we can do nothing to change; we can do something to minimize the other factors if we really want to.

Arteriosclerosis is a serious condition, the main cause of death in Western civilization. Your doctor is the one who should handle this problem for you, an individual patient. Do not depend on a magazine article, like this or any other one, to solve your personal medical problems. At best it can only point out current concepts and trends in generalities, but to apply these findings to you as an individual requires the skill and knowledge of a trained physician.

THE YEARS WITH ROSS

BY JAMES THURBER

This is the tenth and concluding part of JAMES THURBER's memoir of Harold W. Ross, creator and editor of the NEW YORKER. The association between the two men began in 1927 and ended with Ross's death in 1951. A considerably enlarged version of THE YEARS WITH ROSS, with supplementary accounts by E. B. White, Wolcott Gibbs, A. J. Liebling, and others of Ross's staff, will be published in book form early in 1959 by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

EVERY time I go back to the letters, and there are dozens of them, that Harold Ross wrote me during the last three years of his life, I realize, and marvel, that they formed only a small corner of the correspondence he kept up with scores of writers, urging them on, praising their work, cheering them up, ironing out snarls and misunderstandings, patiently explaining, vigorously denying, running the whole range of emotions, and all that time he was far from the peak of health. Only one or two of the letters even touch on his many visits to the Lahey Clinic in Boston for checkups and treatments. "My trouble is mainly acidity, I guess," he wrote in one note, "but the X-ray of the stomach ulcer scar shows it was a beauty." Then he would set about answering some complaint of mine, straightening something out for me.

Our exchange of letters in 1949 when, I now know, the onset of a hyperthyroid condition made me irritable and often unreasonable, shows that he was far less the snarler than I was. His letters are filled with commendation, even of my most

minor pieces, and with solicitude, too. "I admonish you not to show up at the office for the next few days. Painters are at work in several offices and the halls look like a second-hand store. You'd kill yourself." I had once bumped into a ladder in a corridor, and that had worried him almost as much as the chair placed at the top of a newly painted flight of stairs with a sign on it reading "Danger." Somebody had yelled at me as I was about to walk into it and break my neck.

Picking up at random a clump of his correspondence, in 1949 and 1950, I found this brief memo about the opening of the Nugent-Thurber play in London: "Jim: Hot review of 'Male Animal,' London pleased. R." Actually, the reviews could scarcely have been described as hot, nor was there really enough, in a brief casual I did at the time, to call forth this: "I got back from two weeks away, and the pleasantest thing I found was your piece, 'The Comparable Max,' which, I think, is very fine and funny. . . . It is unquestionably a very high-grade light piece." This kind of Rossian reassurance came frequently in

his last two years, 1950 and 1951, the dark heyday of McCarthy, during which humor fell off at the *New Yorker* and throughout the nation, and Ross kept urging White and Perelman and Sullivan and Gibbs and me to write something funny. I kept hearing from him all the time I was in Bermuda in the spring of 1950, and he pulled out all the stops: "I'm proud of your production down there. I may see Truax about a medal for you."

That June he went out West "to fish and to show Colorado to my daughter." He had gone up to get her at her school in New England, and also to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters at Dartmouth. "I'm so sheepish I won't discuss that," he wrote, "beyond saying that it is not for letters and that the magazine has been called Red so much that it may be a good idea to get a bit of conservative recognition. Some guy told me that he was in Ohio and attended some gathering that numbered ten. There was an argument as to whether or not the *New Yorker* is got out by Communists and the split was five to five, for Christ's sake." When a columnist spread the report that the *New Yorker* was "Red from top to bottom," I wrote Ross that it wasn't even read from cover to cover, but we shared a serious concern and a deep anger about the reckless charges of subversion that then threatened to make a chaos of the republic.

One so-called patriotic publication, devoted to denigration and innuendo about many writers and artists, often followed an attack on some author by saying in parentheses, "Also writes for the *New Yorker*." This both saddened and infuriated Ross, editor of a magazine that had been attacked at least once by Moscow, an editor not only conservative in such politics as he embraced, but an anti-revolutionary in everything. There may have been a Communist or pro-Communist here and there who had occasional pieces printed in the *New Yorker*, but their writing was neither subversive nor political. To the end, Ross never let the general fear and hysteria get him down, although it did depress him and send him off on occasional streams of good old American profanity.

Late in May, 1950, after Lillian Ross's widely talked-about running interview with Ernest Hemingway had appeared in the *New Yorker*, I wrote Ross from Bermuda in praise of the piece as a refreshing new kind of Profile form by a writer who showed evidence of being able to do anything from a Talk story to a three-act play. Ross replied that Lillian had got great acclaim for her piece and that at least a dozen letters of applause had come to him. "A funny thing," he added. "I just answered one letter that wasn't applause, from Milton MacKaye, who is outraged and violent; says Hemingway was 'pilloried,' con-

tinues: 'Is this modern reporting? If everything is privileged, I quit.' He is writing under the assumption that the story was one of a drunken man, of a man on a bender, and hence an arrant invasion of privacy, which it would be if Hemingway had been drunk, which he wasn't. I saw him then. He's one of the best drinkers I know."

I was glad that, during much of Ross's last year, when he had a suite at the Algonquin, my wife and I were also there. We had lunch with him often, and I remember my last dinner alone with him. He said he hadn't yet read a certain casual of mine that had appeared the week before, but he added, as he always did, some exaggerated quotes about it from others. It was characteristic of Ross that he had ended his letter to me about the Hemingway Profile this way: "By God, I'm glad to know you are starting in on some casuals again. . . . Perelman says he is starting up, too. That 'Cocktail Party' story of yours was a big sensation and, so far as the magazine was concerned, lasted until L. Ross's Hemingway piece came along. Since then they've been talking about it."

I set this all down, not only to preserve in type some cherished signs of that warming touch of his, but to show his deep concern about the decline of humor in his magazine. He knew that the writers of the time, under the gloomy threat of world annihilation, were departing from Euphoria to live in Jeopardy, and it was a continuous and major worry. His old dread, that the once care-free *New Yorker*, going nowhere blithely, like a wandering minstrel, was likely to become rigidly "grim," afflicted his waking hours and his dreams. He tried, by cajolery, and even fulsome praise, to whip his dwindling stable of aging humorists into action. As long ago as 1933 Ring Lardner had died, at forty-eight; then came the death of John Mosher, at fifty, and Bob Benchley, at fifty-six, and Helen Hokinson. The humorists were going fast, and Ross kept at those who were left with spur and laurel.

In his last three years he wrote five letters to John McNulty, one of his special favorites, and here are quotes from them. "That was a fine piece, John. I heard about it all around." "You have what it takes to write a story." "Your best story in behalf of the humanities was that one about the old horse player. . . ." "I enjoyed your last piece, the episode in your wife's girlhood. I enjoy all your pieces." "I've just read the Irish story, which I found highly interesting, entertaining, amusing, and touching."

For his old and intimate friend, Frank Sullivan, who was in a fallow period, he got out the spur.

He had introduced Frank, about that time, to his pal, Mayor O'Dwyer, by saying, "This is Frank Sullivan, Mare. He sulks in his tent." He kept sending Sullivan ideas for pieces, some of which I had thought up, and he told him, "Get to those things, and give my love to your sister, Kate." Later he wrote him, "You have been a hell of a disappointment to me. You didn't even get up that football series. Maybe it isn't too late yet, for one or two, if you are so disposed. Oh hell."

I THINK it was in April, 1951, that a routine checkup Ross underwent following a low-grade temperature revealed the presence of a minimal bronchial malignancy. Regular periods of treatment at the Lahey Clinic reduced this primary lesion, but his fatal infection could not be contained, for metastasis set in. I was unable, happily, to see the growing parchment tone and tightness of his facial skin, but I detected his decline in vitality by the tone of his voice and his increasing difficulty in breathing. One day, during one of the many times we crossed the street together, from the office to the Algonquin or back, he said suddenly, "Oh, well, you can always write for the theater." It has taken me seven years to figure out what he meant by that. The other day I turned up a letter I wrote him in 1948 saying that I intended to write a play about him and the *New Yorker*, in which he would appear as the central character, one Walter Bruce. His reply was self-conscious and evasive, but he said he would mull it over and tell me what he thought about it later. And now I know he did tell me about it later in that one sentence, "Oh, well, you can always write for the theater."

On another day, halfway across the street, he said, "I've given up smoking. I'm grown-up now," and there was profound dejection in his voice. It came out that one doctor, he didn't say who, had told him to go ahead and smoke now and then, and I think, and hope, he did. I told him that one of my doctors had said, "The way a doctor gives up smoking is to cut down on it." Ross had not had a drink of hard liquor for years, his bland ulcer diet bored him, and giving up cigarettes was almost too much. As in the case of most American males who live in tension at the corner of work and worry, smoking had been his great relaxation. He had only a few others, playing backgammon or cribbage or gin rummy with his cronies, and reading *True Detective* and similar magazines, and once in a while he had gone to a baseball game with Grantland Rice. He got nothing whatever out of music, or poetry, or the philosophers, and gay parties were a thing of the

past. He went to one or two, at long intervals, but never lost himself in them.

In the office, in the final weeks, he was abstracted, to use Shawn's word for it, and couldn't do much work. For eight months, as November came along, the task of selection, editing manuscripts, and querying proofs had been shifted to the overburdened Shawn and his associates. But there is in my hands his final opinion sheet on a Talk visit piece, and it is pure Ross at his perfect best. A reporter I shall call Higgins had gone to some kind of garden exhibition indoors and had described, in his copy, a man-made waterfall there. This was just the kind of thing Ross loved to get his fangs into, and demonstrate his knowledge, or intuitive sense, of what the hell was wrong with the description of it. His physical strength was going fast, but his mental alertness could still stand on tiptoe. Here is H. W. Ross's final "Talk of the Town" outburst, dated November 8, practically an epitaph for that diminishing department he had once so greatly loved:

"1. Now, for Christ's sake, this cannot have been a pile of some rocks. For one thing, if the pile was high enough to make water fall, more than *some* rocks required — tons and tons. But a base of rocks wouldn't possibly make a waterfall possible. The water would all run down through the chinks in the rocks, internally. What the hell Higgins saw, I don't know, but it wasn't this. Real facts should go in. It's some kind of structure faced with rocks, I should say, at guess.

"2. Please get the God damned book and check to see if the quote is correct. *I will do fixing on this story if not used A-issue.*"

YOU can see him walking up and down, you can hear him talking," someone at the *New Yorker* said about those notes, written a month before he died and two days after his fifty-ninth birthday. My wife had bought him a handsome two-tone scarf, and after he got it he telephoned our suite from his and I answered. "Thanks for the muffler, old fellow, and thank Helen, too," he said. "Goddam it, I knew when Forster called up this morning from the office and told me it was my birthday I'd be hearing from *you*." On an earlier birthday, in a happier time, I had once sent him a dozen red roses at the office, and one of the girls had put them in a vase, and there they were on his desk, exchanging blushes with him when he got to work. "Don't send me red roses, Thurber," he had said later. "It's goddam embarrassing. Men don't send each other red roses, for God's sake." I told him I would get one of the girl secretaries to substitute a card for mine, reading, "In everlasting

memory of those Riviera nights.” He said, “Nuts,” and grinned, and shambled away.

My mother, when she heard about the gift of roses, didn’t think it was very funny. “You should give him a sweater or a scarf,” she told me. “You see, he’s Scorpio, and with his moon where it is, his weak spot will always be his chest.” She told him that, too, and cautioned him to bundle up well when he went out in the winter weather. My mother and Harold Ross were fond of each other, and besides having me in common to worry about, they shared a deep interest in *True Detective*, and discussed it one day in his office — my mother was absorbed in a story about a warden’s wife who was in love with a condemned man in the death block. Ross thought my mother was wonderful, and never lost interest in my stories about her and her pranks. Sometimes, in his mother hen phase, he reminded me of her. After I had scared him by coming down with a ruptured appendix in Virginia, in 1944, undergoing an emergency operation in a railroad hospital, and developing peritonitis, he wrote Helen a letter during my convalescence, objecting to my being brought back to New York too early, in a wheel chair, and said, “Wheeling him through town might have a permanent effect on him. Also he might get cold and wet.”

On the day we gave him the scarf we met him in the Algonquin lobby later and he growled, “Well, I’m wearing it.” I am sure he had put it on carelessly, the way that made every woman want to give his tie, or muffler, or jacket a couple of smart tugs and a tidy pat, and say, “There.” He was pleased that we had remembered his birthday. I could translate that old growl of his.

We didn’t see him much after that. He sat with me one evening in the Algonquin Bar while I had a drink, and he said he thought he might go up to Boston and have something drastic done about the goddam cancer. This was the first time he had used the word to me. “It’s a long story,” he said, “and it doesn’t go well with drinks.” He was, of course, not drinking or smoking, but it was the slowing down of his ability to work that dejected him most and made him decide finally on an operation. When he left for Boston, early in December, he slipped away without fuss or formal farewells.

The last old-timer on the *New Yorker* staff to see him on the nineteenth floor was Rogers Whitaker, who had been on the magazine when I got there in 1927, and has long been one of its stalwarts, a man who has ably handled make-up and proofs, and edited copy. “Ross rarely edited me,” Clifton Fadiman told me. “For some reason he felt I was engaged in something mysterious that didn’t respond to the normal editing process. Rogers Whitaker was my copy editor, and I have never

known a better one.” Fifteen years ago, when Ross had written a hasty letter to the governor of Connecticut, complaining about people from the Bronx trespassing on his property and littering it, Ralph Ingersoll’s *PM* had attacked Ross, and there was a flurry about it in the press that died out after Stanley Walker wrote an editorial in defense of Ross in the *Herald Tribune*. During the flurry Ross had said to me, “I should have let Whitaker see the letter. He wouldn’t have let me send it.” Ross’s farewell to Whitaker was typical. He met him at the elevator and said, “I’m going up to the clinic. I don’t know what will happen up there. All of you will have to carry on for me. God bless you.”

None of us will ever forget that characteristic good-bye of Ross’s. This is the way Andy White ended his, and the *New Yorker*’s, farewell to H. W. Ross in the issue of December 15, 1951: “When you took leave of Ross after a calm or stormy meeting, he always ended with the phrase that has become as much a part of the office as the paint on the walls. He would wave his limp hand, gesturing you away. ‘All right,’ he would say. ‘God bless you.’ Considering Ross’s temperament and habits, this was a rather odd expression. He usually took God’s name in vain if he took it at all. But when he sent you away with this benediction, which he uttered briskly and affectionately, and in which he and God seemed all scrambled together, it carried a warmth and sincerity that never failed to carry over. The words are so familiar to his helpers and friends here that they provide the only possible way to conclude this hasty notice and to take our leave. We cannot convey his manner. But with much love in our heart, we say, for everybody, ‘All right, Ross, God bless you!’”

Ross told Sam Behrman that he wanted to spend one night at the Ritz in Boston before going into the hospital, but he hadn’t made a reservation. He said there weren’t any chairs in the Ritz lobby — he had once had to stand around and wait — the very kind of trivial annoyance that always kept popping up in his mind to override, momentarily, his major worries. Behrman promptly got Ed Wyner, manager of the Ritz, on the phone from Ross’s room in the Algonquin, and introduced the two men that way. A special easy chair was put in the Ritz lobby just for Ross, and this small attention was the kind of thing that meant more to him than a scroll or an honorary degree. Mr. Wyner was a gracious and attentive host during Ross’s last night at the Ritz, and the editor went into the hospital in a good mood. He had always been a pet patient at the Lahey Clinic, and

he regarded many of the staff as friends. One of these was Dr. Sara M. Jordan, who had written, at Ross's urging and in collaboration with the *New Yorker's* Sheila Hibben, a book called *Good Food for Bad Stomachs*, to which Ross had contributed a foreword. In any hospital he ever entered, Ross was always the star patient. Years before, when he had spent two weeks at a sanitarium, a woman in the ninth month of hysterical pregnancy had been the doctors' and nurses' pet until, as the legend has it, "A man showed up who thought he was editor of the *New Yorker*."

Ross got, and put in, a great many phone calls while he was in bed. Dave Chasen called him from Hollywood, but Ross told him not to fly East because "I won't really be out of the anesthetic for a couple of days." At his side, practically all the time, was his old friend and one of his chief lieutenants at the *New Yorker*, R. Hawley Truax. They talked, and played cribbage, and Ross gave him some brief final notes and instructions he had written in case anything happened. If anything should, one note said, "My friends at the *New Yorker* will take care of things." Another expressed the wish that his daughter, then only sixteen, should scatter his ashes over the mountains near Aspen, Colorado, when she became twenty-one, but he left it completely up to her. I have not pried into Patricia's feelings about that and, as the father of a daughter, I would have argued him out of the idea. I don't think it actually mattered; he was just making notes. I do not believe he had a premonition of death, I think he had a hope of restored vigor.

Those of us who know about it will always be glad that Hawley Truax was on hand at the end. He and his wife had not only shared with the Rosses their cooperative house in West 47th Street for most of the twenties, but Hawley had been, and still is, the main balance wheel of the *New Yorker*, the only man as close to Ross as he was to Raoul Fleischmann, and the great keeper of peace, or at least truce, between the editorial and the business departments. Praise of him shines out in many letters I got from Ross. We were also glad that, by chance, Ross's close friend, George S. Kaufman, was in Boston that last week.

I have a letter from Kaufman about Ross, one of the most prized of the numerous documents I have been lucky enough to collect in support of my own pieces. It goes in part like this: "Ross, as I recall, was a complete misfit when I first encountered him. He was slightly drunk and shooting craps on a blanket in my apartment at 200 West 58th Street, along about 1919. I think Jane Grant brought him around. The blanket had been ripped off a bed for the purpose because Ross had used a blanket for crap shooting when he was in

the Army. If I had any thoughts about him then, they were to the effect that he didn't belong in the Army or in civilian life either. I would have said he had a good chance of starving to death, and when he came along with the *New Yorker* idea, about '23 or '24, it didn't improve him. On type he was completely miscast as an editor — nobody, not Broun or Woolcott or any of us — thought it would get started. He carried a dummy of the magazine for two years, everywhere, and I'm afraid he was rather a bore with it.

"As the years passed I can only say that I got to love him, if the word may be used between men. Then, on the day he died, I was in Boston with a show, and at one o'clock in the afternoon he phoned me. 'I'm up here to end this thing, and it may end me, too. But that's better than going on this way. God bless you. I'm half under the anesthetic now.' I suppose I was the last of the old gang to talk to him. I could not reach Hawley until after the show at night, and Hawley said, 'He died at a quarter of six.'"

Helen and I learned about Ross's death on the operating table two hours after it happened, when Louis Forster, who now occupies one of the two rooms into which the editor's old office has been divided, called us at the Algonquin. Helen went into the bedroom to answer the phone, and I heard her say, "No, no," and knew what it was. The rest of that evening is dim for both of us. I remember telephoning Gibbs and White, and I think Helen and I went over to Tim Costello's for drinks, and to see people who knew Ross, but not to eat much dinner. Faye Emerson was there later, one of hundreds of persons who, by midnight, had heard the news and were shocked and grieved, and didn't want to be alone. There were tears all over town, and some of those who wept were men, and one of them was Sam Behrman, who had seen a great deal of Ross in his final days. The last meetings of the two friends had been good for Ross, partly because Behrman had dug up, too late for his series of Profiles, some new and valuable anecdotes about Duveen. How to get these into the magazine gave Ross something to take his mind off himself. He figured they could be run in a "Department of Amplification" in the back of the book. He didn't like to lose anything good, and when the chance of time and circumstance frustrated him, it gave him something to goddam about, and pace up and down, and try to solve.

ON THE night of Thursday, December 6, Andy White began the sad task of writing the memorial to Ross that took up the Comment page the following week. Gibbs and I stood by, in case we

might be able to help. The magazine, for all its crises, had never faced anything like this. Several of the top men of the staff had gathered at William Shawn's apartment after Hawley Truax telephoned from Boston to say, "It's all over." Shawn and the others began notifying the rest of "my friends at the *New Yorker*." The magazine, with Ross dead, was suddenly without an editor in chief. Ross had made it clear to some of us that he wanted Bill Shawn to succeed him, but the appointment of his successor was up to Raoul Fleischmann. The night, in 1948, when I had sat around with Ross and Mencken and Nathan, the editor kept talking so much about Shawn that Nathan said, "Who is Shawn? Who is Shawn?" I explained that Shawn was a quiet, retiring, tremendously efficient and hard-working man, who had begun as a Talk reporter in 1933 and risen to the position of fact editor. His great desire is to be anonymous, a word he frequently uses, a word no one ever applied to Harold Ross. But when Ross died, so unexpectedly, Shawn, as fact editor, and Gus Lobrano, as fiction editor, were next in line.

Shawn became editor of the *New Yorker*, as its founder had so devoutly hoped he would. People still speak of "Ross's *New Yorker*," and his name is heard in conversations and seen on printed pages. At least half a hundred people in the past seven years have said, or written, to me, "I never knew Ross, but when he died I felt I had lost a dear friend." One man, a literary agent who gets around town, told me, "You could feel the sorrow all over the city the day after Ross died. I don't think I have ever experienced such a sense of communal grief about a man most people I met had never even seen." We were all asked, a hundred times, "What will happen to the *New Yorker* now that Ross is dead?" We had our separate answers to that, but Joe Liebling's is perhaps the one that will last: "The same thing that happened to analysis after Freud died."

Out of all my million memories of Ross, one keeps coming to mind more than any other. It was the day he came into my office, carrying a copy I had given him of a collection of my pieces and drawings, which I had dedicated to him. I hadn't told him about the dedication in advance, and he had come upon it unprepared: "To Harold Ross, with increasing admiration, wonder, and affection." In my office, with the book open at this flyleaf, he said, "Affection?" I imitated his mock growl. "Yes, affection," I said. "Do you want to make something out of it?" He stood there a moment, then began chortling, went to the door, turned, and said, with that old limp wave of his hand, "Thanks, old fellow. I appreciate it." Ross, I found out later, sent out dozens of copies of it to his special list of favorite people.

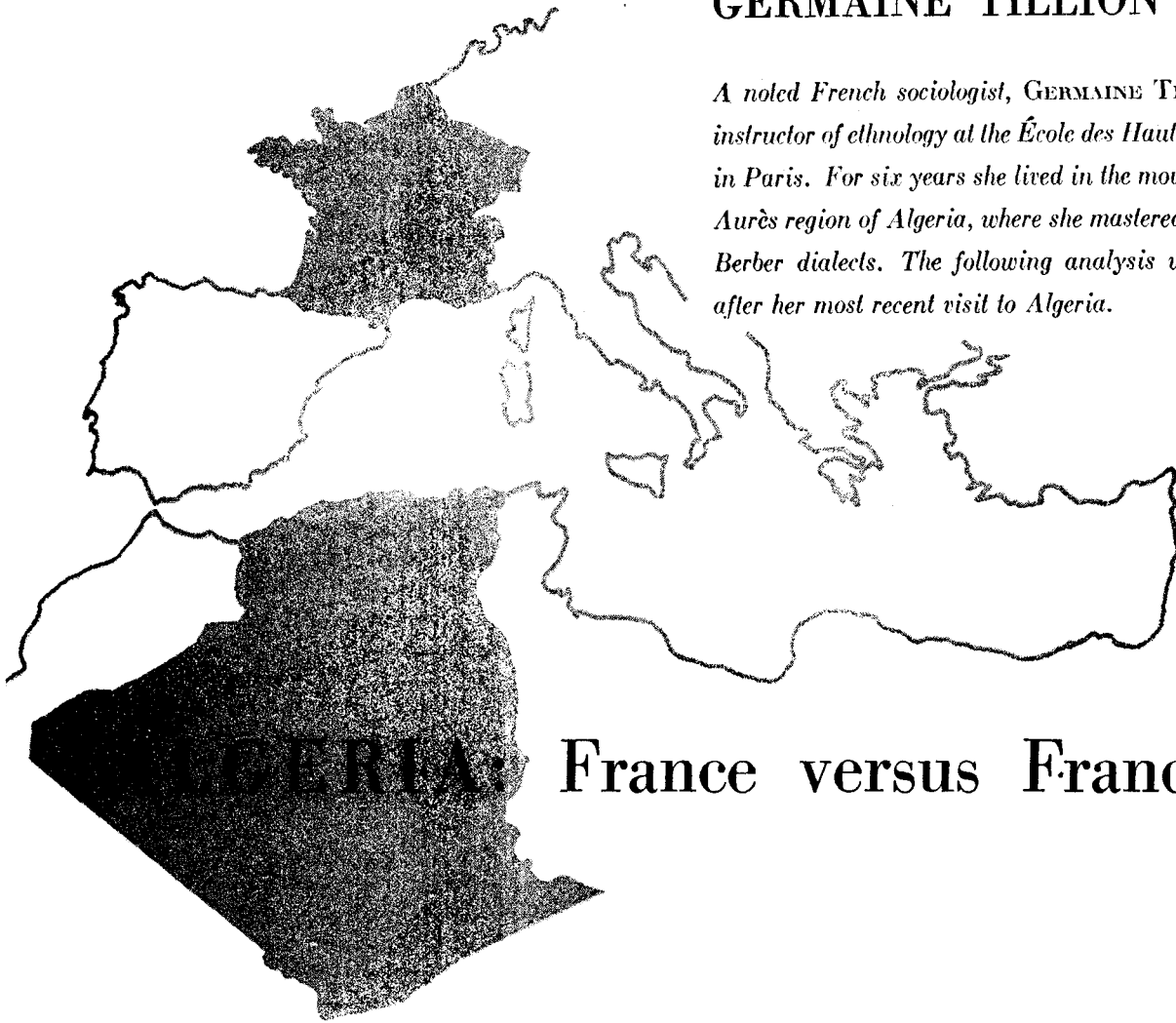
H. W. Ross had a world and wealth of warming and wonderful things to look back upon as he lay dying. He had been a great success, he had made hundreds of friends and thousands of admirers, he had contributed something that had not happened before in his country, or anywhere else, to literature, comedy, and journalism, and he was leaving behind him an imposing monument. He had got his frail weekly off the rocky shoals of 1923 and piloted it into safe harbor through Depression and Recession, World War II, and the even greater perils of the McCarthy era. His good ship stood up all the way. He sometimes threatened to quit, and he was at least twice threatened with being fired, but he kept on going like a bullet-torn battle flag, and nobody captured his colors and nobody silenced his drums.

A hundred editorials, after his death, acclaimed the genius of the Colorado urchin who had reached the High Place the hard way. The back files of the magazine in his years shine with triumphs that time cannot darken. Scores of admiring, and envious, editors attested to his brilliant command of a staff of wartime writers whose coverage of all theaters of the conflict forms one of the outstanding accomplishments of American journalism, good writing, and excellent editing. Many eulogies of him ended with the identical words: "He was a great editor." He made, as I have said, a lot of friends and lost a few; he made the right enemies and kept them all. Some of the things he touched were smudged, but most of them were stained with a special and lasting light, as hard to describe as the light in a painting.

On the morning of December 7, 1951, Hobart Weekes took some pictures of Ross's office. One of them clearly brings out, on the west wall, a photograph of William O'Dwyer, a list of the names of *New Yorker* artists, one framed sentence of an editorial in the Lynchburg, Virginia, *Advance*, and four of the drawings I made for Ross poking fun at the goings on of the art meetings. My drawings were given to Patricia Ross, who isn't sure where she put them, just as my own daughter isn't sure where she put the drawings I have given her. I hope that the quotation from the Lynchburg *Advance* still hangs on that wall, where it belongs, but I have been reluctant to ask, or to feel around for it, in the fear that it might have been lost. Of the thousands of appreciations of the *New Yorker* that have been written, this must have been the one of which H. W. Ross was proudest, and I shall end my long fond view of him, and his life, and his work by reprinting it here. "It is a supposedly 'funny' magazine doing one of the most intelligent, honest, public-spirited jobs, a service to civilization, that has ever been rendered by any one publication."

GERMAINE TILLION

A noted French sociologist, GERMAINE TILLION is instructor of ethnology at the École des Hautes Études in Paris. For six years she lived in the mountainous Aurès region of Algeria, where she mastered the local Berber dialects. The following analysis was made after her most recent visit to Algeria.



ALGERIA: France versus France

It is impossible to imagine two communities more completely dependent on each other than France and Algeria. The Algerians are in France's power and we are in theirs, for we have the means of depriving them of everything they wish for, while they can hinder all our schemes for the future.

At present, there are from 350,000 to 400,000 Algerian workers in France, and they support, directly or indirectly, one third of the Muslim population in the country districts of Algeria. In Algeria itself, French investments provide a livelihood for more than 100,000 workers. Even supposing that this capital were not withdrawn, an additional 1500 billion francs (or \$3.5 billion) would have to be invested to provide the Algerians at present in France with an equivalent source of income, if they were sent back to Algeria. At the same time France has to protect, on Algerian soil, almost a million and a half people who hold, or claim, French nationality.

We are thus obliged to admit that there is, between France and Algeria, a two-way current of

dependence, an objective interdependence which is absent from France's relations with Morocco and Tunisia. This is what gives the present war its desperate ferocity.

What have the Algerians to lose if they lose the friendship of France? Almost everything, but first and foremost their wages — that is to say, their daily bread, their lives, their children's future, and even perhaps eventually the freedom for which they have paid so high a price.

And what have we French lost in sacrificing the confidence they had in us? Our economic independence (closely bound up with the possibilities of development in the Sahara), the security of our fellow countrymen living in Algeria, and all our hopes connected with Africa; in short, everything we were aiming at.

DISASTER FOLLOWS VICTORY

Certain disaster will follow for either side if it wrests victory from the other. And such a deadly

victory is easier to achieve than a reasonable peace which could still save the situation.

Although unlikely on the military level, a French capitulation is a possibility from the financial point of view. It would, in theory, mean an incredible victory for the Algerian rebels, but in fact none of their hopes would survive, because no foreign aid would be adequate to allow them to solve overnight the problem of feeding the third of their population which is supported at the moment by wages from France. And, if French public opinion were convinced that France had suffered a defeat in Algeria, there could be no question of North African workers continuing to earn their living on French soil.

Admittedly, the repatriation of these workers would leave French employers with a serious problem to face, but solutions could be found. There are Italians, Spaniards, Yugoslavs, Hungarians, and Poles, not to mention the thousands of unemployed in Tunisia and Morocco, who would like nothing better than to be allowed into France with labor permits. On the other hand, the repatriation of these Algerians would raise insoluble problems in Algeria itself: famine would become inevitable; there would be massacres on both sides; the European population would leave the country in panic, and so indeed would those Muslims rich enough and educated enough to get away. Such an exodus would inevitably be accompanied by a flight of capital. And those Algerians who could not escape would face economic, social, cultural, and physical disaster. This would mean political collapse, too, and the failure of independent status too dearly bought. Military victory, which is, apparently, France's immediate aim, is just as much a possibility, because our army is rapidly becoming adapted to the situation, while the Muslim population in the rural areas is growing very weary of the fighting. Nevertheless, a military victory would be a calamity for us and for our allies, now and in the future, both inside and outside Algeria.

THE CHANGING PATTERNS

During the century or so that Algeria had been in French hands before the beginning of the present trouble, the French evolved and set up certain administrative institutions on Algerian soil (mixed communes, *caïds*, *ouakkafs*). I witnessed their total collapse within a period of six months. Yet they had been set up by people well acquainted with the country, in a favorable psychological atmosphere, and — to put it mildly — at a leisurely pace. As early as 1955, these institutions were replaced by hastily improvised substitutes which the military authorities, unfamiliar with the coun-

try, are still busy trying to adapt, in a climate of tension and with such hopes of success as can be well imagined.

The old native social pattern survived longer, but it too is beginning to crumble. Tribal clan-nishness, the authority of the elders, the structure of the family, the status of women had all been affected already to some extent, but there had been no changes comparable to the absolute upheaval that we can see taking place today. I am personally acquainted with Muslim families of the austere, traditional kind, in which the young daughter of the household has gone straight from the veil to blue jeans, from the harem to the *maquis*, while the old papa wavers between consternation and patriotic pride. Can anyone imagine a reverse process: the betrousered heroine agreeing to go back to the white *lhaf* of Algiers or the black *haik* of Constantine and accepting the making of sweet pastry as the sole means of expressing her personality?

The administrative framework having collapsed and the social and family pattern having been destroyed, what is left? The nationalist underground organizations and the French army of occupation. They alone remain, side by side in a strange kind of intimacy.

For, in the dark night of the insurrection, all the administrative agencies of a modern state have suddenly begun to spring up all over Algeria. And just as the French military authorities — unwittingly — Arabized Kabylia and the Aurès during the last hundred years simply by building roads and making them safe for traffic, the *fellagha* have unintentionally done more to Frenchify their country in the last three years than we had succeeded in doing in the previous century. Of course, they are using French ideas against the French: liberty, democracy, secularization, social equality, the right of the oppressed to revolt. They also copy our civil and military institutions and use them against France. Therefore what we are at this moment destroying in Algeria is an image of ourselves — a truth which only adds to the horror of the murder we are committing.

THE UNDERGROUND

By the end of 1956, after two years of fighting, almost the whole of the Muslim population was controlled, firmly and efficiently, by the underground authorities. Clandestine magistrates, acting secretly in the settlement of private disputes, caused a drop in the number of cases judged by the official tribunals (30 per cent in Algiers, 100 per cent in Great Kabylia); officials, unknown to the French civil service, started registering births and deaths; tax collectors collected fines, taxes,

and duties, but they also paid out pensions and family allowances. Usury was forbidden, as well as prostitution, thefts, and brawls; sumptuary laws ruled out celebrations, extravagant expenditure, and excessive dowries; and during the rigorous food blockade of Kabylia, which is still in force, I never found signs of a black market.

It might be thought that a secret and powerful organization for making war had been in preparation for a long time, but this is probably not the case. The insurrection seems to me to have evolved in roughly this way.

In the first phase, young men twenty-five to thirty-five years old, of resolutely modern orientation, men who had had a considerable experience of underground activity (often eight to ten years for the higher echelons), political training, strict discipline, and a perfect knowledge of the environment, touched off the insurrection and formed its administrative hierarchy, a hierarchy which for the first fifteen months was purely military. During this initial period the Muslim masses followed events with indulgence, curiosity, anxiety, but somewhat as outsiders. Had they then been accorded massive concessions, granted in good faith, they might still have been dissociated from the insurrection.

In the second phase, starting in December, 1955, the masses let themselves be taken over by nationalist networks; and from February, 1956, on, the movement spread everywhere with amazing speed. By the end of that year the work was accomplished.

During this second phase, the men who took over the movement and led it were no longer revolutionary cadres, isolated from the masses by the necessary secrecy of their actions; on the contrary, they represented the vast majority of the notables of the Algerian population. From then on it was sheer fancy to think that France could wean this population away from the influence of these men. When the French repression was launched, it was thus directly and bluntly aimed at a homogeneous society which it was impossible to destroy and which it has been impossible to spare.

Those responsible for French policy failed to understand the irreversible nature of the movement which was developing in the silent depths of a people who no longer had newspapers or representatives. Nor did they have an accurate idea of the scope and depth of the operation which they were responsible for launching. Around September, 1956, the French army was instructed to wipe out the politico-military cadres of the insurrection "by every possible means." The politico-military cadres meant, in practice, all the notables of the villages, the elite of the cities, the entire educated

youth. At this point we entered the third phase of the war.

The French army in Algeria is a most impressive army — combative, efficient, well disciplined, ill fed but well armed, very badly paid but trained and battle-hardened as no other. It does what it is told without having the right to choose its objectives. For the past year and a half it has applied itself, in accordance with its orders, to destroying the original administrative and social structure of a country for whose fate we bear so great a responsibility. It has applied itself to this task with considerable results and "by every possible means." But if it attains its goal, and it may do so, with what are we to replace that which we have destroyed?

Our officers and noncommissioned officers overseas have been acting as municipal councilors, schoolmasters, agricultural advisers, and even midwives, without detriment to their military and police functions. Are they going to give up forever the hope of returning to their own homes in order to play these preposterous roles on the other side of the Mediterranean? Alas! we may well end up destroying the entire vital architecture of Algeria, but it is certain that we shall not be able to replace it, and equally certain that the anarchy thus created will not be confined to the frontiers of Algeria, and that we shall one day have to pay for the mess we are in the process of making.

THE FRENCH OF ALGERIA

So far, we have considered only Algerian Algeria, if one may call it so. But there is another Algeria, French Algeria, which is no less vigorous, dangerous, and vulnerable. To wipe out the first for the benefit of the second would be inhuman and impossible; to wipe out the second for the benefit of the first would be just as cruel and just as unfeasible. Is there no middle course? Yes, wipe them both out by bringing back to France a minority population which is better provided with technicians and money: uproot the French of Algeria and abandon the other Algerians to a crushing poverty. This solution is not, however, the worst that could be found. It is also certainly not the most probable.

Had the Muslim population been less numerous, Algeria would really have become part of France (and many Muslims wanted this to happen). If the non-Muslim population had been less coherent and compact, a solution of the Tunisian type would not have presented any major difficulty. Even though the Muslims outnumber the French by eight to one, the numerical relationship of the two groups is very deceptive, for although strength may lie in numbers, it is not in numbers alone.

Investments, technical skill, and populous, well-organized cities also figure in a nation's potential. The French in Algeria are organized, armed, frightened, and aggressive, and where they are established (Algiers, Oran, and Bone), they certainly have the upper hand. We cannot allow them to be massacred, nor can we be sure that they themselves will not resort to massacre. In short, the most ghastly solution, but also the "easiest," would be to have a long-drawn-out war, moving through a succession of catastrophes and wearied lulls over the face of Africa to a Mau Mau form of partition. At the same time, all Algerians would gradually be expelled from France. Through a lack of imagination, both sides are moving slowly but inexorably in this direction.

However, it is important to define precisely the people we are talking about. It is true that, contrary to what we have been told, there are not 1.3 million Frenchmen in Algeria. What is a Frenchman? A Frenchman is someone who considers himself as French.

Who, in Algeria, claims this distinction? The non-Muslims, of course (there are 1,042,409 of them, 49,979 of whom are not naturalized); perhaps the Mozarabs or dissident Muslims — we do not know exactly how many there are of them (about 60,000), and we know still less about their opinions. In official statistics, they are classed with the European minority, although some are members of the F.L.N. It is also certain that we must include in the minority a number of Muslims from the majority. How many? Nobody has any idea; we only know that some Muslims wish to remain French and would even risk their lives to do so. The excesses of pacification have considerably reduced their numbers, while the excesses on the rebel side have tended to increase them. There still remain a few, silent and sorrowful, stranded between the opposing tides of hatred. Who would deny them the right to be French, if they still want it, with the means of re-establishing themselves on French soil?

To distinguish between such a person — our undoubted compatriot — and the *fellagha*, who is as like him as his own brother, is admittedly a most difficult task and one which the French forces have been struggling in vain to accomplish during the last three years. Their failure is excusable because even Muslims themselves are not always sure where they stand and indeed become daily more confused.

Under the statutes of the framework law some 6500 Algerians have agreed to act as municipal representatives, and 239 others are category-A French civil servants. I have many friends in both groups and I know what a weight of bitterness they have to struggle against despite their loyalty.

There may perhaps exist in these two select bodies a firm supporter of our policy who is not at the same time a victim of it, but if so, I have never met him.

At the other extreme, the best qualified of our opponents are at this moment crowded in camps and prisons, and I visit them there whenever I can. They are, moreover, the brothers or cousins of those I have just mentioned, and in both categories there are some with whom I have been personally acquainted for the last twenty years. It may even be that among our opponents is the fierce, fanatical, narrow-minded hater of France whom we so often hear about. For my part, I do not doubt his existence, but I have never come across him. Those I know are anxious, suffering men, torn between the most contradictory choices, distrustful of what does and does not come from us.

If we *all* want to win this war, we must find a formula to make cooperation possible. What should this formula be? It does not matter, provided we French can agree with our opponents. For if France were to accept Algeria's independence, this independence would instantly lose most of its disadvantages. On the other hand, if the Algerian rebels were to accept the framework law, they would find it sufficiently flexible to provide quick satisfaction for all their demands. Between the granting of complete independence and the complete acceptance of the framework law there exists a whole series of intermediate solutions, which oblige us to make only those concessions we are perfectly prepared to make and which cannot be avoided in any case. Why, then, do we not take the trouble to study the possibility of achieving some such solution? Because to do so would be to admit the legal existence of our opponents. We would far rather carry on indefinitely with the war, bring our country to irreparable ruin, and sacrifice the safety of the French population in Algeria as well as our hopes for the Sahara.

The development of the Algerian people is not a metaphysical notion, it is a fact; and the almost incredible urge which for the last three years has been driving the nation into the future can be felt throughout the social life of the country and even in the current vocabulary of women still confined in the harem. In mountain villages, old men (the traditional guides of public opinion) now say to you: "We are old fools. The young are braver and wiser than we are." The young, for their part, are obsessed with modern ideas: equality, democracy, and secularization. And, of course, with independence, the magic word which includes all the rest.

A call to the future has gone out from Algeria. The whole historical future of the continent will be determined by the response given to this call.

At no time in our past has the ATLANTIC received as many poems as are now submitted to us. They are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens and which often burns most brightly in the undergraduate years. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, we have set aside each year a number of pages in our February and August issues to be devoted to the work of young poets.



THE ROOFERS

BY JUDITH HEMSCHMEYER

It was the day for putting on the roof
My grandfather said, so we climbed up
And waved good-by to the world of traffic rules and women.

Our roof was not a sharp and cat-backed roof,
That angrily rejected rain and man,
Priding itself on stiff and slippery shingles;
But humped and kindly like a tired grandmother,
And I found it easy walking in my sneakers.

While the old man collected things that roofers need,
Dull nails with flat gray heads
That had no powers of reflection,
A hammer for us both,
And stacks of red tar shingles
Already drooping downward from the heat.
I scrambled up to see the neighborhood.

There wasn't much to see.
But if there had been castles out there,
And armies in tin suits,
Or at least a fire,
I know I could have seen it all.

But nothing happened — just that my feet,
One planted on the north slope, one on the south,
Gripped the hot rough shingles so hard
That I could have stood there forever,
Swinging my head east, west in the wind,
Like a weathercock that belonged.

But it was hot, and the heads of old men hate the sun,
So I had to hurry down and help.
He squatted light and sure and brown,
Banging limp red shingles down.
Big beads of sweat sprang from his shiny forehead,
And rolled down through the grinning fence of nails
He had clamped in his mouth.

I bent beside him and handed shingles one by one.
His whole arm had become a hammer
And the roof his enemy, it seemed,
So hard and steadily did he attack it.
And we advanced like two beetles
Creeping up the blind blue sky
On a slow unrolling rug of red.

And not until we reached the peak did he stop to take a breath.
Then he stood up, his hammer swinging in his hand,
His head thrown back,
His blue shirt black with a sharp sweat
That stung my cooling face.
And he laughed like an old rooster on the roof.
Like a weathercock that belonged.

DAGUERREOTYPE

BY MARIAN PARRY

Unfair, a lie. The baby was not gray
Nor smaller than thimbles. When was the world
Opal and milk, chalk and gray?
It is the photographer who cheated,
Making mummies for rosewood cameras,
Making tombs of metal glass
With the mother inside like a secret in a basket;
Or mourners, white statues in other photographs
Rimmed with carbuncles and pins.
He wizened what he saw, and hid in oval boxes
Infinitesimal children and flat people
Who question us with human eyes,
“Will all days, all days and fires turn
To ashes and distinct ashes?”

QUEEN'S SUMMER SONG

BY PENELOPE AGNES BENNETT

I am queen,
queen for an amber summer time
in the dark, red dome of the raspberry flower,
my amber citadel,
that once was white
and reddened with the sun —
I ruled for one red summer
in my full blood kingdom
where the light is red
and the leaves are green,
summer sea among the leaves.

I was queen,
queen for a golden summer time
in the sunflower plant;
I have poured my golden wisdom
into the blackest seeds that shine by night.
Today my full-sun clock,
my midnight face,
was struck:
the oily seeds split
into the burning, bonfire summer
to hiss their way to autumn and to dust.

I am queen,
I am August.
The rose has been blown over the wall
into the afternoon,
the last flower has been pushed from the bud
and the last grape rolled along the stem
and I am listening now to a broom bush
of brown, brown birds
that once was full from bough to bough
with yellow birds and golden song,
but now the yellow birds have flown
and have left behind a rattle of song
to castanet the summer away
and call the autumn in.

HAVRE DE GRACE

BY DAVID CHANDLER

for J.M.K.

A summer night. The sea. Maryland passing,
passing the train, just now, look at the light
in the poplar leaves, and the sea gulls taking
the air like old men on the pier, feeling
the light grow cool against their folded wings.

On a cinder path a boy is cantering
his pony, bending like a willow branch
between the poplars and the first few stars.

The sea is quiet at its western edge
and thoughts of another summer touch
my window, brushing my heart with salt,
calling "Look at us, look" as the wide sea breaks.
You're gone. That's all. The day is old as a stone.

SONNET

BY RICHARD CONSTANTINOFF

when ashes in the courtyard sat and birds
went sorrowing for crumbs and children cried
for pennies in the black snow and the words
of "Jesus loves me" rose, my father died;
my father sailed away out of the night
of public dole and private rage, his eyes,
his ruined eyes, shut down, and all their light
hired in the sun and hammered down the skies:
and I shall not forget, never at all,
the whispers, Bibles, roses on the door;
the noon my sister rocked a wounded doll
beside a pile of want ads on the floor;
and stealing out upon the snows around
I made a man a city plow struck down:

SOME PAINTERS OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET

BY IGOR STRAVINSKY
AND ROBERT CRAFT

Derain, Malisse, Picasso, and Bakst — these were some of the painters who worked with the Russian Ballet on IGOR STRAVINSKY's creations. How they collaborated with Diaghilev is the gist of this conversation between the composer and ROBERT CRAFT. This will be part of the book, CONVERSATIONS WITH STRAVINSKY, to be published by Doubleday next winter.



Picasso: Study for the ballet, PULCINELLA

ROBERT CRAFT — Do you remember Balla's set for your *Fireworks*?

IGOR STRAVINSKY — Vaguely, but I couldn't have described it even at the time (Rome, 1917) as anything more than a few splashes of paint on an otherwise empty backboard. I do remember that it baffled the audience, however, and that when Balla came out to bow there was no applause: the public didn't know who he was, what he had done, why he should be bowing. Balla then reached in his pocket and squeezed a device that made his papillon necktie do tricks. This sent Diaghilev and me into uncontrollable laughter, but the audience remained dumb.

Balla was always amusing and always likable, and some of the drollest hours of my life were spent in his and his fellow Futurists' company. The idea of doing a Futurist ballet was Diaghilev's, but we decided together on my *Fireworks* music: it was "modern" enough and only four minutes long. Balla had impressed us as a gifted painter

and we asked him to design a set. I made fast friends with him after that, visiting him often in his apartment in Rome. He lived near the zoo, so near, in fact, that his balcony overhung a large cage. One heard animal noises in his rooms as one hears street noises in a New York hotel room.

Futurism's headquarters were in Milan, however, and it was there that my meetings with Balla, and also Boccioni, Russolo the noisemaker, Carra, and Marinetti took place. Milan was to Switzerland as Hollywood is to Beverly Hills, except that it was easier then to take the train and descend to Milan for an evening performance than it is now to drive to downtown Los Angeles. And in wartime Milan my few Swiss francs made me feel agreeably rich.

On one of my Milanese visits Marinetti, Russolo (a genial and quiet man but with wild red hair and beard), and Pratella, another noisemaker, put me through a demonstration of their "Futurist music." Five phonographs standing on

five tables in a large and otherwise empty room emitted digestive noises, static, and the like, remarkably like the *musique concrète* of seven or eight years ago (so perhaps they were Futurist after all, or perhaps Futurisms are not progressive enough). I pretended to be enthusiastic and told them that sets of five phonographs with such music, mass produced, would surely sell like Steinway grand pianos. Some years after this demonstration Marinetti invented what he called "discreet noises," noises to be associated with objects. I remember one such sound (to be truthful, it was not at all discreet) and the object it accompanied, a substance that looked like velvet but had the roughest surface I have ever touched. Balla must have participated in the "noise" movement too, for he once gave me a papier-mâché Pascha cake that sighed very peculiarly when opened.

The most memorable event in all my years of friendship with the Futurists was a performance we saw together at the Milan puppet theater of the *Pirati Cinese*, a "drama in three acts." It was in fact one of the most impressive theatrical experiences of my life. The theater itself was puppet-sized. An invisible orchestra — clarinet, piano, violin, bass — played an overture and bits of incidental music. There were tiny windows on either side of the tiny stage. In the last act we heard singing and were terrified to see that it came from giants standing behind these windows; they were normal-statured human singers, of course, but we were accustomed to the puppet scale.

The Futurists were absurd, but sympathetically so, and they were infinitely less pretentious than some of the later movements that borrowed from them — than Surrealism, for instance, which had more substance. Unlike the Surrealists, they were able to laugh at their own pose of artist-contragentiles. Marinetti himself was a "Balalaika," but he was also the kindest of men. I regret that he seemed to me the least gifted of the whole group when compared to Boccioni, Balla, and Carra, who were all able painters. The Futurists were not the airplanes they wanted to be, but they were at any rate a pack of very nice, noisy Vespas.

R.C. — Did you choose Nicolas Roerich to do the *Sacre du Printemps* décors?

I.S. — Yes, I had admired his sets for *Prince Igor* and imagined he might do something similar for the *Sacre*; above all, I knew he would not overload. Diaghilev agreed with me and, accordingly, in the summer of 1912, I met Roerich in Smolensk and worked with him there in the country house of the Princess Tenischev, a patroness and liberal who had helped Diaghilev.

I still have a good opinion of Roerich's *Le Sacre*. He had designed a backdrop of steppes and sky, the *hic sunt leones* country of old map makers'

imaginations. The row of twelve blonde, square-shouldered girls against this landscape made a very striking tableau. And Roerich's costumes were said to have been historically exact as well as scenically satisfying.

I met Roerich, a blond-bearded, Kalmuck-eyed, pug-nosed man, in 1904. His wife was a relative of Mitousov's, my friend and co-librettist of *The Nightingale*, and I often saw the Roerichs at Mitousov's St. Petersburg house. Roerich claimed descent from Rurik, the Russo-Scandinavian Ur-prince. Whether or not this was true (he looked Scandinavian, but one cannot say such things any more), he was certainly a seigneur. I became quite fond of him in those early years, though not of his painting, which was a kind of advanced Puvis de Chavannes. I was not surprised during the last war to hear of his secret activities and of his curious connection with Vice President Wallace in Tibet; he looked as though he ought to have been either a mystic or a spy.

Roerich came to Paris for *Le Sacre*, but he received very little attention and after the première disappeared — slighted, I think — and went back to Russia. I never saw him again.

R.C. — Was Henri Matisse your choice of painter for the *Chant du Rossignol* sets?

I.S. — No, his collaboration was Diaghilev's idea entirely. In fact, I opposed it, but too directly (Amiel says, "Every direct resistance ends in disaster"). The production and especially Matisse's part in it were failures. Diaghilev hoped Matisse would do something very Chinese and charming. All he did do, however, was to copy the China of the shops in the Rue de la Boétie. Matisse designed the sets, the costumes, and curtain.

Matisse's art has never attracted me, but at the time of the *Chant du Rossignol* I saw him often and liked him personally. I remember an afternoon with him in the Louvre. He was never a rousing conversationalist, but he stopped in front of a Rembrandt and started to talk excitedly about it. At one point he took a white handkerchief from his pocket: "Which is white, this handkerchief or the white in that picture? Even the absence of color does not exist, but only white, or each and every white."

Our Matisse collaboration made Picasso very angry: "Matisse! What is a Matisse? A balcony with a big red flowerpot falling all over it."

R.C. — Do you remember Golovine's décors for the first *Firebird*?

I.S. — All I remember about them is that the costumes pleased me at the time. The curtain was the curtain of the opera. I do not remember how many sets Golovine did, but I am certain that if I were transported back to that *Firebird* of 1910 I would find them very opulent indeed.

Golovine was several years my senior, and he was not our first choice. Diaghilev wanted Vroubel, the most talented of all the Russian painters of that epoch, but Vroubel was dying or going mad. We also considered Benois, but Diaghilev preferred Golovine for his realization of the fantastic scenes in *Ruslan*, and Golovine's orientalism conformed to the ideals of Diaghilev's own *Mir Isskoustva* rather than to the academic orientalism then so popular. As an easel painter, Golovine was a kind of Russian pointillist.

I do not remember Golovine at the first *Firebird* performance. Diaghilev probably did not have money enough to pay his trip (I myself received one thousand rubles, five hundred dollars, for the commission and the expenses of all the travel and stay in Paris). The first *Firebird*! I stood in the dark of the Opera through eight orchestra rehearsals conducted by Pierné. The stage and the whole theater glittered at the première, and that is all I remember.

R.C. — How do you regard Léon Bakst?

I.S. — No one could describe him as concisely as Cocteau has done in his caricature. We were friends from our first meeting, in St. Petersburg in 1909, though our conversation was largely Bakst's accounts of his exploits in the conquest of women, and my incredulity: "Now Lev, you couldn't have done all that." Bakst wore elegant hats, canes, and spats, but I think these were meant to detract from his Venetian comedy-mask nose. Like other dandies Bakst was sensitive — and privately mysterious. Roerich told me that "bakst" was a Jewish word meaning "little umbrella." Roerich said he discovered this one day in Minsk when he was caught in a thundershower and heard people sending their children home for "baksts," which then turned out to be what he said they were.

There was a question of Bakst designing *Mavra* for me, but a money quarrel resulted with Diaghilev. None of us ever reconciled and I regretted it, especially when only three years later, aboard the *Paris* on my first trip to the United States, I saw the notice of his death in the ship's newspaper.

Bakst loved Greece and all things Greek. He traveled there with Serov (Serov was the conscience of our whole circle and a very important friend to me in my youth; even Diaghilev feared him) and published a book of travel diaries called *With Serov in Greece* (1922) that ought to have been translated into English long ago.

I had seen Bakst's easel painting before I knew any of his theatrical work, but I could not admire it. In fact, it represented everything in Russia against which *Le Sacre du Printemps* is the revolt. I consider Bakst's *Scheherazade* to be a masterpiece, however, perhaps the perfect achievement of the Russian Ballet from the scenic point of view.

Costumes, sets, the curtain were colorful in an indescribable way — we are so much poorer in these things now. I remember, too, that Picasso considered *Scheherazade* a masterpiece. In fact, it was the one production of the Ballet he really did admire: "*Vous savez, c'est très spécialiste, mais admirablement fait.*"

R.C. — And Benois?

I.S. — I knew him before I knew Bakst. He was at that time the most cultivated Italophile I had ever met, and except for Eugène Berman he would be still; and Benois and Berman are very much alike in the fact of their Russian background, their Romantic theater, their Italophilia. Benois knew more about music than any of the other painters, though of course the music he knew was nineteenth-century Italian opera. I think he liked my *Petrouchka*, however, or, at any rate, he was not calling it *Petrouchka-ka* as others of his generation were. But Benois was the conservative of the company, and *Petrouchka* was his exceptional work.

I collaborated with him in a small way before *Petrouchka* with two orchestrations contributed to *Les Sylphides* (I doubt I would like these arrangements today — I no longer care for that "clarinet solo" kind of music). But though I was delighted with his work in *Les Sylphides* I would not have chosen him to do *Petrouchka* on the strength of it. My real friendship with him began in Rome in 1911, when I was finishing *Petrouchka*. We stayed in the Albergo Italia near the Quattro Fontane and for two months were with each other every day. Benois was very quickly up on his *amour-propre*. The Ballet's greatest success at that time was *Le Spectre de la Rose* with Nijinsky, and Benois was plainly jealous of Bakst's role in that success. Jealousy accounts for an incident that occurred the following year. Benois was painting the backdrop of *Petrouchka*'s cell when Bakst happened on the set, picked up a brush, and started to help. Benois fairly flew at him.

R.C. — And was Michel Larionov your choice of painter for *Renard*?

I.S. — Diaghilev suggested him first, but he became my choice also.

As you know, I composed *Renard* for the Princess Edmonde de Polignac. In 1914 I was cut off from my Russian estate money and lived in Switzerland on a very small income. Diaghilev could pay me nothing in those war years, so I accepted a commission of 2500 Swiss francs from the Princess de Polignac. Diaghilev was furious with jealousy, but Diaghilev was always jealous; I think I am fair in saying that about him, and I certainly knew him well enough to be able to say it now. For two years he would not mention *Renard* to me (which did not prevent him from talking about it to others:

"Our Igor, always money, money, money, and for what? This *Renard* is some old scraps he found in his dresser drawer"). Diaghilev visited me in Ouchy in January or February, 1917, and I played *Les Noces* for him. He wept (it was very surprising to see this huge man weep), saying it had touched him more than anything he had ever heard, but he would not inquire about *Renard* even though he knew I had completed it. And he knew also that the Princess de Polignac had no theater, that she had commissioned me only to help me, that she would give *Renard* to him to perform.

Larionov was a huge blond muzhik of a man, even bigger than Diaghilev (Larionov, who had an uncontrollable temper, once knocked Diaghilev down). He made a vocation of laziness, like Oblomov, and we always believed that his wife, Goncharova, did his work for him. He was a talented painter nevertheless, and I still like his *Renard* set and costumes.

Renard was performed together with *Mavra*, as you know, and both works were preceded by a big orchestral ballet which made my small-scale pieces seem even smaller. *Renard* was no huge success, but compared to it *Mavra* was even less of a hit. *Mavra* was very ably designed by Survage, an unknown artist who had been commissioned after Diaghilev had quarreled with Bakst. The *Mavra* failure annoyed Diaghilev. He was anxious to impress Otto Kahn, who attended the première in Diaghilev's box and who was to have brought the company to America. Otto Kahn's only comment was: "I liked it all, then 'poop,' it ends too quickly." Diaghilev asked me to change the ending. I refused, of course, and he never forgave me.

Another ballet painter I saw a lot of at this time was Derain. I liked his "Parigot" talk, liked him more than his pictures, in fact, though there are charming small Derains. He was a man of large build and a copious drinker. During the latter activity, furniture was sometimes smashed, but I always found Derain very agreeable. I mediated for him in a quarrel with Diaghilev, who wanted to change something in *La Boutique Fantasque*. In his later years Derain was a solitary figure, and we no longer saw him at concerts or spectacles. My last meeting with him was an extraordinary coincidence. I was driving near Toulon and stopped to walk in a pine woods. I came upon someone standing before an easel, painting, and it turned out to be Derain.

R.C. — Have you any notion where Picasso's backdrop for *Pulcinella* might be?

I.S. — It was in the dome of the Paris Opera when I last heard, and completely faded save for the moon, whose yellow had been renewed, in part, by a cat. Diaghilev I suppose was in debt to the director of the Opera, and when our company

withdrew after the *Pulcinella* performances the Picasso was left there.

I have a vague recollection of meeting Picasso with Vollard at my friend Prince Argutinsky's about 1910, but I did not know him until 1917, when we were together in Rome. I immediately liked his flat, unenthusiastic manner of speaking and his Spanish way of accenting each syllable: "*He ne suis pas musicien, he comprend rien dans la musique,*" all said as though he couldn't care less. It was during the time of the Russian Revolution, and we could no longer precede our ballet programs with the imperial anthem. I instrumentated the *Song of the Volga Boatmen* to replace it, and on the title page of my manuscript Picasso painted a red circle as a symbol of the Revolution. Picasso drew my portrait at this same time (the first one; the armchair portrait was done in his Rue de la Boétie apartment, and the third one was conceived as a mutual gift from Picasso and myself to our friend Eugenia Errazuriz). It was in the Hotel de la Russie near the Piazza del Popolo, where many of the ballet dancers were staying, including Picasso's future wife Olga (Olga who changed his social life; she had many new robes from Chanel to show, besides Picasso, and suddenly the great painter was to be seen at every cocktail party, theater, and dinner).

We journeyed to Naples together (Picasso's portrait of Massine was drawn on the train) and spent some weeks in close company there. We were both much impressed with the Commedia dell'Arte, which we saw in a crowded little room reeking of garlic. The *Pulcinella* was a great drunken lout whose every gesture and probably every word, if I had understood, were obscene. The only other incident of our Neapolitan holiday I can remember is that we were both arrested one night for urinating against a wall; someone in the Maffia had heard of us, however, and we did not have to pay a fine.

Picasso's original *Pulcinella* was very different from the pure Commedia dell'Arte Diaghilev wanted. His first designs were for Offenbach period costumes with side-whiskered faces instead of masks. When he showed them, Diaghilev was very brusque: "Oh, this isn't it at all," and proceeded to tell Picasso how to do it. The evening concluded with Diaghilev actually throwing the drawings on the floor, stomping on them, and slamming the door as he left. The next day all of Diaghilev's charm was needed to reconcile the deeply insulted Picasso, but Diaghilev did succeed in getting him to do a Commedia dell'Arte *Pulcinella*. I might add that Diaghilev was equally against my *Pulcinella* music at first. He had expected a strict-mannered orchestration of something very sweet.

OVERHEARD AT THE FAIR

BY MADELEINE MAY

*A Vermonter now in her twenty-fourth year,
MADELEINE MAY is a graduate of the Columbia School of
Journalism and one of the hand-picked team of guides
now on duty at the American pavilion at Brussels.*

AFTER a day's work in the United States pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair, my mind is a corridor of images and echoes, with my aching feet and hoarse voice a reminder of reality. Resting in my room at the day's end, I begin to clarify my impressions.

I remember the German fellow who came up to me, shaking my hand, saying, "I think your pavilion is really the most lovely one. The openness and the water are so free. You have even respected the trees." Evidently our protection of the old trees in the royal park showed him a side of America that no exhibit or photograph could ever communicate.

The beauty of our pavilion is seldom challenged. But not everyone understands the reason for the exhibits within.

"Well, frankly, I'm terribly disappointed," an American woman said to me. "I'm a 100 per cent American, and I practically cried when I saw our flags out there after touring the Continent for six weeks. But this is not America. The Russians are showing so much more in their pavilion. We're such a wonderful country; we have so many modern and beautiful things. Why do we have to show them stuff like tumbleweed?"

"Our tumbleweed seems to be attracting as much attention as their Sputniks." I smiled, pointing to the crowd of people surrounding the deep black box of weeds. A guide was explaining that the weed is a common phenomenon in a large section of the United States. The wind blows it across the plains and forms it into large bunches.

A Belgian picked it up and examined it carefully. "What is it used for?" he asked.

"It once was used for mattresses, but now it isn't used for anything." The man accepted the answer and nodded his head. "That's interest-

ing," he said and went on to see the Model 1903 Ford.

The tumbleweed, an antique Windsor chair, the Ford, some Idaho potatoes, and a huge cross section of redwood are all parts of one exhibit called "Face of America," which is planned to show the diversity of the country.

Often I wish I had a camera to capture the reactions. One afternoon a group of priests was walking by, and one stopped in front of a glass case which displayed the round black hats worn by the Amish in Pennsylvania. The priest took off his own round black hat, placed it on top of the case, picked it up, looked at it again, and smiled. That same day, I saw seven nuns grouped around the case which holds a football player's uniform, complete in every detail. The explanation called it the modern knight's armor. From a distance their black hooded heads bobbing up and down and white fingers pointing were all that I could see.

In this same area is an exhibit shaped like the arch of Archimedes, which is lined with one Sunday edition of the *New York Times* — 480 pages. A little elderly woman dressed in a bulky tweed suit looked curiously at the convoluted walls for some minutes. I approached her and explained about the paper. She put her hand to her mouth and giggled like a schoolgirl. "Really, one newspaper? That's amazing. But then everything in America is so big, isn't it? Here, we are such a small country that you seem like a continent to us."

I met one German who accused the United States of censoring the international edition of the *New York Times*. I tried to convince him that this was not true. From there we got on to a heated discussion, in German, of socialism, Communism, Russia, and Secretary of State Dulles.

"I have nothing against the American people, but it is their government which is antagonistic. It is Mr. Dulles who wants war."

It was jarring to hear our policy toward Russia distorted. I tried to show him that Mr. Dulles did not really want war and that his diplomacy may have been misinterpreted. But I still do not know what kind of impression I left.

An Englishwoman shocked me when she burst out with the remark, "You really are trying to push your colored people here, aren't you?" I explained to her that Negro guides were included in the group as a representative part of the American population.

There are many misconceptions about our country which we are trying to counteract. One Belgian was scandalized by the high divorce rate in the United States and was positive that all Americans are immoral. I tried to point out that many other countries had equally high — if not higher — divorce rates, but it was difficult to convince him. Many Europeans believe that the American male is completely dominated by his towering American wife. One man thought this was demonstrated in the pavilion, where the women's fashion show is one of the focal points.

The fashion show has been a controversial part of the exhibition from the beginning. Many Americans become upset when they learn that the models are European. "I knew right away those models weren't Americans. Our models are much thinner than that. And you know very well, my dear, that not all American women dress so extremely. What will those Europeans think of us?" one New Yorker asked. When the fashion show begins, at 2 P.M., the entire balcony of the pavilion and the ground floor around the central pool are encircled with onlookers, five rows deep. The models walk down a white ramp from the balcony to a platform in the pool. The men have the expression that all men seem to have when they are looking at women; the women are a bit more critical. As one European put it, "The women look at the clothes and the men look at the women."

Many Europeans regard the fashion show as part of the leisurely atmosphere of the American pavilion, in contrast to the Russian pavilion. The two pavilions are constantly being compared, and the Europeans use two contrasting adjectives in their descriptions: the "heavy" Russian pavilion and the "light" American pavilion.

With their hands, they describe the square massive Russian structure, and you overhear them saying that when one enters the Russian pavilion, one has the feeling of walking into a huge city square — the people are silently marching and one is caught in the mass. The Russians hammer their visitors with powerful words, pictures, and statues. Oddly the people who seem to be most impressed by the Russian pavilion are the Americans. The Europeans are not as impressed by Russian might. They use the word "propaganda"; they say, "The Russians are out to show everything that they have, but we know what America has so you don't have to show it." Critics have said that the American pavilion is too subtle and too intellectualized. An Englishwoman described it as "the least aggressive of them all." A French businessman called it "rather thin." The word "understatement" is also used. •

When we guides hear these criticisms, we try to point out that the purpose of the World's Fair is cultural, not industrial. The United States is not trying to outdo other countries, but only to explain itself. In this pavilion, we hope to give a swift sketch of how Americans live. We have not indulged in bugle-blowing propaganda. I think our discretion and humility are often appreciated by people who already have heard too much about American superiority.

Our most restful exhibit is the record room, with its exquisite music and its deep relaxing chairs; our most stirring is the "Circarama." This nineteen-minute movie, a masterpiece by Disney, sweeps its audience through the United States with one dramatic gesture. Americans walk out, heads high, tears in the eyes, still hearing the strains of *America the Beautiful*. Visitors from abroad burst out with their favorite superlatives, "*Fantastique, magnifique, formidable!*"

Next in popularity is Ramac, an IBM machine which can tell in any one of ten languages what happened in a certain year. Visitors who ask for it refer to it as "the robot." A crowd is usually gathered around the exhibit, which shows the operation of remote-control hands run electronically. This is part of the atomic energy exhibit.

Our six voting machines are constantly surrounded by people. The only phrase which our guides can reduce to French is "*machine à voter, pour les elections.*" People are interested, a little surprised, and one will mutter, "Oh, these Americans. They have a machine for everything."



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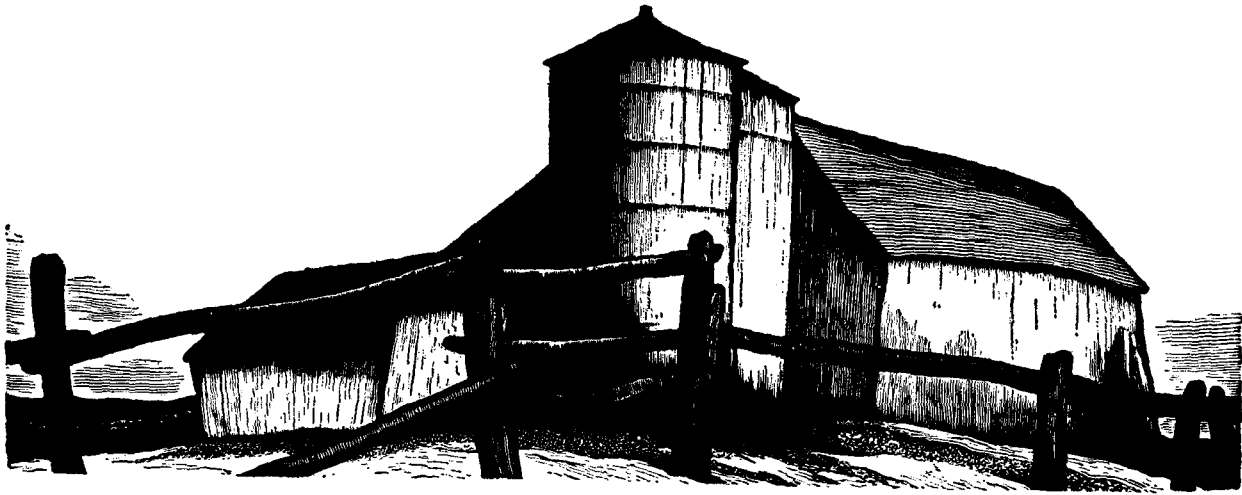


AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

*Company names on request through this magazine

An Atlantic "First"

BY GLENN MEETER



THE SON-IN-LAW

Born in Indiana twenty-four years ago, GLENN MEETER received his A.B. in English from Calvin College in Michigan in 1955 and on a Ford fellowship went to Vanderbilt University to take his master's degree. He is now living in Lansing, Illinois, where he teaches English and devotes as much time as he can to his writing.

LEANING on the kitchen sink and looking out the window, Harm could see the car as it turned past the mailbox into the dusty driveway, and the thought was in his head before he could stop it: *two times he's come and two times he's brought death.* The words sounded strange to him; he was a very deliberate, slow-talking man, and rarely twisted the quick impulses and images that made his thoughts into the artificiality of words. But his thoughts were quick and sure just the same, and they worried him now as he watched his son-in-law drive on along the pasture, which was turning brown near the house, and into the yard. There was no logical reason why he should resent Marvin, no reason why he should connect him with what had happened when he came last year, but there it was in the back of his head before he could stop it: *two times he's come and two times he's brought death.*

By now the car was in the yard; he could see it from the kitchen door. A city car, the tires worn on the tread, but the sidewalls, untried by country

roads, still new and strong-looking, and the shininess of the city wash-job still not quite obscured by Dakota dust. There was no use noticing these things, Harm knew. There was no use increasing the distance between them; it was going to be hard enough to find words to say to him, so why not think of something they had in common? But the swift thoughts in the back of his mind went on without heeding him: *city boy . . . city car . . . pale city face and hands.* Nor could he keep from his mind the picture of his father, sick and going to die, at the time of the wedding last summer, nor of his brother Dick slumped over the tractor wheel when Marvin and Marion had come for a visit last Christmas. It was crazy, he knew, to think of these things together; they were sheer coincidence. Yet the little impulses in the back of his head went on, stubbornly and viciously. *It was hot and dry last summer, too, when he came . . . crops all burned up.*

"Harm! Hurry, they're here already."

It was Alice out on the porch, just come in from

Drawing, "Farm Buildings," by Thomas W. Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

getting the eggs. *I'm right here in the kitchen . . . I know they're here . . . I've been watching from the window.* The answers to his wife appeared wordlessly, as feelings merely, in his mind, and he let them play there while he considered whether or not to make some words for them, whether they were worth the effort of shaping them in sound and sending them out to Alice on the porch.

They were not, he decided finally. He walked to the door, opened it, and went out onto the porch, closing the door carefully behind him. Alice was there, in worn overalls and her old black-and-white checked shirt. She set down the basket of eggs, her slender body moving quickly. "No time to fix up the place," she said, straightening again. Her quick eyes ranged over the sun-baked yard from the grain fields past the barn, the garage, the windmill, and the chicken coop back up to the porch. "And us in work clothes, as usual. But nobody notices except me anyway."

Harm smiled at her with his slow smile, and she turned to him, her eyes suddenly serious and a bit anxious. "Harm —" He nodded, knowing what she was going to say. They had gone over this before, and they had agreed: they had not lost a daughter, they had gained a son. Marvin was one of the family now, and Harm had to make a real effort this time to get to know him, to understand him. He smiled at her again, and together they walked down the steps out to the car.

Marion was getting out, Marvin holding the door for her. Harm was conscious all at once of his striped coveralls, and he felt a hint of jealousy as he tried to picture himself opening the door for his daughter and could not. But then Marion was running toward him, young and slim in her green dress, and then her arms were around his neck, her voice laughing in his ear, "Dad, Dad! It's so good to see you again!" There were so many things he wanted to say, so many things in the back of his mind: *back with us . . . pretty as ever . . . just like your mother.* But he could make no words for them; all he could say was "Marion." He felt the wetness on his cheek and squeezed her, hard.

Alice was shaking hands with Marvin, and now she turned and laughed at them. "Careful, Marion, he's not as young as he used to be." Marion's arms left him then, and his wife and daughter were greeting each other as women do, talking rapidly and at the same time. He was facing Marvin alone, he in striped coveralls, his head getting bald in front, his face white down to the eyes, and brick red beneath; Marvin in a gray summer suit, pale and crew-cut. They looked into each other's blue eyes from the same height. He was embarrassed, suddenly, at finding himself alone with his son-in-law, so he stuck out his hand

and said, "Marvin —" He said it slowly, letting his voice rise on the second syllable as though he were going to say more, and trying to make his silence stand for all the things that might be said: *let's understand each other, Marvin . . . let's be men together . . . let's be father and son.* But he could see that Marvin was too busy himself being embarrassed to read into his silence. Marvin shook his hand and said, "Hello, Dad." He blushed when he said "Dad" and hurried into other words to cover his blush. "Got here a little early, I guess. Drove in from Sioux City, left early this morning; shouldn't have left so early, I guess, but y'cannever tell what the traffic'll be like, and we had better roads than I thought." Harm knew that there were words he should find, comforting words to make his son-in-law feel at home, but the best he could produce was his all-purpose remark, a kind of fill-in which he used as an answer to anything: "Yeah, I s'pose." He realized as he made the sounds that they were wrong here, not reassuring, and he tried to compensate with a friendly smile. But Marvin had already turned away toward the porch, where Alice and Marion were standing. Harm looked, too, almost imploringly, and Alice laughed at them. "Well, come on in out of the hot sun, for goodness' sake — I'll have coffee ready in a second."

It was better in the kitchen. There was Alice to fill the silence with words; they all sat around the porcelain-topped table, Harm sitting rather stiffly, and Alice explained that he had strained his back trying to start the old tractor. Marion talked about their life at school, and about how well Marvin was doing. It was comfortable to listen; Harm could do some talking to his son-in-law by passing him the cookies, by putting sugar in his coffee, while his wife and daughter made words. But Harm knew his turn was coming; Alice would look at him expectantly, wanting him to say something. And he would look back at her, trying to tell her with his eyes that it took time, that he couldn't get to know anyone just by jabbering a little, that he used words only for serious, important things — like buying a tractor or praying at the table — and how could he say serious, important things to Marvin here, over coffee? He knew that she who was so quick with speech would understand, had always understood, how hard it was for him to trust the content of his feelings to the deceptive forms of words. Yet he knew equally well that she would insist that he say something, because Marvin, after all, did not understand.

Harm sat stiffly in his chair, stirring his coffee

and watching his wife and daughter and son-in-law talk. Alice moved easily about the kitchen, and Marion relaxed in the chair across from him, her brown eyes taking in the familiar yellow walls, white appliances, and dark cupboards, the basement stairway crowded with old shirts, rope, jackets, boots, rifles, and shotguns. Marvin sat tensely, sweating a little above his collar, perhaps from the long, hot drive, or perhaps just from feeling uncomfortable. He might ask Marvin something about school, Harm thought, and quickly decided against it. He knew nothing about schools. He was startled to hear his own voice, a little hoarse and a little too loud: "How are things back east, Marvin?"

Marvin seemed startled too. "Why, pretty good, I guess, that is, in Illinois they were making hay, I think it was, but Iowa looked kind of dry — to me, anyway."

"I s'pose," Harm said. "It's getting dry here, too." He looked up expectantly, and Marvin nodded.

It had been a long speech for Harm, and he was disappointed at Marvin's small, understanding nod. How could he understand what "getting dry" meant, unless he had lived on the prairie? How could he understand unless he had lived without water, unless he had seen the green things burn away and the cattle die and the dust blow? He felt helpless and frustrated as he realized how his words had failed him. It took time, he thought, to learn what "getting dry" meant. It would take time for Marvin to become his son.

There was a clatter in the yard, and Alice at the window said, "It's the truck from town. He must have brought the tractor parts."

Harm got up, slowly because of his back, and walked out onto the porch. As he closed the door behind him, he heard Alice explaining: "... brought the piston rods for the tractor. It wouldn't turn over . . . that's how Dad hurt his back."

There were a few dark clouds in the east, where the flat stretching prairie met the broad edge of the sky, but Harm knew they would do no good. Their weather always came from the west. The truck had already turned out of the yard; Harm found the box of parts where the driver had left them, pushed back the sliding door of the garage, and went in. He switched on the light and slid the door shut again, to keep the chickens out. The tractor stood in the middle of the garage surrounded by greasy parts and tools. Harm put the box of parts on the tractor seat and sighed; he knew he would have to bend his back to work on the pistons, and he hated to start. There was a front tire that leaked, he remembered; the tire

and tube were already off, lying at his feet. He could start with that. He picked up the tube, squatting carefully, and began to scrape the puncture with his knife, leaning against the big rear tire of the tractor.

He had finished the patch, and was putting the tube and tire back on the rim, when the door slid open and Marvin came in. He was wearing a faded blue shirt and a pair of Harm's old overalls. "C'n I help?" he said quickly, softly, looking down at the tire.

Harm was puffing; the front tire was small and hard to get on the rim, and his back hurt from bending. "Yeah," he said. "Better close the door. Chickens."

"Saw some clouds out there," Marvin said. "It might rain. There's a rainbow, too." He pointed out the door to the big bow above the hayfield on the eastern horizon.

He would have to explain about the weather coming from the west, Harm realized; then he saw the rainbow, and suddenly the remembered story of Noah brought the words to his mind without his thinking about them. "There ain't gonna be no flood," he said. He smiled at the unexpectedness of his own joke, shyly at first, and then, seeing Marvin's chuckle, he let the smile spread till it showed his white teeth and made crinkles around his eyes.

MARVIN closed the door and came toward Harm, then stopped and stood looking down at the big rear tire on which Harm had been leaning. There was a dog beneath the tire, Harm saw as he looked down; a little brown-and-white puppy crouched beneath the tire, looking almost lifeless except for its big brown eyes which stared up at him. It made a faint effort at wagging its tail as Marvin bent down to pet it, and then whined as though in pain.

"Ma's collie," Harm said, still standing. Alice had wanted a thoroughbred collie for so long that he had finally ordered one, all the way from Minnesota. They had named it Pal. They had only had it for a week, but already they both loved it. "Like a member of the family," Alice had said.

"Looks pretty sick," Marvin said. "His eyes are all red."

Harm tapped his foot on the cement floor, and the puppy looked up at him inquiringly. Harm could see that his eyes were bloodshot. He bent down, hand outstretched, but straightened quickly as the pain shot up his back. "Feel his nose," he said to Marvin.

The puppy lay motionless as Marvin rubbed his

finger across its nose, once, twice, three times. "Feels hot," he said, finally.

Harm sighed, and wondered what to tell Alice.

"Hot," Marvin said again, feeling the puppy's nose with his finger and looking up at Harm as though to achieve a scientific detachment. "Hot and dry. It's as dry as — as dust."

Harm felt a wave of anger as he looked down at Marvin's crew-cut head. Again the unreasoning thoughts plagued him: *hot and dry again . . . this is the third time, and the third death.* He leaned against the top of the tractor tire, squeezing the rubber lugs with his hands, and looked down at the puppy for a long time.

At last Marvin stood up, uneasily. "You — you think we'd better take him to the vet?"

Harm turned away. "Yeah," he said. "I s'pose."

THE next morning when Harm went out to do the chores it was already hot and clear, the sky a burning piece of blue that arched from one end of the wide-sweeping prairie to the other without a cloud. But it had rained during the night, Harm noticed — just enough to settle the dust. It was what the newspapers would call "a trace," he thought; not enough to be measured in the rain gauges, but enough to wet the ground. Already the dust was beginning to puff under his thick-soled shoes as he came back to the house.

They were all around the table eating breakfast when he came into the kitchen. It was Sunday, and they were dressed up, ready to go to church. Harm went into the bathroom, which was just off the kitchen. He had built it himself, five years ago. "Now that it's finished I suppose Marion will go off and get married," Alice had said. Alice's voice came to him now from the kitchen — they were late and should be going; she was sorry he couldn't go with them but she thought it would be better for his back if he stayed home; and would he turn off the roast in a half hour? Harm put the stopper in the basin carefully, considering his reply and the words it would take, considering too long, until she called again, "Harm?" and then he answered, the syllables forming in his mouth slowly and distinctly: "Okay."

He turned the faucet open, and then shut it again quickly when there was an inch of water in the basin and began to wash his hands. From the kitchen there came the sound of dishes being cleared away hurriedly, then the sharp click of high heels going out on the porch, and Marvin's heavier tread after them. Harm was drying his hands, listening for the closing of the door, when Marvin spoke suddenly, his voice surprised and glad: "Say — it looks like it rained last night!"

Harm was silent, unable to stop the unreasoning, angry thoughts which sprang at once into his mind: *it rained last night . . . everything's all better now . . . probably read some fool books, everybody prays for rain and it finally comes, just the right amount — hurray! the crops are saved.*

The door did not close; Marvin was waiting for an answer. "Some," Harm called. There was a pause; finally the door closed, and Marvin's steps went across the porch and into the yard. The water was still in the basin, not very dirty, and Harm looked at it, wondering whether to leave it for next time. Then he jerked the stopper out, quickly, angrily. *It's not that dry — yet,* he told himself. The water was sucked away, and Harm stood looking at the empty basin, ashamed of the way he felt but unable to change it. Somehow it was always as though Marvin was apart from him, not sharing with him but struggling against him. *It'll take time,* he told himself with determination, but desperately, too, as he thought of the puppy. Marvin had been the one who had answered all Alice's questions about what the vet had said, not showing his usual uncertainty but speaking clearly and with authority: "Septicemia, the vet said; must have been brought on by the trip. He said to put him in a quiet place, like the basement, and set some soft food in front of him, but don't force him to eat. Yes, he gave him a shot; said it was either septicemia or distemper; if it's septicemia he might live, but if it's distemper he'll be dead by Monday."

Harm did not want the puppy to die, and it was as though Marvin with his words was killing it, his words becoming brighter, stronger, and more confident as the puppy grew weaker and weaker. He was ashamed now, remembering his thoughts, but they stayed with him in spite of his shame until he crossed the kitchen to the basement stairway and peered down at the cardboard box at the foot of the stairs. The saucer of milk and bread was untouched, but the puppy was asleep and breathing regularly. Harm smiled and went back into the kitchen, closing the door softly behind him.

There were twenty-five minutes yet until he had to check the stove. Harm went into the living room, put on his slippers, and sat down carefully in his rocking chair, the blue leather one where he could sit with his work clothes on. On the end table near him were his glasses and the leather-bound Bible. He got them now, pushed the blue leather hassock in front of his chair, and then leaned backwards until his back was comfortable. It was strange not to be in church on Sunday. His neighbors would think so too, it occurred to him, and he remembered last year when some steers had got out and he had spent all Sunday morning chasing them; how Art Fowler and Harry

Bierly had asked rather anxiously about it during the week, as though to reassure themselves of the goodness of the world. They must look for his car every Sunday as it passed their places on the way to town — as though he were their spiritual congressman, and they were checking on his attendance. “A symbol of piety” were the words that came to him, and he smiled to himself at the bookishness of his thoughts when put into words.

But then he was serious, turning over in his mind the fact that he, too, considered himself a religious man, and wondering why he did so. It was not just that he went to church and said grace, nor was it because his neighbors knew him as a soft touch for every charity drive. There was something more; it was connected with the way he sometimes felt at night when he looked into the big prairie sky, and with his whole life on the prairie, with his digging the well, building the house and barns, with fighting the frost and the drought to bring water and plumbing, and fighting politics to get electricity; it was connected with the planting every spring and the harvest every fall.

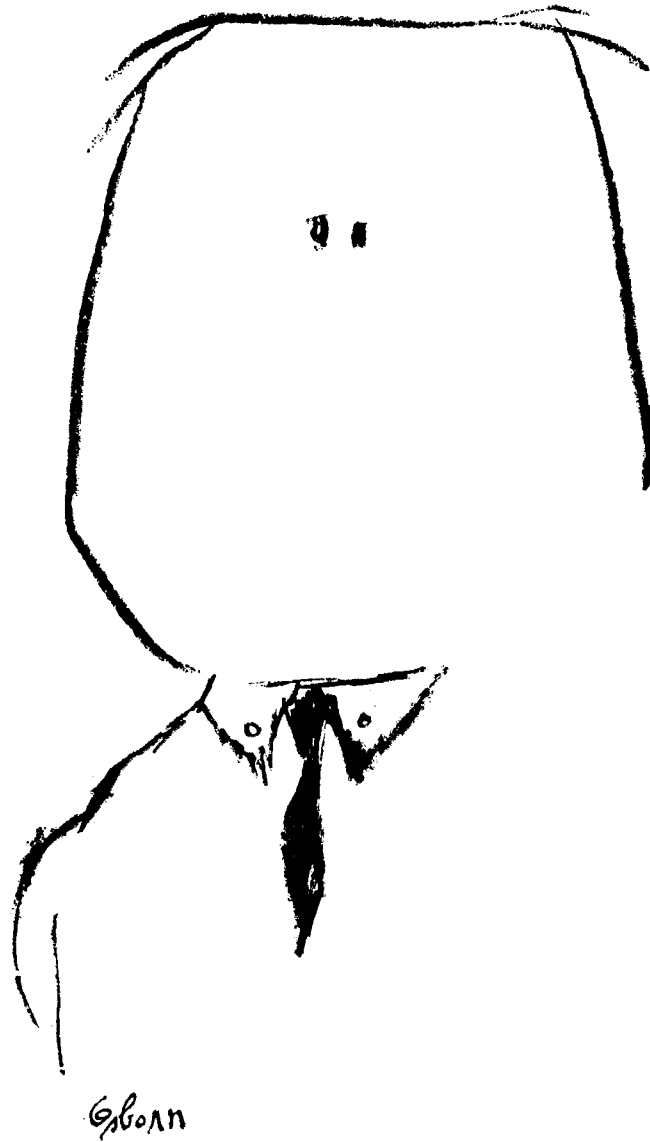
His eye fell on the Bible in his lap; it had opened to where he had been reading last time in Genesis, and he knew now why he liked to read about Abraham and Jacob — they too were men of flocks and fields, and they too had met God under the countless stars of a vast prairie sky. And at times, when he looked out toward the weather working up on the westward edge of that big sky, it was as though God spoke to him out of it as He had spoken to Abraham, telling him to build a home here on the prairie, to work the land, to subdue it and make it bring forth. And when he wrestled with the sod, with the drought, with the hail and frost, he was wrestling, like Jacob, with God. He thought of his back and then of Jacob’s thighbone, and smiled, but the thought was exciting to him. Every day he met his God on the prairie and wrestled with Him, a God who was at the same time both his opponent and his strength.

He knew, then, that this was what Marvin had to know to be his son. This was what his life meant; this was the reason for his dread of the land’s getting dry, and this was why he wanted the puppy to live. But again there could be no words for such a thing. Marvin would have to understand for himself. Suddenly he was doubtful whether Marvin could understand; perhaps he worshiped the soft little gods of the cities, female, mothering gods, gods to be expected where running water was not a personal triumph but an unquestioned right. Then he was ashamed again. “It’ll take time, that’s all,” he told himself un-

easily, and, suddenly reminded, he pulled out his silver pocket watch and looked at the black Roman numerals. It was almost time to turn out the fire under the roast.

Soon after that they were home again for dinner, and in the afternoon Marvin and Marion sat in the living room, reading, and Harm and Alice took a nap. Toward evening Harm went out to do the chores, and Marvin came after him in old overalls and faded shirt. There were two buckets of water to carry from the windmill tank near the barn to the chicken house, two more for the pigs behind the shed, and two more for the pullets across the yard. Marvin wanted to help, Harm saw; he carried one of the buckets each time, not realizing that it would have been easier to carry two. When Harm opened the pasture gate for the two cows to go into the barn, Marvin opened the barn door for them but then stood in front of it so that the cows, frightened of a stranger, ran into the chicken house instead and had to be chased out. It was some time before they could get the cows into the barn and the door closed behind them.

It was late when they finally finished the milking and came out into the yard again. Marvin picked up a stone from the yard and tossed it away as though he were disgusted with himself. He should say something reassuring, Harm thought; Marvin was like a puppy, in his bungling eagerness to please. But he was reminded then of the sick puppy in the basement. He brought the milk pail to the kitchen quickly, and then went downstairs, hearing Marvin’s footsteps behind him. The saucer of milk and bread before the cardboard box was still untouched, but the puppy had retched, and white foam covered his jaws. He lay on his left side in the box, his eyes open and staring, his feet moving as though he were running a race, the little white forepaws waving wildly and pattering against the side of the box. He was trembling violently, and Harm bent down, ignoring the sudden pain in his back, and put his hands behind the silky ears, pressing down softly. For a moment the trembling ceased; then it began again, and Harm was forced to jerk back his hands as the puppy twisted, his eyes wild, and bit furiously at himself as though there were a flea buried in his fuzzy tan flank. Then he stopped and began running again, growling and barking loudly, his feet hitting the side of the box in staccato rhythm. There was nothing to do but stand and watch. Harm gradually became aware of Marvin behind him, watching too. The barking increased until Harm could stand it no longer. He picked



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TIME—The Weekly Newsmagazine

up the box, then went out the basement door into the yard to the garage. Marvin stayed behind.

Harm set the puppy down in the quiet darkness inside the garage and shut the door on its barking. The sun was red on the horizon as he stepped back into the yard, and he could not still the unreasoning thought in his head: *the third time . . . the third death*. The puppy was very important to him now, and he didn't want it to die. It would take time, he had thought, for him and Marvin to understand each other. But how could any length of time be enough if the puppy died?

MONDAY morning was bright and clear again, and there had been no rain during the night. Monday was the day of the cattle sale in town; Harm had shipped some Herefords there, and went in to watch the bidding. Marvin went along with him, and Harm explained some of the things that happened. But he was uneasy. His back hurt from sitting on the hard bleachers around the auction ring, and he kept thinking of the puppy. Somehow, illogical though he knew the feeling was, he felt that it had to live if he were to still his nagging thoughts about Marvin.

It was late in the afternoon when they finally left the sale. Harm drove faster than usual; the dust rose behind them like a jet stream as they flew down the straight gravel roads.

When they were home at last, Harm was out of the car first, heading toward the garage. There was no sound as he approached it. When he slid back the door he saw the box by the tractor tire, the puppy lying in it quietly. His eyes were open, his tongue hung out of the side of his mouth, and one white forepaw was held up in the air as though he were still running. But his fuzzy brown sides were stiff and rigid. He had stopped breathing.

There was nothing at all in Harm's mind as he picked up the box. He felt empty, drained out. He got the spade from the corner and carried it and the box toward the little grove of pine trees behind the garage which he had planted as a windbreak nearly forty years before. Midway between two rows of pines Harm set the box down and began to dig. The ground was hard; the covering of brown pine needles was difficult to break. Suddenly Harm felt a great bitterness. He hated to see the young grain turn brown and die; he hated to look at the frozen small body in the box; he hated the hard, dry ground. Putting all his weight on the shovel, he leaned too far forward, and the pain shot up his back again.

The ground began to waver gently under him. Perhaps this time the wrestling was a little too much for him, he thought; he felt old, alone, and very tired.

Marvin took the shovel from him. As Harm sat down, carefully and gratefully, on the dry pine needles, Marvin began to dig. He slammed down on the shovel; there were sharp reports as the needles were broken through and the spade went deeply and cleanly into the tough sod. Harm was surprised at Marvin's force; somewhere he had learned how to handle a shovel.

Marvin was rough as he threw down the spade, but gentle as he took the stiff little brown-and-white body in his hands and laid it softly down in the dry, black dirt. He covered the body with dirt, then replaced the squares of sod and began tamping them into place with his feet. His face, pale above the blue shirt, looked angry — like one who shares death, not like one who brings it. From his place on the ground, Harm was surprised at Marvin's height; he looked like a tall, young plant growing from the grave. He remembered what Alice had said of the puppy: "He's like a member of the family." Maybe Marvin was meant to take his place.

Marvin came over and reached down his hand to pull him up. The grip around his hand was firm, Harm felt; he pulled hard on it and came up slowly. Marvin picked up the box and the spade. Harm took the box from him, and they started back toward the yard. As they came out of the trees, Harm saw that the sun was low and red on the horizon, and the sky was changing to a softer blue.

Then there was a puff of dust as Marvin snatched up a stone and flung it with all his might. Straight up it went, higher and higher, a black dot splitting the vastness of the sky. "Rain!" Marvin shouted. "We need rain!" He stood glaring up at the gleaming sky, clutching the spade fiercely, like a spear.

The black dot went up and up, almost out of sight, then came down again, slowly at first, and then faster and faster. They heard it hit in the trees behind them. Marvin looked at Harm and grinned sheepishly. "Guess that was kind of silly," he said.

Harm wanted to say that it wasn't silly, not silly at all, but there were no words. He gripped Marvin's arm in his hand and squeezed it, then looked into his face and smiled, shyly at first, and then broadly so that it showed his teeth and crinkled his eyes. Together they walked toward the house.



A New Yorker, ALFRED A. KNOFF was a junior at Columbia when in the summer of 1911 he took his first job as a space salesman for the New York TIMES. Following his graduation he served a brief apprenticeship with Doubleday Page, and then in 1915 he branched out on his own with his first catalogue of Borzoi Books. From that day to this his standards in the selection and manufacture of books have been the pride and envy of the American book trade.

MY FIRST JOB

BY ALFRED A. KNOFF

WHEN, not long ago, I was told that we had signed the latest of a long series of contracts with the New York Times for twenty-five thousand lines of advertising in the year to come, my thoughts wandered back to the summer of 1911 when the Times gave me my first job. I had completed my junior year at Columbia, my father was taking the family abroad for the summer, and somehow, though I had never been to Europe, I didn't want to go. Even more strange, I had an idea I wanted to work. Father had long been in the advertising business — he had his own agency — and from the windows of his office in the Candler building on West Forty-Second Street you could almost look into the windows of the old Times Tower. He was a friend of the miraculous Louis Wiley, Mr. Ochs's associate and invaluable business manager.

Mr. Wiley, a large head on a very short body, was no slouch as a business genius, as I was soon to discover for myself. And, apart from seeing that ample advertising accompanied "all the news that's fit to print" and that the paper achieved the circulation to support this advertising, he attended all the public functions that Mr. Ochs was wise enough to avoid and performed ever useful services in soothing the ruffled feelings of dowagers, the doings of whose sons and daughters and nieces and nephews might have furnished tasty morsels for a less dignified and decent paper than the Times.

So father bethought himself of his friend Louis and telephoned over — I had a feeling that he might almost have opened the window and used a megaphone — to ask whether there was any chance of his giving me summer employment. "Send the young man over," said Mr. Wiley, and I went at once. I was told that the little Napoleon always sat on a pile of cushions to bring enough of him above the level of his desk. You couldn't possibly have guessed his height. "Would you like

to see how the business end of a great newspaper is managed?" he asked me. What could I answer? I ask *you*, my reader. He buzzed, and a very pleasant gentleman named Skinner appeared. I followed Mr. Skinner to his office and learned in a rather vague sort of way that my duties would be to solicit advertising for the paper.

I couldn't have been a very bright boy, because some days passed before it dawned on me that I was receiving no salary, only carfare and the promise of a commission on any orders I secured. Worse than that, the good Skinner (and he was an awfully nice fellow) said to me one day, "Do you suppose there are any other fellows in your class who would like jobs like this?"

Well, I called on innumerable but reluctant businessmen, whose names and addresses Mr. Skinner gave me. I remember going to Newark to see someone at the Murphy Varnish Company, and someone else at the Worthington Pump Company. I was all but literally thrown out by a Mr. Kurzman, the proprietor of an exclusive establishment of *haute couture* on the east side of Fifth Avenue in the lower Thirties. Nowhere did I have any luck, and in retrospect I am hardly surprised, for I imagine everyone I called on had been long and vainly solicited by better men than I.

Then one Saturday (no five-day week in those times) when I was spending the weekend with relatives on the Jersey shore, I received a telephone call from my father's agency to come right into the city to take care of a good contract for the New York Times which they were holding for me. I lost no time, and the contract proved indeed to be a sizable one; the advertiser, I remember, was Meyrowitz, the well-known opticians. I rushed around to the Times with it and then went back to the country feeling that after all the summer had not been wholly unproductive.

Days and days went by, and I awaited my reckoning from the cashier. Finally, word came that no commission would be paid on this particular contract: Meyrowitz had been an old advertiser in the *Times* and was simply returning to the fold, the paper would have received this business in any case. I became increasingly indignant, but it was no use, and in the end I demanded to see Mr. Wiley. I have never retained any recollection of that interview beyond this: he pressed a button on his desk, and I found myself out in the corridor.

But the summer's job was not altogether without profit. In those days the New York *Times Book Review* had an annual or semiannual sale of review copies to its employees at greatly reduced prices. I was allowed to buy some of these books.

WHEN in 1915 I started publishing on my own and paying *our* money to the *Times*, the *Book Review* meant a great deal to us, and I began to view it with a critical eye. It didn't seem to me to be as good as it ought to have been — not as good as the rest of the paper. Then, as now, comparison with the London *Times Literary Supplement* seemed inevitable and invidious. On January 7, 1920, I sent this letter to Mr. Ochs:

Some months ago I took it upon myself to write you about what seemed to me the disproportionate amount of advertising, as compared with reading matter, that the Sunday *Book Review* has been carrying. You were away from the office at the time and the letter was referred to the advertising department, who took care of it most courteously, to be sure, but in such a way as to miss the point that I was trying, however feebly, to make. I have heard so many comments of late from people not intimately connected with the book world to the effect that the *Book Review* is carrying so much advertising and so little reading matter these days that it looks like a publishers' trade paper and not at all inviting to read, that I am writing you again.

I do not think there is any gainsaying the argument of your advertising department that even when they print two columns of reading matter to two columns of advertising, they are turning down a great deal of advertising and deliberately sacrificing perfectly good dollars.

The whole question is I think just how exclusively you are out for the dollars, and as an example of what can be done when the management has a mind to do it, I am sending you herewith a copy of the *Times Literary Supplement* (of London) for December eleventh. See how generous they have been with white paper

for reviews, and at a loss to their exchequer I am sure. The positive gain, however, to the public at large seems to me out of all proportion to the monetary sacrifice made by the publisher. And after all, I would not write you on this subject if I did not believe that you were making some sort of monetary sacrifice to publish a book review at all. It does seem to me, quite honestly — and in saying this I am not complaining professionally because, whatever happens, I am absolutely married to the *Times* for my advertising — that the *Times* today is missing the greatest opportunity of its career to become a superlatively and supremely important arbiter of the literary tastes of a very large part indeed of the American reading public.

I hope that this letter will not be turned over to your advertising or to any other department. I have taken the liberty of addressing it to you personally and it is personally to you that its appeal is intended. As I said above, the arguments of your management would be absolutely unanswerable in any case and what I should like to see done could only be done in spite of those arguments as a matter of very real and far-sighted vision.

I hope you will excuse me for taking up this much of your time, but as I said in my earlier letter I have always heard a great deal, from Maxine and Sidney Lowenthal for instance, of your personal fondness for and interest in books.

After thirty-eight years I'd let most of what I wrote Mr. Ochs stand. Of course the *Book Review* has long been very profitable; I am sure Mr. Ochs's affection for books has turned out to be a very sound investment. And it gets a far bigger share of the advertising budgets of all of us book publishers than does any other medium. This has been true for many, many years. Indeed Mr. Ochs himself once told me that in his opinion the reviews his paper printed were not nearly so important as the publishers' announcements. Perhaps as a result, the *Book Review* does quite well as a *news* paper. But not as a critical journal. And it must want it that way, I am sure. But even more surely it owes its readers, and the *serious* writers whose books it reviews, criticism that could with some frequency be called distinguished. That it doesn't even pretend to give.

The *Times* has developed no outstanding critics of literature. Nor, on the other hand, has it seen fit to follow its opposite number in London and devote its columns to anonymous criticism. How differently has been its approach to the theater, music, news itself wherever it is being made — even the motion picture. Yet it remains far and away the most important and influential journal of its kind on the North American continent. A pity.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE preservative of London and the reason why its beauty has survived the worst that bombs, callous contractors, and motor traffic can do is the determination of its guardians to mellow the present with the past. The height of St. Paul's Cathedral sets the ceiling for the new office buildings going up in the City, and the same standard of taste preserves such a little gem as St. James's Street. Max Beerbohm recalls being shown by his friend Laurence Binyon, the late Keeper of Prints in the British Museum, "a very ancient little water-colour drawing. The foreground of it was a rather steep grassy slope. At the foot of the slope stood a single building, which I at once recognised as St. James's Palace. Beyond the Palace were stretches of green meadows; and far away there was just one building — the Abbey of Westminster. And I thought how pained the artist would have been if he had foreseen the coming of St. James's Street. . . . Yet I could not find it in my heart to deplore the making of that steep little street, destined to be so full of character and history." Three hundred and fifty years have passed since that artist did his drawing, and we who tread the "grassy slope" today see it as the quintessence, the capital of man's taste. Here are the famous clubs: at the top of the slope, White's with its reckless wager book and its legends of Charles James Fox, Pitt the Younger, and the three-bottle men; Boodle's, the most lovely façade on the street; the massive stone solemnity of the Conservative Club (the Club, as one wit put it, to end all clubs); the Carlton, where one looks to see, and often does, a peremptory M.P. motioning to a cab with his furred umbrella; and Pratt's with its scarlet and black interior and its preposterous stuffed fish — this was once the furthest limit for an officer on duty at the Palace, and here one waits, as he did, sipping sherry while the chop or Dover sole is grilled on the open hearth.

This is a man's street, and such women as ap-

pear are here on sufferance, walking as some English wives do at a discreet distance to the rear of their impatient spouses. He may be shopping for hats at Lock's, who have made the best since Rufus King was our minister to the Court of St. James; Lock's made them for Mr. King as they did for Lord Nelson, and the shop has the same appearance and the same civility as when they were served. Close beside Lock's the tempting vintages of Berry Brothers draw one into their savory establishment. Their wine cellars run under St. James's and were especially reinforced to resist the weight of the heavy gilt coaches bringing Charles II back to the throne. Below Berry's look for Pickering Place, where the bucks from White's once used to duel — you'll see where bullets scarred the walls — and where Emma and her Horatio once had a hideaway.

A man might want to look at a shotgun at Henry Atkin's or pick up some dry flies — and the latest stream gossip — at Ogden Smiths, who advertise their calling with a gigantic golden fish-hook over their door. At the Map House on one corner you get the large-scale beauties you will need if you are planning to walk the Roman roads or explore the chalk downs in search of such Saxon landmarks as the Cherne Giant or the White Horse. Just above the Map House is the Blue Ball Yard, the arched entry to a cobbled court where the stagecoaches used to load; the look of the place, with the tiny rooms opening on the gallery, makes you think of Dickens. Further uphill is a plate-glass display of the Rolls-Royce, still incontestably the best-looking car in the world. You halt at the curb and then step out on the zebra crossing (which British drivers respect punctiliously) to get your foreign currency at Lloyd's Bank, and re-emerging you glance down at the Palace gate where a Guardsman in scarlet tunic and bearskin is going through his solemn, solitary drill. Now if your wife has been making persistent reminders about lunch, perhaps you

had better pause at Prunier's for the sharpest, tastiest Potage Homard here or in Paris. Only London could compress so much of the past and present within the space of five hundred yards.

THE COCKNEY EXQUISITE

HENRY MAXIMILIAN BEERBOHM, affectionately known as Max, was born within sound of Bow Bells on August 24, 1872, and for the first thirty-seven years of his life London was his heart's desire. When he came down from Oxford in the early 1890s he was in great demand, for he was a charming conversationalist, a deft and daring cartoonist who held up for impudent laughter the royal and literary personages of his day, and an essayist of witty and delightful precision. He followed George Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*; it was Shaw who called him "the Incomparable Max," and indeed he was, a dandy in the most cultivated degree.

In 1910, following his marriage, he moved to Rapallo in Italy and thenceforth he saw London intermittently and with nostalgia. He resented the changes which altered the city during the two world wars, but he never lost his affection for its old ways or for those who had given it luster in his youth. In his posthumous volume, *MAINLY ON THE AIR* (Knopf, \$3.75), we hear him speaking pensively, reminiscently, critically, in the fragrant broadcasts which the BBC coaxed out of him in his retreat.

Here are his magnificent reanimation of George Moore which he wrote in 1913 and delivered in 1950; his sensitive evaluation of Lytton Strachey which was the Rede Lecture in Cambridge in 1943; an essay in dry point on T. Fenning Dodworth, the bore of all time, who might easily have been included in *Seven Men*; his endearing take-off of the London music halls; an ingenious paper on windows, "Fenestralia" he calls it, which I first heard him talk about when we had tea together under the beeches at Abinger Common in July, 1943; and the essay which is for me the very essence of this book, "Hethway Speaking." In this illusory piece with its delicious vignettes of the Pre-Raphaelites and of Meredith, Tennyson, and Browning, Max confesses that he is drawing from notes made many years earlier, notes for a book to be entitled *The Mirror of the Past*. It was never written.

Mainly on the Air, with its blend of the written and spoken word, is as close as we shall come to that mirror. There are small lapses in the editing, as, for instance, the repetition of "even" three times in two sentences, which Max would have caught had he lived to correct proof. But who dares tamper with prose like this?

HE TAMED THE MINOTAUR

London-born and a graduate of Oxford, MARY RENAULT served as a nurse in World War II, and her first three novels were written in off-duty time. After the war she traveled in Greece, and the months she spent in Athens and on the Aegean Isles opened up a new world whose reality became ever more believable as she compared the legends with the recent findings of archaeology. Her novel about Socrates, *The Last of the Wine*, was praised by critics for the skill with which she re-created the atmosphere of Athens, and in her new book, *THE KING MUST DIE* (Pantheon, \$4.50), she has brought the same clear Attic quality, the same power to persuade the reader that this is the way things happened.

The King Must Die is the story of Theseus, an Athenian less than a god and more than a man. Grandson of Pittheus, the king of Troizen, and by legend the son of Poseidon, the Theseus who emerges from Miss Renault's pages is slow to discover his true paternity. Of less than average height and heft, he has to learn the tricks of the Egyptian wrestlers before he can hold his own; he has the quickness which is accelerated in danger; he has the gift of leadership, and his faith in Poseidon, the Earth-Shaker, gives him confidence in the deep and makes him aware of those moments when the god tries to tear the earth apart.

The novel is the story of Theseus' youth and of his coming of age. It tells of his boyhood at Troizen and of the protracted journey which he makes to discover himself to his true father, Aigeus, the king of Athens. With one companion in his chariot, he crosses the Isthmus and on his way destroys Skiron, the robber.

At Eleusis he must fight for his life and his kingship, and having won he must continue to put down the matriarchy which passionately strives to enmesh him. At Athens he is saved from Medea's poisoning, but the recognition by his father and their hope to unify the two kingdoms are cut short by the arrival of the ominous ship from Crete. Lots are drawn for the youths and maidens whom the Athenians are obliged to send every year as tribute to the Minotaur, and Theseus, who is of the right height and perfect build for a bull dancer, volunteers to go. With his entry into this slavery, we enter the most glowing pages of the book.

Miss Renault centers her story in the Bull Court, and how well she tells it, how magnetic and believable she makes this touchy, quick, tough, and highly sexed young man. His hold on his bodyguard of Eleusians and the forethought and discipline with which he cares for the Athenian slaves: these gleaming proofs of his leadership are what make the story live.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

There exist two flatly contradictory schools of thought about summer reading — the Catcher-uppers and the Unwinders. The former hold that summer, with its leisurely vacation days, is a period of grace in which to plug some of the distressing gaps in one's serious reading, whereas the Unwinders take the view that summer, with its surrender to torpor on the beach and in the hammock, calls for reading that is light and refreshing. Catcher-uppers, of course, need no advice from reviewers; all they need is will power. To Unwinders I can commend two recent items which have given me considerable pleasure: **THE DUD AVOCADO** (Dutton, \$3.50) by ELAINE DUNDY and **COCKTAIL TIME** (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50) by P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Elaine Dundy is an American girl who is now the wife of the British theater critic Kenneth Tynan; and her novel — subtitled "The Vie Amoureuse of Sally Jay in Paris" — is a cheerfully uninhibited (some will find it scandalous) variation on the venerable theme of the Innocent Abroad. If Messrs. Kerouac, Salinger, and their cohorts are reliable guides to the temper prevalent among the younger generation, then Miss Dundy's twenty-year-old heroine, Sally Jay Gorce, is a throwback to an earlier and more exuberant era. She isn't beat or gone; she doesn't play it cool; she has come to Paris with the old notion of being naughty in the normal ways, and she has a whale of a time reeling in and out of love and trouble.

Very soon Sally Jay, skipping a grade, has graduated to the status of Second Year Tourist Disorganized. She has dyed her hair "a marvelous shade of pale red popular with Paris tarts" and has been seduced by a diplomat who impresses her fearfully with the fact that he already has a wife *and* a mistress. At one point, she wanders around for days in an evening dress, having sent all of her other clothes to the laundry. She

loses things, among them her passport. (This has sinister consequences.) And occasionally she carries wildness à la Fitzgerald so far that a friend remarks: "Take it easy, Zelda, Scotty's been dead for years." But we know all along that Sally isn't, and never will be, "lost."

Her adventures carry her to Biarritz, where she becomes an extra in a seedy cosmopolitan company that is making a movie starring a bullfighter. This whole sequence is riotously funny. And even when Miss Dundy is working with well-worn materials — Left Bank Americans "*d'après Hemingway*" or the raffish aspects of Paris night life — she comes up with fresh and spirited comedy. Above all, her heroine is an entrancingly amusing creation: Sally Jay's private brand of Franco-American patter ("A tough cookie, a real *oeuf dur*") and her reflections ("How *can* Life be so contrary to — never mind Art — just to general information") are an unfailing delight. Miss Dundy's plotting is marred by her effort to work up to a dark surprise, which turns out to be corny, and by a cinematic ending. But the pertinent point is that her novel is enormous fun — sparkingly written, youthful in spirit, and exquisitely gay.

The story of the Wodehouse novel, *Cocktail Time*, is set in motion by a Brazil nut catapulted from the window of the Drones Club by the Earl of Ickenham, who is disconcertingly bumps-a-daisy for a peer in his fifties. The nut strikes the top hat of the eminent barrister, Sir Raymond Bastable, who, ignoring the identity of his assailant, is provoked into writing a sizzling novel exposing the depravity of modern youth. Published pseudonymously — in order to safeguard Sir Raymond's political ambitions — it becomes a sensational *succès de scandale*. Sir Raymond is then blackmailed with the threat of exposure by his nasty nephew. Whereupon Lord Ickenham, whose mission in life is to spread sweetness and light, embarks on a stop-at-nothing campaign to put things right.

Mr. Wodehouse's cast includes a dotty old publisher; a formidable Nanny from whose lips pour admonitions from Ecclesiastes; and an amateur butler who falls in love with the unmarried lady of the house and courts her via their mutual interest in rheumatism. Wodehouse has long since established a record for staying power as a writer of farce, and in *Cocktail Time* he is still in magnificent form. His plotting is infinitely ingenious; his language is as funny as ever; and his characters are hilarious.

SOUTH SIDE, EAST SIDE

Three years ago, a collection of short stories entitled *The Black Prince* introduced a writer of



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strong and original talent, **SHIRLEY ANN GRAU**; and now she has written her first novel, **THE HARD BLUE SKY** (Knopf, \$5.00). It belongs in the category of novels which are essentially evocations of a little-known region or place — in this case a small, primitive, storm-swept island off the Louisiana coast on the edge of a dangerous swamp. The people on the Isle Aux Chiens are of mixed French and Spanish descent, and their curious speech is peppered with eroded bits of French. Nearly all of them are related. And all are fishermen.

The story chronicles the events of a characteristically steamy summer: the arrival from the mainland of a sailboat which has lost its way; the disappearance of a crazy young man who ventures into the dangerous waters of the swamp; a fierce vendetta with the inhabitants of a neighboring island; the affair of a sixteen-year-old girl, who longs to escape to the mainland, with the captain of the marooned sailboat. Through these and other episodes Miss Grau recreates in all its dimensions the singular life of an inbred, almost isolated little world. She is a fine artist, but she has stretched her material too far; it could have been handled more effectively within the compass of a novelette.

JEROME WEIDMAN's big new novel deals with a somewhat neglected aspect of the problem of religious and racial prejudice — anti-Gentilism. **THE ENEMY CAMP** (Random House, \$4.95), a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, has all the ingredients that make for popular success, but the level of its insight is commonplace. Mr. Weidman works in broad strokes and bold colors, and his effects tend to be crude.

Weidman's story, which commutes between present and past, is a highly charged affair, packed with feeling, dramatic action, and a large assortment of characters. The heart of the matter is the struggle of George Hurst with the obsession instilled into him as he grew up on New York's lower East Side: hatred of the Gentile world. The girl he marries, however, is a beautiful Gentile from Philadelphia's Main Line, who overrides her family's strong objections to a Jewish son-in-law. They become happily established in a Connecticut town relatively free of bigotry. But George is secretly hounded by the feeling that, in countless minor

ways, he is forcing himself to conform to his wife's world, is making concessions to "the enemy camp." The climax brings home to him, with the force of Revelation, that fear is the current which feeds his hatred and distrust, and that it lies within his power to turn it off.

PORTRAIT OF A HERO

The life of Horatio Nelson is one of the best documented of his time — his own letters and dispatches filled seven large volumes — and dozens of books have been written about him. The latest biography of Nelson, **OLIVER WARNER'S VICTORY** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.50), does better than its predecessors on several major counts. It strikes an exceptionally fine balance between the two commanding aspects of its subject — Nelson the great sea captain, and Nelson the romantic figure, centerpiece of a near decade of international scandal — one or other of which has usually been given special prominence by biographers. Mr. Warner steers clear, too, of the traditional tendency to play down Nelson's failings. He has added to the record unpublished material from Nelson's Baltic campaign; he has discovered a love affair with a certain "dolly," which took place in Leghorn in 1794-1795; and, most importantly, he has quoted his subject's correspondence so copiously and so aptly that Nelson reveals himself in his own words to a greater extent than in any previous portrait. All this makes *Victory* a clear-eyed and remarkably interesting as well as a highly readable biography.

It has, however, its deficiencies. The lack of historical background sometimes has the effect of dimming the importance of Nelson's achievements; and Mr. Warner fails to make sufficiently clear what precisely were the innovations that Nelson brought to naval warfare. Finally the writing, though fluent and sound, does not have the luster and the verve required to do full justice to its subject.

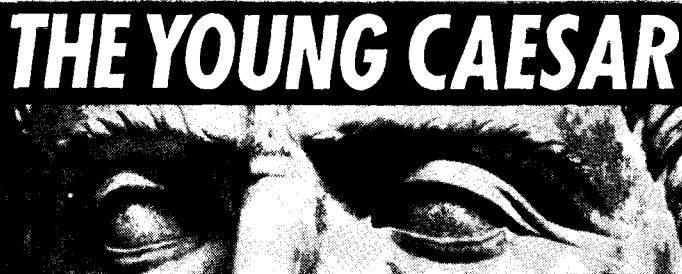
Nelson's affair with Lady Hamilton — the daughter of a blacksmith who rose in the world as a kept woman and who appeared, to Nelson's eyes, "a saint . . . the pattern of perfection" — is certainly one of the more curious *grandes passions* which have found a niche in history. Mr. Warner's treatment of it has

a convincing realism and adds many telling details to the familiar story. He rates equally high marks for firmly presenting Nelson's shortcomings without obscuring his grandeur. An intensely vain man, Nelson was overeager for publicity and honors. He made himself ridiculous by always appearing laden with medals and decorations. He was touchy and quarrelsome, especially about prize money. And he did deep injury to his devoted wife and to his most loyal friend, Lord Hamilton. But in the overall view he appears the reverse of callous, petty, or grasping, and his attributes of greatness loom large: total devotion to his country's service, genius as a tactician, solicitude for his men, and enspiriting qualities of leadership which made him the idol of British sailors in an age when mutiny was rife. By the example of his own awe-inspiring bravery and endurance, he brought, as Joseph Conrad put it, "heroism into the line of duty."

THE AGE OF CONFORMITY

THE DEMOCRATIC VISTA (Double-day, \$3.95) by **RICHARD CHASE** is "A Dialogue on Life and Letters in Contemporary America." The setting is a summer place on the Massachusetts shore, and the characters are supposed to illustrate "the different facets of the . . . state of mind which has typified the last ten or fifteen years of American life." Among them are Ralph Headstrong, a middle-aging professor who speaks for the author; his weekend guest, George Middleby, "solid citizen of the new generation"; and their wives and numerous children. At one point George observes: "How much more gracefully and less grimly the Europeans wear their literature," and Mr. Chase, though he has interesting things to say, forces one to agree. The tone and *mise en scène* of his "dialogue" are sometimes of an almost farcical stiltedness and solemnity.

The position which Ralph develops might be baldly summarized as follows: The last decade has been a time of cultural retrenchment and retreat following a thirty-five-year flowering of creative and critical activity. American intellectuals, having migrated on a large scale into universities and foundation work at the expense of their independence, have joined the conformist drive



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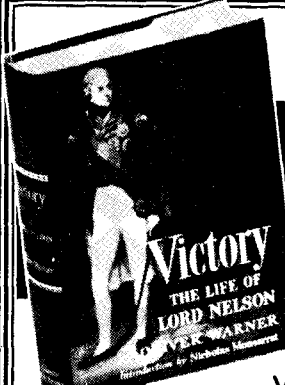
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With an Introduction by Nicholas Monsarrat

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—GEOFFREY BRUUN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"He was a brave fighter, and a matchless tactician; a man of awe-inspiring patience and endurance and an incomparable leader of men . . . This continuously fascinating book is a full portrait of the man . . ."

—NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

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toward some sort of middle ground of taste and opinion; even the more recondite — those who worship at the shrine of myth or of the New Criticism — are seeking for a “mystical centrality” which will resolve contradictions and quell the self’s spirit of adventure. But American culture, the mirror of a democratic society, has always been marked by sharp contradictions and conflicts — between conservative feeling and liberal ideas, romanticism and realism, the highbrow and the lowbrow. And our writers and thinkers have been at their best when they were most mindful of the contradictions; when they exulted (as Whitman did) in a world of experience “that is felt to be open, disruptive, skeptical, novel, emergent.” The impetus behind the advances in our culture are traceable to the radical spirit, whose values are critical truth-telling and the liberal heritage of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment. Thus in Ralph’s view, the present trend toward conformity and the spread of a tame middlebrowism run counter to what is most vital in the American cultural tradition.

George, for his part, holds that

Ralph’s cultural critique is framed in terms of an America which no longer exists; an America in which the radical spirit had clear-cut enemies to campaign against (such as Calvinism, reactionary capitalism, Babbitry). Moreover, as George sees it, the leading radical ideas of the nineteen-twenties and -thirties proved to be too abstract and too ambitious. The age of Ideology and heroic formulas is over: what the problems of today call for is a growth of wisdom, an increasing mastery of the human arts of life. And in reply to Ralph’s thesis that middlebrowism is the great corrupter of culture, a spreader of complacency and anti-intellectualism, George argues that it is becoming steadily more serious and more adventurous, and is creating an ever-growing cultivated minority.

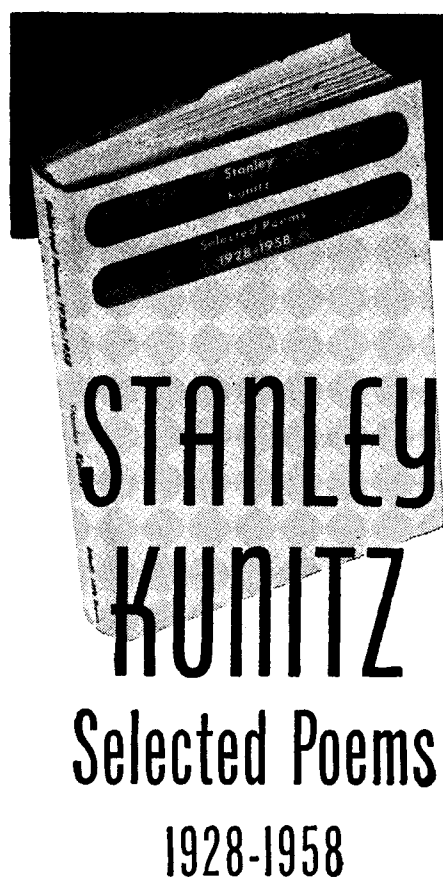
I happen to agree with Mr. Chase’s overall view that our time is one of cultural retreat, but his book betrays an attitude, characteristic of the professional highbrow in this country, which is one of the things that is wrong with American culture. Chase writes about culture not as something that enriches human life

but rather as the highbrow’s exclusive property and harassing burden, for which he has to wage unending warfare against the grasping middlebrow.

MAXWELL GEISMAR, while he is not a critic who adopts the Mandarin stance, shares Mr. Chase’s distaste for the present cultural situation and his faith in the radical spirit. “I venture to speculate,” Mr. Geismar writes in *AMERICAN MODERNS: A MID-CENTURY VIEW OF AMERICAN FICTION* (Hill & Wang, \$3.95), “that in retrospect the period of the nineteen forties and nineteen fifties will appear even more benighted and self-destructive than the giddy epoch of the nineteen twenties that we are now celebrating as our golden period.”

Mr. Geismar’s book is a collection of reviews and essays, of which those in the first section are concerned, loosely speaking, with the spirit of the times. One of them makes the interesting point that the New Criticism reflects, in the spiritual area, the worst aspects of the American society it so disdainfully repudiates — emphasis on techniques rather than on human values; conspicuous consumption (of scholarship); “other-directed” stress on aesthetic concepts and laws. The theme which stands out in the second group of essays is the failure of so many important American writers to advance beyond the achievements of their youth. Mr. Geismar examines the decline in the later work of Sinclair Lewis, Faulkner, Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Steinbeck; and he argues that in each case the weaknesses that have become damaging are the product of an immature view of life.

Part III deals with novelists who made their mark during or after the Second World War. It includes a fine appreciation of William Styron and an astringent appraisal of Saul Bellow. Being considerably less sympathetic than Mr. Geismar is to naturalism and to the novel of contemporary history, I find that he is too generous to James Jones and overestimates John Hersey. Like all critics, Mr. Geismar writes best when he is doing a hatchet job. His liveliest pieces are about the shabby values and slick fakery of Herman Wouk and the recent emergence of J. D. Salinger as a “Zen Buddy” who has found in Oriental philosophy a path back to the mindless world of childhood.



“One of the best poetry manuscripts of the century.”*

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Accent on

Notes from a West Indies Cruise—Continued

A recent phenomenon in the West Indies and Latin America is the new luxury hotel which has sprung up in all sorts of unlikely places. Even the most out-of-the-way spots are now readily reached by air, and I gathered that most of the luxury hotels' business comes from those who travel by plane.

The combination of airplane travel and the luxury hotel is not unlike the turnpike-motel way of life here at home: There is nothing much to see along a turnpike or from a plane while on the move, and like the best motels, one new luxury hotel is all but identical with the rest. Some are bigger than others, the view can be mountains instead of ocean, some have a casino and others none, but in their main characteristics these places seem pathetically alike.

Outwardly, the luxury hotel discloses layer on layer of balconies and picture windows. Never having made an around-the-clock check, I cannot say that no guest ever ventures out on the balcony, but I never saw one there, however hopefully I looked. I assume the guest does not frequent the balcony because the air-conditioned room behind it is more comfortable in a hot climate, but there the balconies are for all doubters to see ("Each room with private balcony overlooking . . .").

The great common quality of the

luxury hotels is their newness. This necessarily means newness of staff. Without access to personnel records, I base my opinion only on observation and belief: Every employee of the new luxury hotel must supply the management with a sworn affidavit that the employee is entirely without experience in the hotel business and has never before worked in any capacity in any kind of hotel, old or new, anywhere. Bartenders and croupiers are not subject to this requirement, I imagine, since they are obviously old hands. The bartenders, in places where limes are cheap and plentiful, prefer to pour from a bottle a watered-down lime juice squeezed in advance, for the simple reason that pouring water into lime juice is less work than squeezing more limes.

When the word "international" precedes the term "luxury hotel," it usually means that the hotel is part of a chain, thereby a place to be sought out, or avoided, according to one's views of hotel chains. International or not, the new hotels bring into being a bewildering display of sportswear, or whatever it is that the guests are wearing.

Take the beret, for instance. Nothing is wrong with the beret itself. It's a useful hat in a wind; it stuffs readily into one's pocket; it's unpretentious; it has informal, slightly Bohemian, overtones. On some men the beret is admirable. Yet there

are other men whose wearing of a beret simply serves notice on the world that they are not at all the sort for whom the beret was intended, especially when it is plum-colored or sky blue or in one of the brighter tartans. And when the non-beret type proves to be wearing a brass-buttoned blazer to match and, above knobby white knees, shorts of the same material, the effect is eerie. This was driven home to me by the sight of a man in a maroon outfit, beret and all, who rounded out the scheme by wearing white woolen golf stockings with maroon (matching) up-and-down stripes. It was, in short, a costume, and I have no doubt is catalogued somewhere as the Luxury Hotel Set.

The women who accompany the men of bright plumage seem less startling, somehow, even though on some of them their shorts are no more congruous than the beret is on their escorts. Again, the trouble is not so much the shorts as the anatomical novelties they so determinedly reveal. It may be that, traveling in the same planes and staying at the same hotels, these people become hardened to the sight of one another, but, whatever their reaction may be to this or any other part of their holiday, it is hidden behind the vast dark sunglasses they wear on all occasions. Several changes of sunglasses are probably necessary for the well-turned-out traveler in a tour

of luxury hotels, and the same is doubtless true of the beret-blazer-shorts set: simply not the outfit a man ought to be seen wearing twice.

Among all our ports of call, Colón sticks in my mind somehow as the most memorable, possibly because it seemed to have no luxury hotel but did have instead a vast and attractive old-fashioned hotel called the Washington that looked out over the bay. (Another charming old survivor of what looks like the William Howard Taft period of hotelkeeping is the Tivoli, in Balboa at the other end of the Canal.) By no means especially scenic or picturesque, Colón looks nevertheless the way one might think a small tropical seaport

ought to look: its white buildings dazzling in the sun, not much traffic on the streets, and an artless, lackadaisical air that puts the visitor immediately at ease.

Along Front Street, which divides Colón from the Canal Zone town of Cristobal, an arcaded sidewalk extending for several blocks is paved with beautiful old tiles of Spanish design in shades of coral, blue, yellow, green. For the frontage of each shop the scheme of color and rich design is different from the next, as if a succession of rug patterns were laid out for the passer-by. Along this sidewalk, in the dusk of a late afternoon, came a group of very small Panamanian children.

The children, numbering eight or ten, were wearing odds and ends of

cotton rags. The oldest I judged to be not more than five, the smallest were toddlers of half that age. They were all singing a strange, reiterative chant and stamping out with their bare feet a conga-like beat in unbelievably close unison; the youngest, who seemed hardly into the walking stage, were as true to the split second as the oldest. They were not begging. They paid me no attention whatever as they passed by, singing and stamping in a wild excitement all their own. I have never seen children so small, so young, carrying out so exacting a venture in rhythm and song with so much assurance. They were in a state of enchantment as they went their way, and so indeed was I.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Vintage Cars

BY KEN W. PURDY

KEN W. PURDY, formerly editor of ARGOSY, TRUE, and PARADE, is now free-lancing. His book, *KINGS OF THE ROAD*, was published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in 1952.

Not so long ago one Leonard Potter came to New York from England. Unlike the flamboyant, spade-bearded Commander Whitehead, Mr. Potter is a quiet man: of medium height and build, suited in venerable tweed, looking brightly through the thin horn-rimmed spectacles that only the English seem to wear any more. His métier is biochemistry, and he has prospered in it, but his deepest interest in life is the sporting automobile. He has driven in British and Continental races and rallies for years, and he is a director of one of the best British firms specializing in sports and antique cars.

Since the end of World War II there has been a notable resurgence of American interest in such esoteric machinery, and Mr. Potter's firm, Half-Way Garages, has heard from dollar customers piteously eager to acquire, say, a 30-98 Vauxhall or a 1750 cc. Alfa-Romeo. As much Georgian silver and Hepplewhite furniture have come westward across the Atlantic in the last decade, so have a good many choice motorcars, but not so many, Mr. Potter felt, as to approach saturating the market.

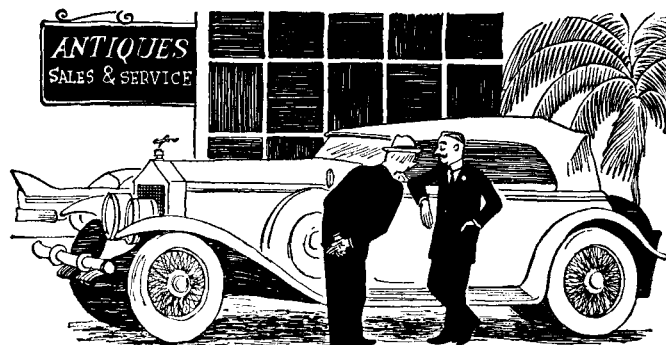
Surfeited with the gross and globular machines that pour out of the Detroit foundries as fast as automation can stick them together, thousands have yearned for something different. Some 250,000 Americans will this year buy new foreign automobiles, but there are other thousands whose sophistication is not so easily to be satisfied. These are motorists who demand the unique, or the near-unique. They want machines famed in song and legend: the indestructible early Rolls-Royces; the heavy, high-riding Bentleys which beat the world for Britain in the late 1920s; the storied Bugattis of France; the impudent early MGs.

The world's storehouse of these cars has long been England. The indomitably sporting British appreciated them early; they bought them when the pound rode high, and, as is their way with most of the things they wear or use, they kept them up with care. Many of these beautifully maintained cars have come on the market in late years, but their purchase has been difficult business. Only experts can evaluate them. In describing them many sellers deal lightly with the truth. They are often ridiculously overpriced.

Looking over a choice short-chassis Invicta one morning, and won-

dering what it would fetch in America, Mr. Potter had a curious notion: how many merchants in the States offered fine vintage automobiles for sale? How many antique car shops were there? A great many, no doubt. After all, the Americans make, and sell, millions more cars a year than any other people; their ability to sell used cars in particular is famous. Some of their great collectors had bought and sold hundreds of automobiles. Someone long ago would have hit on so obvious a notion. Looking into the matter, he found that no one ever had.

A few weeks later he was on the high seas with four choice specimens: an impeccably maintained, one-own-



er Rolls-Royce limousine of 1937; a 1938 four-and-a-quarter-liter Bentley sedan; a toylike "Monthery" MG, one of forty-five built in 1931, just out of the shops after a two-year restoration; and a "Tourist Trophy Replica" Frazer-Nash, one of the legendary "chain-gang" cars, called this because they do not have the regular transmission gears: they are driven by four sets of chains run-

ning over variously-sized sprockets. Nashes are much esteemed by the *cognoscenti* because they are remarkably nimble and because driving them requires something of a special technique. As this was written, Mr. Potter had taken up residence in Nyack, New York, and was looking for a suitable location in which to display his merchandise. Meanwhile, back in England, his associates were toading other specimens: a rare "Silver Ghost" Rolls-Royce, a one-of-a-kind Bugatti coupe.

"I dare say we shall sell them reasonably soon," he said. "Seems likely, you know."

When Potter is off and running, I

shall volunteer to do his advertising. I have the first campaign well worked out. It will be based on a simple but monstrously lush four-color photograph by Gleb Derujinsky presenting Mr. Potter at his ease in the T.T. Frazer-Nash, his right hand resting on the out-of-doors gear lever. He will be looking rather squeamishly at a Cadillac beside him. "A nice enough motorcar, I suppose," he'll be saying, "but rather dreadfully common, don't you think? I mean, there's no point in driving something ordinary."

We may never need a second campaign. After all, the supply of really good vintage automobiles is limited.

Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. One day as I was going out, I noticed three men standing in the middle of the street staring at my house.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

One of them laughed. "That your house?" he asked on what I thought was a rather contemptuous note.

"It is," I said, bristling.

"Well," he said, "we were just lookin' how it's saggin' there in the middle. Boy," he went on, "you don't get that porch shored up, you're in trouble. Just look at that."

I know the porch needs shoring up. Shoring up nothing, it needs rebuilding. It just so happens we need a new oil burner, too. And the roof needs fixing. And the whole house needs a coat of paint. And the children's bureaus are falling apart. And the blankets are seventeen years old. And the living-room rug has a hole in it. Does he have to stand there and point it out to me? Maybe I should have invited him in, so he could go on a tour of the house and show me all the places where the wallpaper is coming loose.

The other day I was parking my car in the village (I know — there's a dent in the front fender) when a man pulled up beside me and shouted, "Hey lady, you can't park there, that's a loading zone."

I knew it was a loading zone. Did he think I was driving around blindfolded? I saw the sign. But it just so happened I didn't feel like seeing that sign at that particular moment. Did he ever think of *that* before he decided to make himself such a good Samaritan? I'll bet if I'd been stuck on the parkway with a flat tire he

suddenly wouldn't have been such a do-gooder. It's none of his business if I just don't happen to notice a sign. Let him watch out for his own driving. He nearly backed into that old lady, he was so anxious to point that sign out to me.

The other night my husband came home and for some unexplained reason happened to look at our children's feet.

"Gee," he said, "look at their shoes. They're a disgrace."

Well I knew that. They have been that way for months. So the heels *are* run over a little. So they *need* shines. All right, so they need new shoes. But they were *happy*. And they're healthy. And they've had every shot there is. And they get a vitamin pill every morning. And they have warm coats for the winter. And mittens. And ice skates. And cameras. And watches. And good allowances. And radios. So their



shoes *are* a little worn out. There were no holes in their *socks*. Now I have to take them all the way to White Plains, and I won't find a parking space, and they'll complain every inch of the way because they had some project they wanted to work on, and they don't even like to buy new shoes, and I'll have to drive around for a half hour looking for a place to park, and everybody will be perfectly miserable. And it will cost twenty dollars. And the salesman will sell me new rubbers and galoshes and sneakers and bedroom slippers and socks, and instead of twenty dollars it will be forty. And everybody was perfectly *happy*.

I know I need a haircut. I know the car needs a wash. I know that apple tree needs pruning. I know my handbag is open and a handkerchief is falling out. I know I just missed the train, lady. I see it, I see it.

I Don't Ask Much

BY ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH has written many light articles for the ATLANTIC, and is the author of two recent and amusing books, THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ABSOLUTELY PERFECT HOUSEKEEPING and THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ABSOLUTELY PERFECT BABY AND CHILD CARE.

I was walking down the street the other day on my way to the bakery, minding my own business, not bothering anybody, not littering the sidewalk, not making unnecessary noise, being a perfectly decent law-abiding honest citizen, when a lady stopped me.

"Your stockings are falling down," she said.

I stared.

"Your stockings are falling down," she said again. "I thought maybe you didn't know."

Now what did she have to go and do that for? I knew my stockings were falling down. I mean I'm not unconscious or anything. I just happened to choose not to notice that my stockings were falling down. Once I admitted that I knew they were falling down, I'd have to stop and pull them up, and that doesn't look nice. As long as nobody actually stopped and pointed it out to me, I could just go my way to the bakery pretending I didn't know.

Besides, what was she fussing about? She was lucky I wasn't losing a shoe or a hem. Can I help it if I'm not neat?

Life by the Sea

BY JOHN J. ROWLANDS

JOHN J. ROWLANDS *lives at the water's edge of Massachusetts Bay on the rocks at Cohasset. He has written for the ATLANTIC, and is the author of a delightful book about the North Woods, CACHE LAKE COUNTRY.*

Always, the day long and the night through, there is an exciting and pleasant sense of expectancy in life by the sea, for what interesting event or adventure one day doesn't bring, tomorrow may, and the winds and the tides bear generous gifts.

Adventure can be almost anything. Perhaps it's only a bit of driftwood for the fireplace, a hatch cover lost from a fishing boat, or planking needed for a building project. Maybe it's only a lobster pot. Adventure can also be the wet black curtain of a squall sliced by lightning as it sweeps across Massachusetts Bay from the northwest. It may be a three-day northeaster and, once in a long while, the ominous threat of a hurricane.

Once on a summer day a white full-rigged ship, with all sails pulling, slipped over the horizon in a shimmering noonday haze. Vision of the clipper days, she turned out to be a Norwegian naval training vessel, but for a few hours we knew what it must have been like when the sight of a square-rigged ship off Boston usually meant the end of a voyage from the China Sea.

On Massachusetts Bay we remember events rather than dates. For instance, there was the day the *Mauretania* came ashore. It was nearing the end of an easterly blow when we sighted her, almost hidden by flying spindrift, a hundred yards offshore. There was no mistaking the long, graceful hull of the first *Mauretania*, and the characteristic rake of the Cunarder's four black-tipped red funnels. She was plunging and broaching in a terrifying way, and once she heeled to starboard a full ninety degrees. But she shook herself free, water flying from her stacks, and came on until she reached that watery limbo where floating things are often impounded, even in the most violent storms, a few yards off the beach. She wallowed there for an hour, yawing and pitching until finally a huge wave broke just astern and she came in, riding the crest of

the breaker. She was less than two feet long, this *Mauretania*, and although the model was crude, the proportions were perfect.

Where all our gifts from the sea come from we never know, but we speculate to fit the mood. The *Mauretania* may have drifted out from one of our own beaches only to be brought back by the storm, but there are times when logic is an intolerable nuisance, for it is far more pleasant to develop if, and, and but theories. We should rather believe that some old mariner whittled her out on a sun-baked ledge in Nova Scotia or Newfoundland for his grandson, who later helplessly saw her drift to sea.

Our best timber comes ashore on northerly winds from the general direction of Maine, and we have learned to be cautious about what we accept. But the sea does not always keep its promises. A particularly desirable piece of lumber may come almost to our outstretched hands, only to be carried out by a sudden change in wind or the ebbing tide. The workbench in my shop is wholly from the sea, with a top of two-by-eights bolted to four-by-four up-rights. One of the drawers in the bench came ashore on a spring tide. Our old bureau was repaired with a scrap of antique walnut veneer that turned up on the beach one morning after a storm.

Then there was the day when a wooden sandal drifted in. It was the type that lascar seamen wear to protect their feet from the burning deck plates in tropical seas. The thong still bore the oily scent of an engine room. And another day brought us a Barbados rum bottle. The careless owner had left at least four drops in the bottom of the bottle.

Storms bring in lobster buoys, most of them local, but there was one that came from Nova Scotia trailing a string of the familiar green mooring line. Under certain conditions when the sea is very quiet and the sun is riding down to the west, the steely surface is studded with hundreds of

lobster buoys, each bearing the colors of its owner. They range far out toward Boston Lightship.

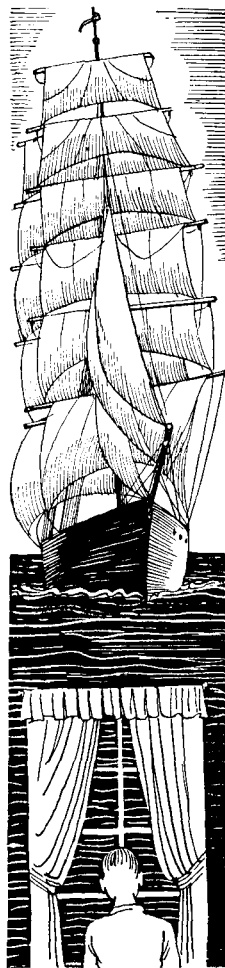
In the hurricane season we turn our glass on the masts of the Lightship, six miles offshore, to pick up weather signals. We don't worry much about southeast or northwest storm warnings; what we don't want to see is the two red flags with black squared centers which herald the approach of a hurricane. At night the signal is two red lights with a white between.

Some of our guests find living by the sea a little difficult to understand. One night a sudden squall worked up heavy seas, and a freak wave, breaking close in, sent flying spray through a window on the face of one of our sleeping friends. To be sure, our house is perched on the rocks less than fifty feet from high water, but the force of the sea is broken by a barrier of enormous ledges. After a storm, the dried salt spray leaves our windows frosted like a barroom mirror on New Year's Eve.

Morning, the whole year round, is the loveliest part of the day by the sea. Although one can never be sure what the rest of the day will be like, it is usually perfect at sunrise. Dawn may break as a thin horizontal wedge of color rising out of a purple sea, or it may come as a golden light increasing in radiance until it floods the whole eastern sector of the sky as we watch.

Usually the air is clear and cool. We instinctively look across the Bay, starting in the east with Minots Light and moving on to Boston Lightship, on against the dim gray line of the north shore to Graves Light, and then to Boston Light at the entrance to the harbor.

Always somewhere between the Lightship and Nahant we see the riding sails of the pilot boat jogging back and forth on her station. With a 25-power glass we can watch her putting a pilot aboard incoming ships or taking one off as a vessel leaves the outer harbor. On clear days we can see the



white yawl in which pilots are transferred from the pilot boat to the ships. She flies a white and blue flag at her masthead and reminds us of the old Gloucester schooners,



although she is much longer with a high and exceedingly graceful spoon bow. Essex-built, she will take anything the Atlantic can develop in the way of nasty weather.

As we watch, we discover many things about the ships that pass in and out of the Bay. If the derrick booms are riding high, we can be pretty sure that the vessel is moving up or down the coast to another port to take on or discharge cargo. But if her booms are lashed to the deck and her spars stand bare and clean, we can be fairly certain she is beginning a long voyage.

Approaching the pilot boat, a heavily loaded vessel cuts off power a mile or so before they meet, and we always know when the meeting comes by the plume of white water at the vessel's stern when she reverses for a full stop. If a heavy sea is running, she will swing across the wind to make a lee for the pilot's yawl. There are two pilot boats, and every Tuesday they meet and the one on station heads into Boston for a week's rest.

All foreign ships are required to take on a pilot, but that does not apply to coastwise ships. We note that most of the big oil tankers pass the pilot vessel without slackening speed. Their masters know their way in from long experience. Of all the ships that pass our window none are more beautiful than the pale blue freighters of the Maersk Line of Denmark. They are our regular visitors.

Before we turn in at night we pace the flying deck that spans the full width of our house thirty feet above high water. Then, as at dawn, our eyes swing the arc of the Bay from Minots Light north and west toward

the far shore. We pick up the steady blinking of Boston Lightship and, if visibility is very good, we may be lucky enough to see the group of five flashes every twenty seconds from Cape Ann Light on Thatcher Island in Rockport. If we can see Cape Ann, then we are sure to pick up the sky glow of Gloucester and the winking of Eastern Point Light.

And so we move down the North Shore to the alternate red and white flash of Bakers Island, the steady green glow of Marblehead Light, the high commanding flash of Graves, and finally the waxing and waning of the 100,000 candle-power beam of Boston Light at the entrance to the harbor. If visibility is at its best and we are careful in our count, we shall have picked up nineteen lights

and buoys, and always, as sure as the Big Dipper rides high and serene, we can see the white light over red at the masthead of the pilot boat.

When it is calm and the sea is in a murmuring mood, we may hear the pleasant clicking of the pebbles washing back and forth in the cove, and quite often from overhead comes the croaking of night herons on their way to the tidal flats. Except in fog and heavy weather it is never completely dark at sea, for the accumulated glow of the star-strewn heavens usually fills the atmosphere with a soft radiance, a glow suggestive of the phosphorescence in warmer waters. Finally we check wind direction and barometer, and turn to bed feeling all's well with our world by the sea.

DICK EMMONS

THE GRASS, ALAS

I'd like to hear the bees again,
The wind against the trees again,
The sounds that used to sweeten Summer's hour;
But I guess they're gone forever
Now that man (he's very clever)
Has learned how to mow his lawn with harnessed power.

Gone the birdies' evening chatter,
Overwhelmed now by the clatter
As each neighbor trots along behind his put-put;
Whether rotary or reel-type,
Either one is an ideal type
To make every conversation sound like "What?" "What?"

All the traffic-weary masses
Have moved out to where the grass is,
Seeking respite from the din, where things are pretty;
But at eventide one wonders,
As each power mower thunders,
If it isn't somewhat quieter in the city!

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

AND NOW THE STEREOS

BY JOHN M. CONLY

THE last blight that ravaged the repertoire of recorded music happened three years ago, when manufacturers realized that ten-inch LPs didn't sell and probably never would. Some of what they then deleted later reappeared on portions of twelve-inch discs, but many a performance vanished for good — and I do not really mean, in all cases, good.

The next time of depletion is beginning now, as stereophonic discs come upon the market. I do not know how fast the depletion will progress, but it is inevitable and it will be extensive.

Not every music lover is going to rush out promptly and buy the extra equipment needed to yield 3-D sound in his living room, especially since the forthcoming stereo discs will be playable on non-stereophonic machinery. However, some people will. And these must be afforded a continuing flow of new listening matter if they are to be kept interested — which is to say, kept buying.

The flow will be afforded, without doubt, and something else is bound

somewhat more artistically oriented than most businessmen, but not so much so as to keep offering for sale, because they are fond of it, something that won't sell. The non-stereo recordings will, first one by one and then dozen by dozen, disappear.

So far as concerns records made in the past two or three years, of course, this means nothing. The non-stereo record withdrawn will represent the very same performance that replaces it in stereo version.

The other category of records least likely to be affected is that of recognized great historic performances. Hardly is a Caruso aria withdrawn in one collection before it is issued in another. American Columbia pulls the Weingartner Beethoven symphonies out of circulation just as a French company announces their reissuance. And so on. So perhaps we need not worry much about the vintage of 78.

However, the non-stereo LP decade, 1948–1958, may in some ways have been unique in its bounties. It came as aftermath to a war. Musicians, especially in Europe, were hungry to work and would work for the meagrest cash. Tape had just been invented and had made possible the roving one-man recording studio, an invitation to many musical ventures. There burgeoned also an enormous public appetite for music. No one in or out of the recording industry seems to know just how many discs have been coined in these ten years, but it is patent that many of them were made simply because their makers loved the music.

Of these thousands of records, hundreds were worthless; a waste of time, tape, and vinylite. But, obedient to the law of averages, a small multitude of others were very, very good. Some have value because they came from musical territory not likely to be explored except by small

entrepreneurs seeking novelty. Some were expensively planned and forced to be good. Some acquired merit — surpassing merit — through sheer fortuity.

A favorite record of mine (to which I have referred before in these pages) illustrates this last-mentioned quality and will help clarify the point



toward which I am working. It is the Beethoven Fourth Piano Concerto in performance by Clifford Curzon and Hans Knappertsbusch with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, on a London disc. Curzon has told how the recording was made. A whole day had been spent in takes and retakes; something satisfactory had been captured. Nearly an hour of paid time remained. Someone suggested to someone else that the concerto be played through from beginning to end, just for fun. It was. Luckily the engineers kept the tape machine going; and this is the record finally published. I say luckily; it is an understatement: here is the fleet, luminous, and unerring discovery of the heart of a masterpiece, all anew, by all concerned. Now Curzon and Knappertsbusch, under London's auspices, seem determined to put out all the Beethoven piano concertos. They will make another Fourth for the twin microphones of stereophony. The question is, can they make another miracle? The



to accompany it. Whenever a stereophonic recording of a symphony or an opera is issued, it is likely to shove out of the catalogues a non-stereophonic version of the same work. Or two. Or three. And this will happen regardless of musical merit. Recording executives, in my experience, are

query answers itself. Performances like that one cannot be planned. They simply happen.

A number of them have happened during the welter of recording activity in the LP decade. Their merits vary, but to me in many cases they outweigh, through pure musical force and virtue, any sonic assets which tridimensionality could bring to routine performances. The criterion I like best to apply, in evaluating now these recordings of the pre-stereo LP era, is how a given recording measures up, in total effect, against live performances of the same work that I have heard. Nothing is quite so stereophonic as a live performance.

This frustrates me, of course, because I have not heard all the best modern performers in all the works that exist on LP. And I am further limited by space. There simply is not room here for a definitive shopping list of pre-stereo LPs that should be bought now, or soon, before they are nudged from the catalogues or the shop shelves. At least one such list already has been assembled, and there will be others, compiled by rare-records dealers and collectors.

My own listing, given here, will be marred with great gaps and also distorted by personal devotions; in fact it will be merely a smatter of suggestions, more or less alphabetically arrayed.

Let us begin with Bach, always a convenient man to begin with. His long choral works will be redone in stereo and will benefit by it. Some



of the cantatas may not, however, and many excellent performances of these, by Prohaska for Vanguard and Scherchen for Westminster, are now in the catalogues. About the harpsichord works in Landowska performance I shouldn't worry; I do not foresee their deletion. I'm not so

sure about the two violin concertos Heifetz made for Victor, but Heifetz is a problem: he might do them anew, in stereo, every bit as beautifully. Helmut Walcha's magnificent *Complete Organ Works* for Decca's Archive Series may have been duplicated on stereo tapes, but I doubt it. And I know Karl Haas's Brandenburg concertos, with the London Baroque Ensemble (block-flutes and all) on Westminster were made before stereo reared its double head.

These last items — not epochal, but how charming! — help me make another point. I think all the companies now are psychologically older, more inclined to be prosaic, than they were in LP's early days. We will have fewer artistic flings in stereo's early days. Too bad.

Bartók playing Bartók on the piano I suppose we need not worry about: the existence of the Bartók Records label reassures us.

Beethoven affords no great area of apprehension, either. The Curzon Fourth Concerto I have mentioned already. The Toscanini symphonies will stay in print, as will the Budapests' quartets (Columbia), unless the latter gentlemen feel inclined to repeat themselves in stereo. The same security applies to the Schnabel readings of the piano sonatas (though the excellent Schnabel-Fournier performances of the cello sonatas are gone already). Recordings still available, but maybe not for long, are the thrilling versions of the four *Fidelio* and *Leonore* overtures made for London by Clemens Krauss.

Berlioz is stereo material, which may imply the prompt vanishment of the delightful Primrose-Koussevitzky *Harold in Italy*, and perhaps endanger Eleanor Steber's uniquely perceptive *Nuits d'Été*, made for Columbia.

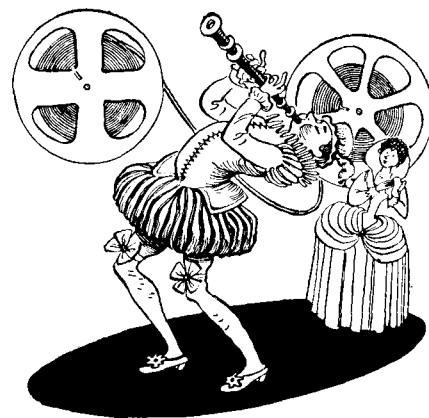
Imperiled Brahms includes any of the symphonies, even the Toscanini and Walter performances, the Marian Anderson *Alto Rhapsody* (just as good as you remember its having been), and the splendid Backhaus-Böhm First Piano Concerto.

Rubinstein's Chopin probably is safe. But is Koussevitzky's Copland, meaning *Appalachian Spring*? I have my doubts. Gieseking's Debussy I expect to be with us yet a while. However, the large orchestral works may be dislodged, even Toscanini's *La Mer* and Monteux's spirited *Images pour Orchestre*. Ditto for the Debussy songs by Maggie Teyte.

Dvořák has excellent interpreters

today, but I don't expect anyone to play the *Slavonic Dances* exactly as Václav Talich did, nor the Cello Concerto exactly as Casals did, the former for Urania, the latter for RCA Victor.

Handel, too, is well served now (with a Handel Year upcoming), but



I never heard soloists respond to a conductor in *Messiah* quite the way Scherchen's did in his Westminster album, and I fear this was made in days before stereo taping.

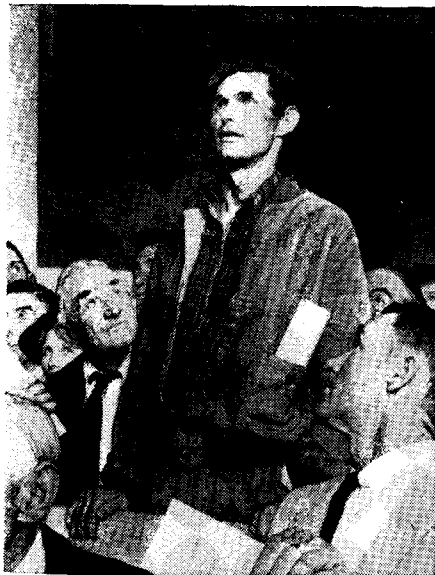
Haydn quartets do not benefit much from 3-D, but they did benefit much from the dedicated industry of the Schneider Quartet in its enormous labor for the Haydn Society, the lovely results of which still are listed in the Schwann LP catalogue. Mogens Wöldike's late Haydn symphonies (Vanguard) probably were duplicated in stereo, but those by Scherchen for Westminster, of comparable merit, were not.

Certainly the Kodály Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello, in its ecstatic performance by Janos Starker for Period, was not recorded stereophonically — why should it be? But may we not see the displacement of some works simply because they *don't* gain by stereo reproduction? We may: it is a matter of what the customers ask the dealers for.

Mahler, like Berlioz, takes on magic with an extra dimension, but I don't want to forget the magic brewed by Kathleen Ferrier and Bruno Walter in their London version of *Das Lied von der Erde*. Mozart, by and large, needs a third dimension about as badly as a man needs three legs, but it might be wise to buy now the horn concertos as played by the late Dennis Brain, the Beecham Symphonies Nos. 39 and 40, and the late Erich Kleiber's enchanting *Marriage of Figaro*. Landowska's sonatas won't disappear.

Any opera is better in stereo than

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in monophony, all other factors being equal. All other factors are not equal between the *Tosca* Callas sang for Maestro de Sabata and any other *Tosca* I've ever heard.

Rachmaninoff playing Rachmaninoff is safe; probably so is Casadesu playing the Ravel piano works. Toscanini's Rossini overtures may or may not be. And as for Stravinsky conducting Stravinsky, it's a question of when the records were made: they span a third of a century. (And I have come to the conclusion, for myself, that the Montoux *Sacre* is as good as the old version led by the composer.)

Johann Strauss waltzes will yield to stereo, surely, so give a thought to the lovely sad playings of Clemens Krauss in London's several collections. More important is the Kleiber conducting of Richard Strauss's exquisite *Rosenkavalier* on London, which I once called here the best recorded opera and which still enralls.

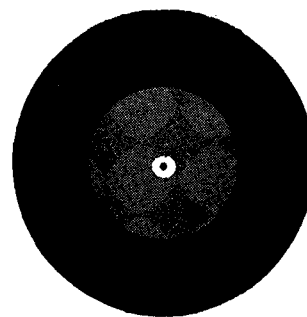
The Verdi treasure is largely discoverable by reading down the lists for the name Toscanini, and I truly do not see much Toscanini Italian opera being withdrawn, though I could be wrong. You ought to own them all, anyway.

Richard Wagner has not been well served in the LP era; for Wagnerians stereo will be the gate to Valhalla (I've heard the stereo Act III of *Die Walküre*, and I am sold). But there remains the Furtwängler-Flagstad *Tristan*, which I would not be without. And again, Toscanini.

Stereo will not affect the market for jazz classics. In vintage Goodman, the swing is all the dimension you need, and Satchmo's old Hot Five will clank along monophonically till doomsday, bless them.

Where astute quick buying is indicated, though, is in the field of original-cast Broadway show records. *Oklahoma!*, *South Pacific*, and *Pal Joey*, for instance, already are represented in movie sound-track stereo versions which are monstrous perversions of their marvelous precursors. Stereo is no substitute for Ezio Pinza, Mary Martin, Vivienne Segal, or Celeste Holm.

In fact, stereo isn't a substitute for music at all, as I hope I have pointed out. It is simply an aid to some music. Unfortunately, as concerns record listeners, to some other music it may be a menace. But this is what we pay for progress.



Record Reviews

Copland: Suites from Billy the Kid and Rodeo

Morton Gould conducting studio orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2195: 12"

When a new *Appalachian Spring* is made, I rather hope Copland conducts it himself, but for *Billy* and *Rodeo* I think no better choice could have been made than Morton Gould. He knows how to generate sonic excitement, which is what these ballet suites need to succeed in the living room, and he knows American musical idiom. Beyond this, all he required RCA Victor supplied: to wit, the fi is as high as could be desired.

Delius: Hassan; Arabesque; Over the Hills and Far Away

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and BBC Chorus; Columbia ML-5268: 12"

Delius had a knack, sometimes also afforded to successful writers of romantic novels, of depicting far places where he never had been. I do not suppose *Hassan*, the cantata tale of a Baghdad candymaker, would sound very Arabian to an Arab, but it sounds most enchantingly Near Eastern to me. The same thing applies to *Arabesque*. Perhaps the real treasure in the collection, however, is the entirely English early work, *Over the Hills and Far Away*, which is almost required listening for anyone whose ancestry stems from the well-known sceptered isle. Beecham is at his very best here.

Franck: Pièce Héroïque; Chorales No. 1, No. 2, No. 3

Marcel Dupré playing the organ of St. Thomas' Church, New York; Mercury MG-50168: 12"

The review copy of this disc was misplaced so this comment is tardy. Late or not, though, something must

be said about Dupré's Franck. Franck is perhaps the only truly great composer since Bach and Handel to devote any of his best talent to the organ. And Dupré and the magnificent Aeolian-Skinner organ of St. Thomas' Church are the perfect instruments of his art: here is music of giant scope, tenderness, and majesty. But it is also music of enormous acoustic power, and I must say that if you do not own a big loudspeaker and an amplifier that can deliver thirty clean watts, this record may be beyond your means.

Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole

Leonid Kogan, violin; Charles Bruck conducting Paris Conservatory Orchestra; Angel 35503: 12"

A most excellent young violinist with a fine command of his instrument here is displayed once more. Both his tone production and his agility evoke admiration, and I think his musical sense is good, too, though it is not given much range on this disc. What Bruck and the orchestra play is plain accompaniment, and Lalo's spirited orchestral music might as well not have been written. If you want to hear Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*, buy London LL-763 (Van Beinum and Campoli), but if you want to hear Kogan, buy this.

MacDowell: Woodland Sketches; Sonata Tragica

Vivian Rivkin, piano; Westminster NWN-18201: 12"

MacDowell, like his Norwegian counterpart, Edvard Grieg, achieved such popularity at the piano practice bench that he has been low-rated as a composer. I will not go along with that; I don't think simplicity is either a vice or a failing. If you don't either, you probably will enjoy this record, because Miss Rivkin has put serious attention into her playings of both the *Sketches* and the sonata. For this I love her dearly; they deserve the effort. Do not, by the way, let the *Tragica* tab on the sonata keep you away from it. It is about as tragic as *Anitra's Dance*. Westminster has given the piano exactly the right rich gentleness to match the music. Should you suspect that this record won my fondest partisanship at first hearing, you would be exactly right.

Vaughan Williams: Serenade to Music; Fantasia on Greensleeves; Toward the

Unknown Region; Overture: "The Wasps"

Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting soloists, chorus, and London Symphony Orchestra; Angel 35564: 12"

Perhaps because so many of today's great conductors are English, no living composer (except Stravinsky, who serves himself) has been so well served by conductors as Ralph Vaughan Williams. Here we have what must be the fifth or sixth practically perfect performance of the *Greensleeves* Fantasia, which puts it well ahead of the Mozart G Minor Symphony or the Beethoven Fifth. What distinguishes the record, though, is the inclusion of the profoundly moving serenade, of Shakespearean flavor, and of the death song, to a Walt Whitman text, called *Toward the Unknown Region*. Angel furnishes no texts for these, but they make sense without them. Sir Malcolm helps to this good end; so do the engineers.

Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras No. 2, No. 5, No. 6, and No. 9

Heitor Villa-Lobos conducting Victoria de los Angeles, other soloists, Orchestra of the French Broadcasting System; Angel 35547: 12"

Apparently the old Capitol 78-rpm record of "The Little Train of the Caipira," last movement of the *Bachianas* No. 2, generated considerable demand for a remake, since this tiny toccata is singled out for mention on the jacket of the recording. It is here, right enough, in all its Andean peasant jollity, along with the flute fun of No. 6 and the jungle keening of No. 5, which always puts me in mind of *Green Mansions*. All told, the disc is a treasure house to anyone who enjoys Villa-Lobos. It would have been even better if the composer were a more exacting conductor. However, Miss de los Angeles is very good indeed.



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